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SPORTASCRAPIANA.

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CRICKET AND SHOOTING.

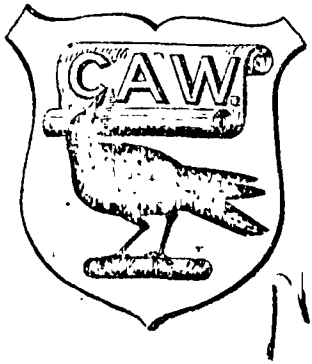
PEDESTRIAN, EQUESTRIAN, RIFLE AND PISTOL DOINGS.

LION HUNTING AND DEER STALKING,

BY CELEBRATED SPORTSMEN:

WITH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, FROM GEORGE IV. TO THE SWEEP.

Edited by



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INTRODUCTION.

"As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth." CICERO.

WHEN early in the year 1866 I began compilation of "Sportascrapiana," I had no idea of anything more than a pamphlet for distribution among the immediate friends and acquaintance of the gentleman to whom this introduction chiefly refers; sources of information, however, presented themselves in quarters I little anticipated, and thus, as my rough copy progressed, the whole feature of the affair changed; and as my little volume will now partially describe other gentlemen, some apology is due to my readers for my compromise, by prefacing the general reminiscences with a short biographical sketch of Mr. Edward Hayward Budd.

Born the twenty-third day of February, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five, he has, while I am writing this, resided half his life at his present residence, Elcombe House, near Swindon, and is,

therefore, now in his eighty-third year. When, in 1829, I first took up my abode at Swindon, I found Mr. Budd the cricket-king, and right happy seemed those subjected to his dominion. When he had reached four-score years, I have often known him play the game in good style, on his own ground at Elcombe, though for some ten years before he had declined playing in matches. I have heard him say he could never recollect having laid awake half an hour from any vexation, having made up his mind that "what can't be cured must be endured"; and after he had seen eighty summers, he has stated to me that he had never lain a-bed a day in his life through positive illness. Much of his exemption from disturbance may be attributed to his great love for, and indulgence in, athletic out-door amusements, in most of which his iron frame, muscular power, steady nerve, and quick eye, made him *au fait*. Though fond of hunting, he never liked coursing. In shooting, as well as cricket, I shall have something to say hereafter; but it may be as well here to state, that though he never actually published a challenge, it was well known among his sporting friends that he was prepared to back himself against any man in England (and it may, therefore, be said the world) for five manly sports—cricket, shooting, running, jumping, and sparring. Though his celebrity was more especially for the first of the five, I have heard him say, "If there is one thing I can

do better than another, it is the last-named." And I have good reason to believe that, rather than have missed a chance, he would have accommodated any gentleman by adding tennis and billiards, and thus make it seven events. In fact, he seemed to so excel in all he took in hand, that he was not averse to "go in" for almost anything in the "ring."

When not engaged in any of the amusements referred to, he might for many years past, and still may, be found superintending his pets—canine, ovine, bovine, or porcine. In the latter he has much excelled. As a florist he has had great local celebrity. His wall-flower varieties have been notorious; while in forty years he had collected 20,000 tulips, tending them carefully and protecting the beds with awnings and other devices. At length the "sporting"* he prized so much in his wall-flowers, much to his annoyance, set in with his tulips, while many of them failed to put in an appearance. It occurred to the owner that the failure in the tulips might be attributable to the vine and apricot roots, the trees of which, trained against the house-walls, had in the course of many years run out their roots to the tulip beds. Unwilling to sacrifice the splendid crops of fruit which were generally produced, the tulips had to be removed. Mr. Budd has since then cared less for the tulip-hobby he had so long ridden. Like many other portions of my little work, this may seem out

* Changing colour.

of place. I, however, venture to name it with the chance that some of my readers may have suffered similar loss.

I remember his telling me, that sixty years back there were no more than three varieties of geranium known in Great Britain. They were, he thought, the oak-leaf, the Bath scarlet, and the variegated. "At about that period," said Mr. Budd, "The Duke of Marlborough had a famed floral collection at White Knight's. His Grace was one day inspecting the choice collection of a celebrated Chelsea florist, when, seeing some marvellously-beautiful flower, he inquired the price, and was informed seven guineas. Finding the dealer had but two more, he purchased the three for twenty-one guineas, destroyed two of the flowers, and said, 'Now the Duke of Marlborough has the only one in England.'"

Mr. Budd's cricket celebrity was such a few years since, that there was scarcely a school-boy but knew him and envied his prowess. Until 1845, I was but partially acquainted with him; from that period, however, my means of estimating his character have increased, and I can assuredly say I believe him incapable of an ungentlemanly act. It may be asked by those who know us both, why I take upon myself to chronicle the old gentleman's sayings and doings. I reply, That possibly through my having a tolerable memory for past events, if of an amusing nature, or, may be, from a knack of describing them in a way

which took with him, our acquaintance has ripened into, I believe, a very sincere friendship. Of late years he has made it a rule not to be out after dark; and as a brisk walk of an hour across the fields takes me to his hospitable abode, I frequently enjoy an afternoon with the sturdy old gentleman, and a moon-lit stroll home.

In vain have I often endeavoured to persuade him into writing a history of his life and experience. Few of us but have noticed that, although many a man will give clear descriptions of "auld lang syne," it often occurs that remembrance of recent events will be very deficient. Such I am glad to say is not the case with Mr. Budd; recent things are fresh in his memory, as with young men, while his recollection of events of sixty years back is surprising. With all his capabilities for the task, knowing his aversion to in-door occupation, I have long given up as hopeless the wish that he would compile his own memoirs. When I have suggested it to him, I have generally been met with some such expression as, "Why, Wheeler, I have nothing to tell," adding his opinion that I ought to publish the anecdotes he has heard *me* relate. Mistaken as I believe him as to our mutual capabilities, I set about throwing together what I could call to mind of the many things he has at various times related to me, interspersed with a few only of those given by myself during our chit-chat indulgences. My recol-

lection of what the old gentleman has told me, must, however, of necessity be meagre in comparison with what a person constantly resident with him would have compiled.

Several gentlemen, intimately acquainted with Mr. Budd before I had ever seen him, having been appealed to by me for particulars which he was uncertain about, have in a most handsome manner volunteered me matter that will be read with more pleasure, and detailed by me with greater satisfaction, than would have been my own little experiences, which I had roughly put together for publication before I had the assistance already named. Under these propitious circumstances, therefore, I have arranged for present publication very little but what I have had from Mr. Budd or his friends. Believing, as I do, that such sources have supplied me with what will be most acceptable, I leave the reception of this volume to decide whether the notes I have still in the "rough," together with what I am anticipating from sporting celebrities, shall warrant me in issuing a companion volume, wherein many interesting anecdotes of Mr. Budd will be given, which I have now ventured to *shelve*, in order that he might have more to read about valued friends of bygone days.

When I laid before Mr. Budd an outline of the mere pamphlet first contemplated, he readily consented to assist me in the matter for posthumous

publication; but, finding that I have collected a tolerable bulk of what he is very desirous to read, he has written me permission for immediate publication, as the only means by which he can secure perusal (at his leisure) of what he has heard me read scraps of, as I have from time to time been supplied with them by his old friends.

At the same time that I crave the indulgent forgiveness of my reader for the disjointed way in which my scraps have been strung together, and the absence of that "bridging over" which a practised author would effect, I ask pardon of those noblemen and gentlemen associated with or referred to by Mr. Budd, seeing that they will, in the following pages, find themselves forming part of a heterogenous mixture. Further, let me respectfully ask that the reader, as well as gentlemen introduced by this little volume, will pardon its incongruity, bearing in mind that it is written in the hope that, while it may be interesting to young and old, rich and poor, it shall occasionally point a moral by directing attention to rocks on which some have split.

Though correct names of places and persons have been given in the majority of cases, I have deemed it better in some to substitute others, and especially so in reference to my neighbours, who may otherwise have thought it too personal.

In conclusion, I would be permitted to say that my rough copy of the following pages, written in

the first person singular, appeared to savour so much of egotism, that it determined me in adopting the copulative *we*, in lieu of the more assumptive *I*.

Trusting the narratives of personal prowess and endurance, recorded on the testimony of gentlemen of unquestionable position, will prove interesting when the performers shall have finished their earthly course; while I am prepared to find that this my first attempt at authorship will meet rebuke from critics, I live in hope that a generous public will at least say my efforts to interest my readers have not wholly failed. To that indulgent public, and especially to those gentlemen who have won my lasting gratitude by their so kindly aiding my undertaking, I beg to subscribe myself,

Their obedient faithful servant,

C. A. WHEELER.

Swindon, Wilts.
March 21, 1867.

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ERRATA.—Page 96, line 13, *for* "hoaks" *read* hoax. Page 279, lines 11 and 12, *for* Mr. Slater, used to reside in the family mansion, and his articled clerk, Latt, with him, *read* Mr. Slater, had offices in the family mansion, giving his articled clerk, Latt, the *entrée*.

SPORTASCRAPIANA.

CHAPTER I.

MR. BUDD'S PARENTS DESCRIBED—APPOINTMENT IN WAR OFFICE—DEBUT AT CRICKET—PERSONAL DESCRIPTION—TRAINING A PARSON—GUIDE TO HEALTH—ARISTOCRATIC ACCOMPLISHMENT—MR. JACKSON THE PUGILIST—DEATH OF OSBALDESTON—THE SQUIRE OF ENGLAND, LORD FREDERIC BEAUCLERC, CAPTAIN ROSS, AND MR. BUDD—A LEADER ON "THE SQUIRE," WITH MR. BUDD'S OPINION THEREON—ANOTHER LEADER—INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP AND CAMEL-MANSHIP *v.* "THE SQUIRE'S" TWO HUNDRED MILE RIDE—NEWSPAPER OPINION OF "THE SQUIRE" AS A CRICKETER—"THE SQUIRE" AND BUDD AT LORD'S—"THE SQUIRE," LORD FREDERIC, WARD, AND BUDD AT LORD'S—"THE SQUIRE" AND THE FAIR SEX—SWEAR BY THE "SQUIRE"—EBBERSTON HALL—"THE SQUIRE AND THE RATCATCHER—SHOOTING AT EBBERSTON—SHOOTING AT LORD MIDDLETON'S—"YOUR UNERRING TUBE"—OSBALDESTON'S SNIPE SHOOTING — PIGEON MATCHES — BULL-DOG RETRIEVER—"THE SQUIRE'S" DOGS—OSBALDESTON AND TWO DOGS AGAINST ANY MAN AND TWO DOGS FOR TEN THOUSAND POUNDS—A STAUNCH DOG—A RABBIT CATCHER—THE "SQUIRE" AND FRENCH FOXES—CARELESS SPORTSMEN—KEEPER'S PERQUISITES—BOWES-MOOR "GROUSE COMPANY," LIMITED—FIRE AT HUTTON BUSHELL.

In accounting for the name of Hayward, we have heard Mr. Budd remark, "My mother's maiden name was Hayward. Her father was Rector of Uley, in Glostershire. I have heard her say that

my father was the handsomest man she ever saw, when, after a runaway match, they married. I can make allowance for a fond wife's opinion of her husband's personal appearance, who, I may at all events say, was a fine specimen of Saxon blood—a powerful, athletic man, of liberal and gentlemanly character. The result of their marriage was sixteen children, eleven of whom lived to be about forty. My brother, Captain Hopewell Budd, whom you know so well, is in his eighty-seventh year; my brother William lived to be eighty-eight; my sister, Mrs. Angell, eighty-four; and my brother, Captain Henry, was seventy-nine; and now, as I am in my eighty-second year, it seems to me there's some toughish stuff in us. When my brother Henry commanded the *Atalanta* cutter, I saw him jump the iron *chevaux de frise* at Greenwich Hospital: he was near five foot nine, and the frightful pointed iron spikes were up to his chin. I have seen him walk under a line, and then jump over it."

Having asked Mr. Budd about his appointment in the War Office, he said in the year 1801 the Hon. W. Windham, the Secretary of War, gave him the appointment. He was then sixteen years old. Scarcely twenty years after, a reduction in

the staff was resolved on, and, disliking the confinement and uncongenial duties, he accepted a retiring pension, and thus prevented a junior losing his "berth." Mr. Budd, aware perhaps of his capabilities, thought that with a good head upon his shoulders he could do better. Void as he is of all vanity, he could not but feel that the extraordinary powers with which nature had endowed him might be turned to account; at the same time he would be indulging in favourite pursuits.

It was about the year 1804 that he was first known at "Lord's ground." In 1807 he was frequently playing in matches there.

His height was barely five feet ten, and his weight for many years was uniformly twelve stone. He used to be often in the scales at Jackson's Rooms in Bond Street—a great authority on all matters of the "P. R.," the proprietor having acquired the appellation of "Gentleman Jackson." Mr. Jackson often communicated the fact that for many years Mr. Budd had not varied from the twelve stone. Mr. Hooper, a gentleman well known at Swindon, used to often tell that he had heard Lillywhite say, "Mr. Budd is the hardest hitter and the best-made man I ever saw in my

life." We were quite astonished a few days since at seeing what a powerful, muscular arm the octogenarian still has. From having pretty well given up cricket and shooting, he has got up to thirteen stone.

Jackson used to say that he once undertook the training of a clergyman, and, having got him up to "tip top" condition, the Rev. (?) gentleman stated that he felt as though he "could do anything." The vigour was retained for about a month, when he felt his elasticity and strength rapidly give way. Such, Jackson told him, was always the case where training to great perfection was sought. Mr. Budd's constant indulgence in athletic sports and out-door amusements, naturally kept him in a high state of health and good muscular development, without aiming at the point to which fighting men are often brought; and at the same time that he kept himself to the unvarying twelve stone, he was undoubtedly laying the foundation for that vigorous old age he now enjoys. We wish to call special attention of young men to this fact. If your occupation be an indoor one, there is the more reason you should strain a point to get a walk of at least six miles daily. Rain or shine, let the walk be taken; and if begun by one not long out of his

"teens," he may fairly calculate on the *mens sana in corpore sano*, if not indulging too much in bitter ale and the "weed." The gentleman of whom we have been writing, always abominated tobacco in any shape. We believe that many a smoker, who considers himself A 1, would find Mr. Budd a rum customer even now for a short "spirt."

"Jackson," said Mr. Budd, "used to teach the children sparring in the drawing-rooms of the nobility, it being a fashionable (indeed, supposed to be an essential) accomplishment." We have heard Mr. Budd speak of a certain duchess, who was always present during the time her sons were taking their lessons, Jackson being on his knees, to be more on a level with his little pupils. "Jackson used to tell a laughable anecdote of himself," said Mr. Budd. "A former pupil of his (a colonel of the Indian army) had lately, after many years absence in the East, returned to London. Jackson called at the very time when the colonel was advertising a lost *Pug* dog. The colonel was from home, and on his return it was announced to him by the maid servant that Mr. Jackson, the *Pug*ilist, had called, the girl adding, 'I dare say he has called something about the dog.'"

Before the rough copy of this was quite completed, the greatest sportsman in the world was taken from us.

GEORGE OSBALDESTON,

AGED 79 YEARS,

DIED AUGUST 1, 1866.

In the many years we have had the pleasure of Mr. Budd's acquaintance, no name has been so often mentioned by him as Mr. Osbaldeston's, or, as almost invariably called by him, "the Squire"; a *soubriquet*, in fact, universally awarded him—"THE Squire of England." Next, but chiefly in connexion with cricket, was the name of Lord Frederic Beauclerc, as in that game his lordship, with the exception of Mr. Budd, had scarcely an equal—at all events as a batsman. This opinion is given on good authority, as in a later page will be shown. The name of the celebrated deerstalker, Captain Ross, was perhaps third in frequency of mention, and Lord Kennedy fourth—a few other noble names of choice spirits among the crack sporting *coterie* the writer thinks need hardly be named; but in true regard and esteem with their

old friend Budd, none seemed held so dear as "the Squire" and "Ross," the latter too noble-minded to take umbrage at being placed second to his ever-memorable and respected friend, "Osbaldeston."

Though for so many years the constant companion of "the Squire," and almost daily at one time meeting the Captain, both such indisputable *equestrians*, Mr. Budd was never much authority on that subject, but more at home in reviewing their exploits with the gun, or those of the Captain in his marvellous pedestrian feats. In manly true honour and integrity, "Osbaldeston and Ross" seemed, in Budd's estimation, unsurpassed; in fact, he has always appeared to us as deeming them perfection.

Immediately on the gallant "Squire's" death, the public journals, both London and country, gave leaders thereon, and described many circumstances which had already been recorded by us from Mr. Budd's narration; and thus we feel impelled to quote some of them, instead of giving what we had already written, adding Mr. Budd's remarks upon what emanated from the press immediately subsequent to "the Squire's" decease, hoping we may be pardoned for any discrepancy, giving as we do the names of the living testimony.

From the *Standard* of Friday, August 3, 1866, we take the liberty to extract the following admirable notice of the "Old Squire's" death :—

"In recording the death of Mr. George Osbaldeston, in his seventh-ninth year, which took place at his residence, Grove Road, St. John's Wood, I would make a few remarks respecting his unparalleled career, believing as I do that he was the greatest practical sportsman that England or any other country ever produced; indeed, there is not a foxhunter, shooter, angler, cricketer, or billiard player, either in this or the last generation, but who has at least heard of the wonderful performances of 'the Old Squire.'

"There are and have been several 'old squires' in various parts of the country, and worthy sportsmen too, but for the last thirty years the question 'which old squire?' was never put, as everybody knew that Mr. Osbaldeston was the gentleman referred to; nor can this be wondered at, for his deeds far outshone those of any sportsman either dead or alive. He may have been equalled in one particular branch of sporting, as the generality of men only excel in one line, but with Mr. Osbaldeston, he excelled in everything he undertook, and in his day conquered everybody with whom he came in contact.

"Mr. Osbaldeston, who was born in Wimpole Street, on the 26th of December, 1787, was the son of Mr. Osbaldeston, of Hutton Bushell, near Scarborough, and although born in London, he was a thorough Yorkshireman, as his mother merely visited Wimpole Street, in order to have the best medical assistance at the birth of her son —a custom which in those days was more general than at the present time. Mrs. Osbaldeston became a widow when the young squire was six years old, after which she resided at Bath, and it was at Dash's riding academy in that fine old city where her son received his first lesson in the saddle. He soon showed himself an adept in the art of riding, and his master, it seems, was so proud of him, that whenever parents or others went to arrange about sending pupils, the young squire was invariably put on something smart, in order to display the efficiency of his master's system. On Mrs. Osbaldeston leaving Bath, her son was sent to Eton, at which place he soon became the fastest runner, the best oarsman and bowler in the school. His skill as a boxer here also developed itself; and whenever there was a Windsor boy with a fighting reputation, 'George' was at once selected as the Eton representative in order to thrash him. The task of running from

Eton to Ascot races and back after school hours was on more than one occasion easily accomplished; but these and sundry other larking propensities naturally produced severe ratings 'many a time and oft' from his masters.

"Upon his leaving Eton Dr. Carr, the vicar of Brighton, had the task of preparing his young charge for Oxford, and in May, 1805, the young squire, nineteen years old, matriculated as a gentleman commoner of Brazenose. He was not long before he became master of a very fine pack of harriers, which he purchased of the late Lord Jersey for the purpose of hunting over the family estate at Hutton Bushell. His enthusiasm and boldness as a rider made him a great favourite with the tenantry, and it was with feelings of sorrow that they heard of Mrs. Osbaldeston's and her son's intention to reside at the Palace, in the city of Lincoln. The young squire here purchased Lord Monson's foxhounds, and hunted the far-famed Burton country for about five years, being then under thirty years of age. Osbaldeston always swore by the Monson blood, and it was from this stock that he bred and reared the finest pack of working hounds in the three kingdoms. On leaving the Burton country, the green-coated sportsmen of Lincolnshire presented him with a

large silver salver, the handles being in imitation of two foxes' heads, with an inscription expressive of their approbation of his having hunted that country. He then took to 'Jack Muster's' district, in Nottinghamshire; but not liking it, in a hunting sense of the word, he soon left it, and became master of the Atherstone, to which he united Lord Vernon's Derbyshire country, the best portion of whose hounds he purchased to strengthen his own kennels. I may here remark that in the early part of the season of 1815 Mr. Osbaldeston hunted with great success in Derbyshire and Staffordshire; but owing to some unpleasantness with the late Sir Henry Every, Mr. Osbaldeston removed into Derbyshire in January, 1816. His pack consisted of ninety couple of hounds and thirty hunters. It would seem that Mr. Osbaldeston felt aggrieved at something or other, and wrote to Sir Henry about it; but not receiving a reply, the squire told him it was usual with gentlemen to reply to a letter, and as he had not done so, he called upon Sir Henry to appoint a friend in order that a time and place might be named for a duel. Sir Henry, on finding that he had caught a Tartar, apologised, and there the matter ended. Mr. Osbaldeston, however, abruptly took his hounds away. By this time, although only

about thirty years of age, his reputation as a rider across country, as a bowler, and as a good shot, placed him on the pinnacle of fame. On Assheton Smith resigning the Quorn to take the Burton country, Mr. Osbaldeston succeeded him, and he continued to show wonderful sport in Leicestershire up to 1826, when he broke his leg whilst out one day with Lord Anson's hounds; and this accident prevented him from riding for more than a year. In 1827 he became master of the Pytchley, and to show how good his hounds were, and what an *artiste* their master was, he had forty good days' sport out of fifty, and no less than twenty-three good runs in succession. In fact, his hounds were really wonderful; in proof of which it may be mentioned that although only then numbering about seventy couple, he killed over sixty brace of foxes in one season. Dick Burton, who acted as whipper-in—for Mr. Osbaldeston was always his own huntsman—said, 'The pack was the best I ever saw or followed over any country; they were as stout as the day was long—there was no tiring them.' The same remark as to endurance might with truth have been applied to their master, for during the time of his Pytchley reign, he hunted the Thurlow country in Suffolk for two seasons, when it was his custom to

meet the hounds on alternate mornings after travelling all night. Travelling a distance in those days, I need scarcely add, was no joke; and the feat he once got through when master of the Pytchley, proves that his small but muscular frame was remarkably hardy, to say the least of it. He had had three good runs, and wishing to go to a ball at Cambridge, he first rode to Northampton, and then hacked it to Cambridge, danced all night, and rode back to Sulby Hall, a distance of sixty miles, hunted the same day, killing a brace of foxes, and rode fourteen miles home in time for dinner—never having even closed his eyes for two days and one night. Some idea of the estimation in which Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds were held may be evidenced from the fact that when Mr. Harvey Coombe, who purchased them of the Squire, sent them to Tattersall's, six couple fetched thirteen hundred and sixty guineas. As before stated, these hounds were descended from the Monson and Yarborough blood, and were bred, reared, and hunted by Mr. Osbaldeston. After thirty-five years' hard hunting, he laid down his horn as a M.F.H., when the followers of the Pytchley presented him with a splendid snuff box, containing the inscription, 'To the best sportsman of any age or country.'

"Mr. Osbaldeston was not only a crack field shot, but he was good at pigeon shooting, as a reference to the doings at the Red House will show. Sir Richard Sutton once told me that he had seen Mr. Osbaldeston kill ninety-eight pheasants out of a hundred shots; and it is recorded that he bagged in one day at Ebberston, his own place, no less than ninety-five brace of partridges, nine brace of hares, and five couple of rabbits. This, it must be admitted, was good work, considering that his attendants did not assist in swelling the bag, as is now too frequently the case in Scotland."

We called on Mr. Budd a few days after the appearance of the article in question, and found him much cut up at the loss of his valued, beloved old friend, whose death he had but the night before read the *Standard* account of. Living in quite a rural district, his daily paper had not chanced to arrive on the day that would have conveyed to him the mournful intelligence; and it was not until some days after the country had rung with it, that Mr. Budd became aware of it. We carried a newspaper account of it with us in a call upon him, and found he had read the *Standard* leader in his chamber just before getting into bed the night previous. Never before had

we seen him so much cast down by any circumstance. He was very pleased to see the leader in question. "But," said he, "Wheeler, they have not done him justice in the matter of partridge shooting. I had backed him with Thellusson, to kill eighty brace of partridges in one day. I handed him the gun for every shot. He killed NINETY-SEVEN brace and a half, and there were five brace and a half of partridges picked up next day, so that he in reality killed one hundred and three brace and a half of partridges, nine hares, and a rabbit, in the one day; a feat unequalled in the annals of sporting."

The *Standard* continues: "'The Squire's' reputation as a great practical sportsman was then at its zenith; and in the year 1831, when in his forty-sixth year, the sporting world was startled with the announcement that 'the Squire' had undertaken for a wager of £1,000 even, to ride two hundred miles in ten hours. The late General Charritie made the match, and Mr. Osbaldeston was to have as many horses to accomplish the task as he thought proper. The event came off in the Newmarket Houghton meeting, over four miles, commencing and finishing at the Duke's Stand, when 'the Squire' actually accomplished the two hundred miles in 7 hr. 10 min.

4 sec.; but, as 1 hr. 22 min. 56 sec. were allowed for stoppages, this unparalleled feat was accomplished in 8 hr. 42 min. Twenty-eight horses were used for the occasion, some of whose mouths were not of the best. Of course there were some drawing-room sportsmen, who probably never in their lives rode fifty miles at a stretch, who asserted that the performance was nothing very wonderful, and that there were others capable of surpassing it. 'The Squire,' however, silenced these critics by publishing the following: 'I challenge any man in the world, of my age, weighing or carrying my weight, to ride any distance he prefers, from 200 to 500 miles, for £20,000; but if he will only ride 200 or 250 miles, I will ride him for £10,000. Or I will ride against the jockey of 7 st. whom they talk of backing to ride 200 miles in 8 hours, receiving 30 minutes for the difference between 7 st. and 11 st. Or I'll take £10,000 to £3,000 or £20,000 to £6,000, that I ride 200 miles in eight hours, which, it must be allowed, would be a wonderful performance for 11 st. odd, and I think almost impossible; at least a single accident would lose me the match, and I should scarcely have time to mount and dismount. I am always to be heard of at Pitsford, near Northampton.' Shortly after the match, General Charritie wrote

some lines for the occasion, wherein the following verses occur :—

"'At length came the day
For this arduous affray,
That shall long be remembered in story,
And History shall fling
Around him her wing
To mantle his name and his glory.

Osbaldeston's fair fame,
With Newmarket's bright name,
Shall live in their memory yet,
When Wellington's sun,
And Waterloo won,
Shall both in oblivion be set.'"

From another paper the following is extracted: "It is on his memorable exploit at Newmarket, in the year 1831, that Mr. Osbaldeston's claims to sporting immortality are principally based. After repeated discussions as to the time in which a man with an unlimited number of horses could ride 200 miles, General Chasritie staked 1,000 guineas in support of his assertion that 'the Squire' would not accomplish the feat within ten hours. Mr. Osbaldeston was then in his forty-seventh year, and with characteristic energy he went at once into training to prepare himself for the work which the Saturday of the Houghton Meeting would bring. For many weeks he

galloped more than sixty miles every morning, in order that his muscles might acquire the necessary flexibility and power of endurance; and he was ready at the appointed day. As he leaped into the saddle, the odds of 5 to 2 were freely offered on the rider against time, and clearly indicated the correctness of the anticipations of the *cognoscenti*. Mr. Gully took 1,000 to 100 that the feat would be performed in nine hours; and when we record that it was actually accomplished in 8 hr. 42 min., we have but to repeat in 1866 what was said in 1831, that no other achievement of a parallel nature has ever been attempted. Selecting for his field of battle a course of four miles, beginning and finishing at the Duke's Stand, and bestriding in succession no fewer than twenty-eight horses, 'the Squire,' long before the match was half over, converted the odds of 5 to 2 upon himself against time into 20 to 1. It was a gallant demonstration of stamina and pluck, both in the rider and in the noble beasts which he bestrode. In those times it was deemed an unheard of thing that, in addition to galloping two hundred miles in less than eight hours and three-quarters, a man should be able to realise £1,800 as his reward. Where, among the luxurious young patricians of our own degenerate day, could we

find one who would face such fatigue, and successfully perform such an exploit, for less than five times the sum that satisfied Mr. Osbaldeston? It is not our race-horses alone that are deficient in stoutness and stamina. The fatigue which, two generations ago, our fathers and grandfathers unflinchingly sustained, and the endurance they showed in the saddle, would be fatal to the effeminate constitutions and flaccid muscles of their unworthy descendants. The England over which Mr. Osbaldeston hunted and shot is passing rapidly away, and with it are disappearing the memories of scenes that will never be repeated. Some future Walter Savage Landor may arise to recall Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gully, General Anson, and Mr. Osbaldeston to our notice, discussing, in a dialogue of the dead, such passages of sporting history as the Houghton Meeting of 1831. Meantime we have to record that a veteran, who was almost the last link that bound us to the times of Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Egremont, Sir John Shelley, and the Duke of York, has gone to his rest; nor has he left behind him any man, gentle or simple, who has the tough muscles, the pluck, the skill in handling the gun, the billiard cue, or the cricket bat, for which the 'Old Squire' was conspicuous."

The following extract from the *Daily Telegraph*, of Indian horsemanship and camelmanship, may not be out of place :—

"Sir,—Upon reading your interesting article in yesterday's paper upon the late Mr. Osbaldeston, it occurs to me that it is a mistake 'to repeat in 1866 what was said in 1831, that no other achievement of a parallel nature (to the late Squire's two hundred miles' ride) has ever been attempted.'

"I have no record of what I am about to mention, but my recollection of it seems very clear, and I fully believe you will find it confirmed by referring to the files of the old *Bengal Sporting Magazine* (I am not sure as to the title), or to any old Madras officer of sporting tendencies. My belief is that the late Capt. Horne, of the Madras Horse Artillery, not long after the 'Squire's' feat, did ride two hundred miles in less than ten hours, and that along the road between Madras and Bangalore, upon Arab horses. If so, considering the slower speed of Arabs, the climate of India, and the ride along a high road instead of round a good racecourse, upon some of the best English horses—Granby to wit—I think you will allow Capt. Horne's performance to have been fully equal to the 'Squire's.' I am also

sure that at the present day many a young officer in India could be found to repeat the performance. Indeed, little is known of what can be and is done in India.

"I had but a very casual acquaintance with Captain Horne, from meeting him on some of our Bengal racecourses, but I have always admired and often thought about his great courage and endurance. I fully believe you will find upon inquiry that his death resulted many years ago from dysentery, contracted by winning a £500 p.p. bet that he would ride a horse named 'Jumping Jemmy' one hundred (100) miles a day for eight successive days. He started on, I think, the 5th July, after the racing season would have set in, and when the heat between showers would be excessive. The horse was none the worse for his performance, but Captain Horne's death from the exposure he encountered was the unfortunate result, and was greatly deplored.

"I think, too, you will find it recorded that some time between 1831 and 1835, the late Mr. Bacon, of the Bombay Civil Service, rode one camel from Bombay to Allyghur (perhaps eight hundred miles) in eight days. The camel was a little blood-looking animal, almost black, and I remember seeing the late Mr. Vigne sketch its

head, which sketch I think will be found engraved in one of Mr. Vigne's books.

"I believe, too, that in about 1830 the present Lord Exmouth, then the Hon. Mr. Pellew, of the Bengal Civil Service, rode an old English horse named Cheroot Box, one hundred miles, in twenty-four hours—easily. I could draw upon recollection for many such feats, though the above are the most prominent in my memory at present. One more I will give, and I should think it must be recorded in the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*. Certainly, I well remember hearing of it at the time; and I knew the performer, a very light, wiry man, one of our best race riders. He was Lieut. Lowry, of the 21st Bengal Native Infantry, and in consequence of missing the horses that should have been laid for him (our only mode of fast travelling in those days), he rode a little mare, nearly or quite thorough-bred, though bred in India, 110 miles in eleven hours. This would have been some time between 1831 and 1834. I have never heard the truth of this feat doubted, though, like many others, it may not have been recorded. There are perhaps very few now who remember it except myself.

"I beg to say that I do not desire to be critical;

far from it. But I think the writer of the article will not object to the trouble of reading my letter; and I confess to some jealousy for the credit of our old Indian officers, whose feats in almost every line, though unknown or hardly marked, perhaps, in England, were, I believe, not to be surpassed by Englishmen in any land. Indeed, changed though the Indian service is, I do not think the officers can yet be behind their more fortunate countrymen at home in any feats of pluck and endurance. There is something in Indian service—perhaps its *ennui*—provocative of these qualities while youth and health last—but a brief time it must be allowed.

"Apologising for this long trespass on your patience, which I hope will be excused,

"I remain, sir,

"Yours, &c.,

"COLONEL H.M. BENGAL RETIRED LIST.

"Scarborough, Aug. 5."

The following is an extract from the *Sporting Life* of August 8, 1866 :—

"The late 'Squire' was as thorough, and—for a time—as ardent a cricketer as he was a hunting man. Educated at Eton and Oxford, his cricketing capabilities could not fail of being

matured into the best possible form; and that thorough cricketer and accomplished gentleman who compiled the work known as 'Fred Lillywhite's Cricket Scores' thus writes of Mr. Osbaldeston's cricketing prowess: 'He was a hard, slashing hitter, making a good innings in fine style, but was mostly noted for his tremendous-paced bowling. It was 'all but' as fast as that of George Brown, sen.; indeed, there was scarcely any difference in the speed—*always requiring two long-stops.*' Mr. Osbaldeston's first match, at Lord's, was in 1808, when he played for M.C.C. *v.* Middlesex, in which match he was last man in (not out 0), and *absent* in second innings. From 1811 to 1813 'the Squire' played in several matches for M.C.C., in most of which he scored well, his best being 8 and 46 for the Club against Mitcham, although in the same match in the preceding year he was out with 'a pair of them.' In 1814, he played for the old club in the first match M.C.C. played on the present ground, when 'the Squire' scored 18 for the Club, and bowled a brace of Hertfordshire wickets. He was great at single wicket, and in 1814 was one of three of M.C.C. *v.* Three Players of England, in which match he scored 12 and 0, and *bowled all the players in each innings*, and in a single-wicket

match at King's Meadow, Nottingham, he (with a fielder) played two of Nottingham. The following score will best tell how 'the Squire' acquitted himself:—

Mr. Osbaldeston (gave up his bat) 84

THE TWO OF NOTTINGHAM.

H. Hopkin b Osbaldeston ...	11	b Osbaldeston ...	3
J. Dennis b Osbaldeston ...	1	b Osbaldeston ...	2
Total	12	Total	5

1816 was a great cricket year for 'the Squire,' as for Sussex against Epsom he scored 34 and 0, and 'bowled' seven wickets; for Old Etonians *v.* The Gentlemen of England he scored 29; for Epsom *v.* Hampshire he made 16 and bowled five wickets; and for M.C.C. against Middlesex with Robinson given, 'the Squire' played the two great innings of 112 and 68; and so great was the cricket fame that he at that period had attained, that in a match at Lord's of M.C.C. *v.* Prince's Plain Club, Mr. Osbaldeston was specially 'barred' from the M.C.C. Eleven. In 1817, we find 'the Squire' in great form with the bat; for although he scored only 2 and 7 for England against the B.'s, and came away from the wickets with the distinctive pair of 0—0's,

these were admirably squared up by his scoring 11 and 60 for Surrey against England; 10 and 39 (not out) for Lord Beauclerc's Team *v.* Mr. W. Ward's; and 106 and 16 for Sussex in that county's memorable match against Epsom, wherein 1,047 runs were scored and three triple-figure innings played, *i.e.*, 'the Squire's' 106, and (on the same side) Lambert's 107 (not out) and 157—the latter a batting feat yet unequalled. In 'the Squire's' first match at Lord's in 1818, he scored 56 and 12; he then had bad luck in his matches that year, for M.C.C. *v.* R.A. and Hampshire, wherein his figures were 1 and 0, 6 and 0; but in his next match for the old club he scored 40 and 0, and in that year he played the great single-wicket match at Lord's that led to his secession from the Marylebone Club.

"That very patient, industrious, and accurate chronicler of past cricket, Mr. Arthur Haygarth, in commenting on this affair in his great work, says: 'This match originated in a challenge from Mr. Osbaldeston, who stated that he and Lambert (with two to field) could beat any four in England. The result so provoked Mr. Osbaldeston, that he took up a pen, and immediately erased his name from the list of M.C.C. members

in the Pavilion at Lord's.' The score of this match is thus recorded :—

THE TWO.

G. Osbaldeston, Esq., c Brown ...	2	b Brown ...	3
Lambert b Brown	6	c Thumwood	0
Total	8	Total	3

THE FOUR.

E. H. Budd, Esq., b Osbaldeston	19	J. Howard b Osbaldeston	0
James Thumwood b Osbaldeston	4	G. Brown b Osbaldeston	15
		Total	38

We then miss the name of Osbaldeston from the scores of the published matches, but on page 101 of 'The Cricket Field' we find the following pleasantly recorded and characteristic anecdote of the late 'Squire': "Lord Frederic, with Howard, made a p.p. match to play Osbaldeston and Lambert. 'On the day named,' said Mr. Budd, 'I went to Lord Frederic, representing my friend was too ill to stand, and asked him to put off the match.' 'No; play or pay,' said his lordship, quite inexorable. 'Never mind!' said Osbaldeston, 'I won't forfeit; Lambert may beat them both, and if he does, the fifty guineas shall be his.' I asked Lambert how he felt. 'Why,' said he, 'they are anything but safe.' His lordship wouldn't hear of it. 'Nonsense!' said he,

'you can't mean it.' 'Yes, play or pay, my lord; we are in earnest, and shall claim the stakes.' And, in fact, Lambert did beat them both. . . . . Osbaldeston's mother sat by in her carriage, and enjoyed the match; 'and then,' said Beldham, 'Lambert was called to the carriage, and bore away a paper parcel.' The above are a few of the recorded cricket anecdotes in one of the fastest bowlers and hardest hitters of his time."

More than once we have heard Mr. Budd describe this match, its origin, and the result, so subsequently annoying to the worthy (though irritable) "Squire." "After dinner one day of a match at Lord's, Lord Frederic said, 'Budd, did you hear what "Ozzy" said?'" It was to the effect as seen in the foregoing extract.

"I reminded Osbaldeston," said Mr. Budd, "that he had promised his mother he would never play against me. I also said if he could show me anything in the game in which he was superior to me, I would give way; he was obstinate, and I consented to the match, and" (as shown in the extract referred to) "in one innings I beat their four, which so enraged Osbaldeston, that he struck his name out of the list, and in doing so obliterated the only other two names beginning with 'O.' Often afterward I could find that he re-

gretted at leisure the act he had in haste committed; and about a month after the event, I asked him if he would like to get his name on the list again, as I thought I could get it done. He said he should much like it, and I went to Lord Frederic and Ward, stating that I had a great favour to ask, would they grant it? And the reply was, 'You have done so much for the game, there's nothing you can ask, but we will grant.' But on my explaining, they said 'the insult was so great, they could not accede to my request.'"

As further proof of bond not to play against each other, we have before us a letter from 'the Squire' to Mr. Budd, urging his getting excused from the War Office next day in time to be at Lord's ground before he (Osbaldeston) went "in." 'The Squire' in one part of the letter (dateless) says, "I make a bargain with you on the remaining part of this paper, that we will not '*play against each other in any single-wicket match*,' as there is no occasion for it, and then nobody can tell what we can do jointly."

A first-class sporting journal says, in a long and beautifully written leader:—

"Thus, having dismissed 'the Squire' in one phase of his character, we will turn to him in another—viz., that of a steeple-chase rider, in

which he had no superior, and never was beaten. At that period, cross-country jockeyship was but little practised, and Grand Nationals and professionals were unknown. No regular courses were even laid out, and if a dispute had to be settled relative to the superiority of a horse, four miles of the most intricate country in Leicestershire or Northamptonshire was selected, and orders given to the riders merely to go from one point to the other. Consequently there was a greater opportunity for the display of those qualities which are the essentials of a steeplechase jockey—viz., nerve, judgment, and knowledge of pace and country—than afforded in the events of the present day, which are rarely more than an exhibition of the game of 'follow my leader.' Among the most celebrated of the matches which he rode, was the one between Clinker and Clasher for 1,000 guineas, made while he and Captain Ross were shooting a match at pigeons at the Red House. Clinker had always a first-rate reputation as a fencer, and 'the Squire' was to have ridden *Clinker against him** the previous year if he had kept sound, but falling lame, the match went off according to the articles. The

* The three words in italics should probably have been "*him against Clasher.*"

Captain happening to mention that Clinker was going up at Tattersall's that afternoon, the subject was renewed, and after a great deal of chaffing, the match was remade, with the condition of 'the Squire' riding, a proceeding he rather objected to, from being at the time high sheriff of Yorkshire; but as the stipulation was a *sine quâ non*, he consented. The line chosen was from Dalby windmill to Lipton in Leicestershire, and Dick Christian, then in his zenith, was put upon Clasher. The attendance was commensurate with the interest the event created, and thousands depended upon the result. With a view of frightening 'the Squire,' the Clashers told Dick to follow in his track, and to ford the brook for the purpose of saving his horse. These tactics, however, had quite the contrary effect to what was anticipated, as the 'following' only made 'the Squire' more determined, and the wading gave him a good lead, which he got by jumping over; and, discovering a gap in an awkward corner of a field, he won easily."

On reading this article to Mr. Budd, and reaching the words "he won easily," we were suddenly called on to halt, the old gentleman saying it was quite the reverse—that he had often heard "the Squire" describe the whole race, and that it was *hardly contested*, and a *very* "*close shave*."

To prove his position, Mr. Budd fetched a large coloured engraving of the finish, where Dick Christian and Clinker had fallen at the last fence, which both Clasher and Clinker took together. The engraving in question Mr. Budd sets great store by, and has in his will bequeathed it to his son, George Osbaldeston Budd, the godson of "the Squire," whose mother, Mrs. Jane Osbaldeston, was sponsor to Mr. Budd's eldest daughter Jane.

Other little matters of detail appearing to render erroneous impressions possible, we wrote to Mr. Budd's old friend, Captain Ross, asking for an explanation of apparent discrepancies; and the courteous reply being so characteristic of the gallant Captain, the liberty of giving it *in extenso* will be ventured on, when we shall be recording a few anecdotes of the mighty sportsman:—

"As a cricketer, we have no hesitation in saying 'the Squire' was only inferior to Lord Frederic Beauclerc, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Budd, among the gentlemen cricketers of his day; and, being a slashing hitter and fast bowler, he was almost invincible at single wicket. He certainly thought himself so, as he played a match at Lord's in 1813, single-handed, against three celebrated players of Mitcham; but the odds were too great, and Bowyer and the brothers Sherman beat him

by 31 runs. In the following year, at Lord's, in conjunction with Lord Frederic Beauclerc and Messrs. Bligh and Budd, he met four players of Hampshire, the Gentlemen of the Marylebone Club winning in one innings and 26 runs. The same year, with Lord Frederic and Mr. Budd, he beat the best three players that England could produce—viz., Lambert, Sherman, and Howard. In this match Mr. Osbaldeston bowled every wicket. His next performance was for £50 a side, against the two best players of Nottingham. Harry Bentley went down from Lord's to stand umpire, and on the evening before the match, went to see the Nottingham men practise in the King's Meadow; but Tommy Brewster would not allow him, saying, 'What we know in Nottingham we keep to ourselves.' When the match came off, the Nottingham players were unable to get 'the Squire' out, and, after scoring 84 runs, he gave up his bat. He then bowled them out, they only scoring 17 runs in their four innings. After the match was over, Bentley said to Brewster, "Well, Tommy, what you know at Nottingham, you certainly do keep to yourselves, for I am sure we have seen nothing of it.'"

Mr. Budd does not remember any match with

Lord Frederic and Bligh. He describes "the Squire" as a tremendously fast bowler, but did not excel in any other part of the game. Having finished reading to Mr. Budd all the various articles we had cut from journals respecting his idol, "the Old Squire," he said, "While some portions have hardly done him justice, others have been over-coloured: but let him have it all, Wheeler. HE WAS A NOBLE FELLOW." We have already stated that the perusal of the *Standard* account affected Mr. Budd more than we had ever seen any other subject, and, with the old gentleman's expression of sympathy, we led to another topic of conversation. We, however, must add one more quotation from other pages, by giving the following, which we believe is an extract from the admirable *Baily's Magazine*:—

"Like all true foxhunters, he, 'the Squire,' was not insensible to the charms of females, when beautiful, as is pleasantly illustrated in the following anecdote. When Osbaldeston was on a visit to Lincoln, he met at a dinner party, previous to a county ball, the beautiful Miss Burton, afterwards Lady Sutton. It happened that Miss Cracroft, a rival beauty, had a nosegay in which was a hothouse flower of exceeding rarity. It

attracted general admiration, and Miss Burton especially admired it, whereupon her rival, for some private reason or another, twitted her after the manner of dear friends. This was not lost upon Osbaldeston. Pleading an excuse after dinner for leaving the wine party, he got upon one of his horses, and rode to the house of the person from whose conservatory the flower had been obtained, twenty-five miles distant, and brought back another and more brilliant specimen, which Miss Burton displayed in triumph at the ball supper. The distance was accomplished at night in about four hours.

"Of his careless regard for his own life, when that of another human being was in danger, we have ample proof in his behaviour under the accompanying circumstances. When Osbaldeston hunted Lincolnshire, the hounds, in a fast run, had crossed the Witham, above Bracebridge. A boy in one of the river barges of the country, 'big with tumultuous joy,' lost his footing, and fell from the barge into the river. It was deep and sluggish. The boy rose once to the surface, sank again, and was drowning, without any available assistance being near. Osbalderston saw the accident, turned away from the bridge, rode over the fence into the marshy field, jumped off

his horse, went in, dived after the boy, and brought him safely to land!

"Our task is over. We have endeavoured—most imperfectly, we fear—to do justice to the greatest sportsman the world ever knew since the days of the Assyrian Nimrod. He is gone; but the time we imagine will never come—not even on the arrival of the long-expected New Zealander at London Bridge—when the name of George Osbaldeston is forgotten by English sportsmen."

Having concluded the remarks, and hoping the editors and authors will pardon our thus (perhaps) pirating portions of a history we had already imperfectly written, we will proceed to narrate what we remember to have heard of the inimitable sportsman through Mr. Budd, who we one day asked whether Osbaldeston was really one of the "right sort." He bridled up, almost indignant at the question. "Capital! Noble fellow; always straight!" said his old friend, with marked emphasis.

For many years Mr. Budd was in the habit of spending a few weeks, shooting, at Ebberston Hall, Osbaldeston's seat in Yorkshire; an Italian villa, with a trout stream, we believe, running under it, or, more correctly speaking, built over a trout stream. Many of the bedrooms were

approached by descending, instead of ascending stairs; but they were none the more below the ground-level. It was a piece of pride perhaps on the part of his mother, that induced "the Squire" to contest the election for East Retford, which he represented in Parliament.

He was not much pleased with the task of canvassing for votes. One dirty fellow, he told Mr. Budd, approached him in a most patronizing manner; holding out his filthy "paw," he said, "Tip us your 'manus,' brother sportsman! We both hunts 'varmint'; you kills foxes, and I kills rats." One of the grand *battues* at "the Squire's," described by Budd as wonderful in that day, was taken part in by Osbaldeston, Lord Pollington, Sir J. Musgrave, and himself; but the numbers killed in such butcheries at the present day so surpass it, that we content ourselves by saying, "the Squire" headed the poll, Budd being second, and Pollington third.

"At Lord Middleton's seat, Birdsale," said Mr. Budd, "Osbaldeston and I were told we might shoot the first day in a little covert near the house. We thought it was a pity, being so close to the premises. There were about thirty pheasants in the covert, and every one fell to our guns. Expressing our regret that we should have played

such havoc, we found next day that a repetition of such slaughter had been guarded against—Osbaldeston and the keepers being sent to one covert, while I was sent to another, some five miles apart, his lordship on his pony undertaking to mark for me. I could always walk well, but the confounded pony was a teazer; it was said he could walk five miles an hour!" At Beilby Thompson's seat in Yorkshire everything was falling to "the Squire's" gun, when Thompson, in an unguarded moment said, "—— your unerring tube!"

Astounding as was "the Squire's" skill in shooting of all kinds, there was one in which his aim appeared even more deadly than in any other —that was at snipes. Whatever sport a man is fondest of, he is pretty sure to excel in. So it was with Osbaldeston and snipe-shooting. Mr. Budd on one occasion remarked to us: "I was with Pollington, Thellusson, and others, at 'the Squire's' seat in Yorkshire, when he came one morning to my bedroom, telling me that one of his tenantry had been to the Hall (Ebberston) saying the snipes had made their appearance at a spot named, therefore he ('the Squire') should go and have a quiet morning by himself; 'but,' said he, 'don't you say anything to the other fellows,

when I decline going with them to the moors to-day.' On our return, nothing was said by Osbaldeston about where he had been; but after dinner, the butler brought in a tray, on which was displayed some twenty or thirty couple of snipes, and three jacks, which had fallen to his gun."

Looking through a lot of papers one day at Elcombe, we found a number of agreements between Osbaldeston, Anson, Cruikshank, Farquharson, Ross, &c., in nearly all of which Budd was in some way made a party. One between Osbaldeston and Anson was for two hundred double shots at pigeons, Mr. Osbaldeston backing himself for £1,000 to £800, and ending in favour of the latter. Osbaldeston and Farquharson's match was for £500 a side. The other matches were for £250 to £300, excepting one with Ross for £500.

An eccentricity of "the Squire's" was recently told us by a most reliable sportsman, viz., that he had a bull-dog for a retriever, and that he was not objectionable as being hard-mouthed, or in any other way, except that, from the shortness of his legs, he used to tread the pheasants' tails out. Mr. Budd, on being told this, said it must, he thought, be a mistake; and as Captain Ross (though he could not be induced to relate any of

his mighty exploits) expressed most kindly his readiness to answer any *direct* question he was able to in reference to "Sportascrapiana," we asked his opinion about the bull-dog, and had in reply: "He had the best of foxhounds, pointers, and setters, but no bull-dog, during the years we were on such intimate terms. I remember a brace of pointers (Mark and Flirt) for which I offered him sixty guineas, which in those days was thought a very high offer." That Captain Ross was not a bad judge, will be shown by the sequel of the following, related to us by Mr. Budd. While speaking of "the Squire," he said a singular circumstance occurred as he and Osbaldeston were on their way to the moors. About four miles from the Hall, Budd's favourite brace, Mungo and Flirt (from which the before-mentioned Mark and Flirt were subsequently bred) came suddenly to a point. Mr. Budd got off his pony, and loaded, "the Squire" protesting there could be nothing, as there had never been anything previously. "There were not," said Osbaldeston, "any grouse within a mile; and as to partridges, they had no feeding ground within three miles." Mr. Budd still maintained confidence in his dogs. On going up to them, four partridges rose, three of which he

killed with the first barrel, and the other with the second. From the circumstance of partridges being three miles from their usual haunts, it was immediately decided to have them cooked at the Hall, to ascertain whether feeding on "ling," instead of the usual partridge food, would influence their flavour; and on being brought to table, the resemblance to grouse flavour was very apparent. In consequence of the above, the dog and bitch were left in Yorkshire to breed from. The produce were another dog and a bitch—Mark and Flirt already mentioned. They proved so extraordinary under their far more extraordinary owner, that he offered to back himself and the brace of dogs for £10,000 against any man and brace of dogs in the kingdom. The reader it is hoped will pardon us for dwelling so long on these wonderful animals, in proof of the value of which the following is quoted from a letter written by Osbaldeston, and now before us:—

"You will be rejoiced and proud to hear that two of Flirt and Mungo's whelps will be the best in England—Mark and Flirt by name. They are only sixteen months old, and Mr. Cradock offered me £50 for Mark the first day he saw him out. He said he never saw such a dog in his life. He thought Flirt at last quite equal to him,

and the two cheap at a hundred. He really would have given me £50 for Mark! He is the finest ranger, and stands in the handsomest manner you ever saw; and his nose is quite equal to old Mungo's or old Flirt's. He is as fast as the wind, and brings his game. I would not sell them for two hundred." The gallant "Squire" in the same letter goes to show why Cradock's opinion is so confirmatory; "but," said Mr. Budd, "sporting men who know 'the Squire' (and their name is legion) would require no better authority than a word from him, whose 'word was his bond,' and whose judgment in such matters was indisputable."

It may not be out of place here to state that soon after the purchase of Mungo by Mr. Budd, he and Mrs. B. and family went for a month to Brighton, taking Mungo and Flirt with them. One day, on the downs, Mungo made a point; "and walking toward him," said Mr. Budd, "I watched him for ten minutes or more, during the whole of which time I could see a fly on his nose; but so staunch was the dog, that though his foot was up and near to the fly the whole time I was watching, he never offered to brush off the fly. On my walking up, and flushing the game (partridges), I found the fly had so stung the dog all

the time, as to leave a lump of congealed blood on his nose." We had been telling Mr. Budd what had been said about the bull-dog retriever, when he remarked, "'The Squire' once had a mongrel-bred dog he called Traveller, extraordinary at *catching* rabbits. We used often to have a day's rabbit-shooting on 'the Squire's' Yorkshire estate; and on one occasion, when Lord Pollington, Thellusson, and another, I forget who, was of the party, Osbaldeston made a bet that Traveller would *catch* more rabbits than some one of us would *shoot*. One of the party killed but twenty-six, while Traveller caught twenty-seven. Osbaldeston, however, was within an ace of losing, as Traveller came up to me, putting his foot up to his head. I asked one of the party what the dog could mean, and he replied, that the poor thing had a thorn in his eye. Taking tweezers from my pocket-knife, I had the thorn out in a 'jiffy,' and Traveller dashed into cover again, and won the bet for his good master."

Having given as many anecdotes as we can call to mind of what Mr. Budd has told us of the inimitable "Squire," though they fall equally short in amount, as they do in the graphic style of the original narrator, we regret that we can remember no more of the renowned Osbaldeston,

and refer now to a heap of letters written by "the Squire" to Budd; during a long period in which they maintained a frequent exchange. Many of them refer to his hunting exploits and the scarcity of foxes, which Mr. Budd pardons us for explaining that he (Mr. Budd) helped to remedy by arranging with a London dealer of vulpine notoriety.

In a letter to Mr. Budd, from "The Cottage, Thurlow, Nov. 19, 1822," we quote: "Let me know directly what Hopkins says about foxes. Recollect, they must be *old English* foxes, no —— French dunghills. About three brace per month will do."

On reading the letter when we were compiling these pages, Mr. Budd remarked, "I used to buy them of a man named Hopkins in Tottenham Court Road, at about 30s. per brace. I have sent 'the Squire' ten or twelve brace at a time, and it really was a pretty sight when the little creatures, about half-grown, were secured in the bed of a tilted cart, which to ensure safety was the means of transit."

One letter commenced: "I see by the papers that you won the match with the Hampshire Hogs against the English Tagrag and Bobtail. I fully expected it. I sent Fauntleroy a basket of grouse a few days since, containing five brace, with

a request that he should send you two brace." We quote the portion about Fauntleroy, as we shall further on in these pages have to recite some particulars of that extraordinary man, respecting whom some friends of Mr. Osbaldeston may have heard what Mr. D——, of Swindon, was thus told in a railway carriage by "the Squire," who, finding Mr. D—— was a friend of Mr. Budd's, said, "Budd was shooting at my place in Yorkshire, when a letter came from Fauntleroy, entreating his immediate return to London, as he (Fauntleroy) would have to forfeit his life on a day he named." "The Squire" then went on to say, "Budd offered the man at the prison gate £800 to secure his escape." As this book may fall into the hands of those who may have heard this statement from Mr. Osbaldeston, the subject is here named; and the reader is requested to refer to the portion of these pages narrating particulars of Fauntleroy's last days, in order to learn the real facts, which in the lapse of time have been misconstrued from what was merely a desire on Mr. Budd's part to sooth the last hours of a man (well received and esteemed in good society) to whom he could but wish to show that he had not lost the sympathy of all. In fact, the aristocratic influence brought to bear was astounding. The

delinquencies, however, were so numerous and deliberate—though, like many other men guilty of criminal acts, he began only by appropriating to himself that which he fully intended to replace—that the law was bound to take its course. Had he manfully met his first difficulty, and looked it honestly in the face, years of anxiety and sleepless nights, and his final miserable doom, would have been spared.

Returning to "the Squire," we extract from one of his letters the information that Sir J. Musgrave and Osbaldeston (while the former was on a visit to the latter) shot 1,368 grouse. Further on, "the Squire" writes: "S—— shot with me one day, and was as near killing me as possible. A hare got up under his nose, and ran between my legs, and he was on the point of pulling, when Osmer (the keeper) cried out, 'God, sir, take care!'"

In the course of the day he shot Osmer all over his clothes, at fifty yards, standing in the middle of the field; and another day he shot a girl, about eleven or twelve years of age, in the face, and only gave her a shilling: the girl bled a good deal. Blackburn shot a woodcock with white wings. It is now stuffed.

"Osmer was 'the Squire's' favourite game-

keeper," said Mr. Budd, "and I may as well relate how he got the place. Attree, an old servant, who first taught his master to shoot, was in reality more like a gardener than a keeper; but, with Osbaldeston's proverbial good-nature, the old retainer held on the post, for which he was but little capable. I have been out with his kind-hearted master when we found it difficult to bag five brace of birds each in as many hours. Once on a visit there (Ebberston Hall, Yorkshire), finding that Attree was laid on his back with symptoms that argued little in favour of return to duty (?), I told 'the Squire' he ought to pension him off, and he said he would, if he could well supply his place. He also wanted a second keeper at the same time, and, as I told him I knew of two who would soon alter the existing scarcity of game, he told me to do what I liked in the cases of both the old servant and the intended new ones. I started off to Headcorn, in Kent, where I knew of Osmer, and another named Wood. Their wives objected to their going so far, but at length gave way to the offer of a guinea a week to each man, with a cottage and garden, and the keep of a cow each; added to which would be the customary perquisites—not the least of which was payment for destruction of

vermin (45 guineas the first year). It was quite a sight: a great barn nearly covered with the trophies which brought them that sum, for which the master was amply compensated by the abundance of game which followed the wholesale destruction of their enemies. I then had to break the matter to Attree, who I knew would like to return to his native place in Essex. I promised him that 'the Squire' should pay him one guinea per week for life. The poor fellow left Yorkshire upon this undertaking, but died before the year was out. He used to make a charge every year of ten guineas for 'powder to kill *varmint*.' The second year after the installation of Osmer and Wood, I accompanied 'the Squire' from London to Ebberston; we posted all the way with four horses in his 'canary' (as his yellow 'drag' was called), and, to show what the change of keepers had effected, Osbaldeston and I shot in three mornings of five hours each, 150 brace of partridges."

Bowes-moor, in Yorkshire, the property of the Earl of Strathmore, afforded grouse-shooting to those who had not any on their own land, or to those who were not landed proprietors; it may be wondered that "the Squire" should "stand in" with a number of others, paying their £20

a year each for what will be best described in Osbaldeston's own words, written to Budd—(the letter has no date except the postmark, which is indistinct, but we believe it to be 1828) :—

"I spent a few days at Quorn, and found all the hounds, &c., well, and a good account of foxes. I arrived here about four or five days after I left London, and amused myself until the 12th of this month [?] shooting rabbits, round the coverts. I am sorry to say the rabbits at H. Bushell have done immense damage—I shall have to pay for £150's worth of mischief; and the rabbits in the Park have killed a quantity of fine ornamental trees, which cannot be replaced in my time. I am determined to kill them off this winter, or they will entirely spoil the place." Describing his enlisting Inman and Wilson to join in his "fancy to see the fun at Bowes," he says, "I walked up to the public-house where I was to sleep. This was about ten o'clock, but I found such a noise and smoking, that I did not go to bed until half-past eleven, and rose again at one o'clock, as we had nine miles to ride to Bowes-moor. I never slept a wink, rose at one, and started at two. We arrived at our post at half-past three, but could not see to shoot. There were several parties lying near us watch-

ing for the light, and we nearly all started together. It puts me in mind of what one reads of a storming party springing from the trenches. Owing to Wood's delay (in the night I may call it), we were obliged to leave him behind, and shoot with any of the dogs that would follow. Inman and I and Wood contrived so badly, that neither he nor Wilson found us till six o'clock, and would have lost us altogether, if we had not beaten back on the same line we began. I thought at first we should kill nothing, but I ended the day with bagging 22 brace, no other man that I could hear of killing above 12½ brace. I hardly ever shot so well—I killed seven or eight brace quite out of all distance. It was quite a scramble; birds flying in all directions, men swearing, and dogs howling from the whip. I walked from half-past three until six at night, when we gave up—not a bird to be found. The birds were as big as old ones, and very wild. The day also was wild—wind and showers. The birds got up at sixty and one hundred yards off at times."

It is pardonable in a man who excels in every sport he takes in hand, that he should avail himself of opportunities to display his superiority. Vanity is not generally the attribute of gentle-

men whose souls are in particular field sports; but those who best knew the worthy 'Old Squire' admit the fact, but maintain it was a perfectly pardonable weakness in a man who was beloved by all who had the good luck to have his friendship.

We do not remember to have seen the following fact recorded in any of the newspaper articles respecting Mr. Osbaldeston. The very night he came of age, his mansion at Hutton Bushell was destroyed by fire. Mr. Budd, when telling this strange coincidence, added: "Some years after, when I was visiting 'the Squire' at Ebberston, I chanced to make an exploration of the capacious cellars at Hutton Bushell, and found six pipes of Madeira that had been entirely lost sight of; 'the Squire' subsequently gave me a hamper of it, and it was remarkably fine."

CHAPTER II.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON "THE SQUIRE" BY HIS OLD FRIEND ROSS.

THE following has been kindly supplied to us by Captain Ross, as his opinion of "the Squire" as a rider, a shot, and a sportsman :—

"I never saw 'the Squire' ride to hounds in his best days; before I made his acquaintance he had met with a terrible accident. During a very quick 'thing,' he had a fall. Sir James Musgrave, following far too closely on his heels, could not stop or turn his horse—he jumped right on 'the Squire,' and smashed one of his legs frightfully. I believe the bone protruded through his boot. After that fearful smash, he was never the same man he had been previously—he was nervous in riding at 'blind' unknown places, and he was painfully nervous if any one, during a run, was following rather close behind him—and no wonder!

"I have always heard those who knew his riding before his leg was broken, say that he

was one of the hardest and straightest men across country they had ever seen. Notwithstanding this drawback, 'the Squire' hunted his hounds to the last, and was always near enough to help them when at fault. In riding a steeplechase, he was quite a different man—he rode over the course, and examined every fence most carefully, and when he knew what he had to ride at, no man cared less for a big place. His knowledge of pace was good, and his judgment in selecting the best and easiest ground for his horse in crossing ridge and furrow was first-rate. Take him altogether, 'the Squire' was fairly entitled to be classed amongst the best riders of his day. As a game-shot, although I have seen as good, I never met with a better—he was both quick and accurate. He was also quite in the first flight as a pigeon-shot; but I had more confidence in him as a game-shot, than I had in him at the Red House. He never tried rifle-shooting; if he had, I have no doubt he would have excelled in that branch of shooting also. As a general sportsman—as one who went in at everything in the 'ring,' he was the best man England has produced during the present century; and I could not say more in his praise. Besides, however, his high qualities of pluck, en-

durance, and skill in all manly sports, he was a generous, kind-hearted, hospitable man. I lived much with him for a good many years, and I can say that, during all that time, I never heard him speak harshly or in any unkind way about any human being; on the contrary, he seemed always anxious to make excuse for those who were absent. With all these high qualities, it seems a contradiction that the gallant 'Old Squire' should have ended as he did—inheriting a splendid estate, yet dying under circumstances so at variance with the brilliant fortune with which he started in life. He was open-hearted, and trusted others; he was constantly deceived and robbed, and when his affairs were getting into confusion, he had not the moral nerve to pull up in time; nor had he a sufficiently business-head on his shoulders to guide him safely out of his troubles.

"I am sure all his old friends ought, notwithstanding his errors, to retain a kindly remembrance of GEORGE OSBALDESTON—'THE OLD SQUIRE.'"

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN ROSS—CRICKET CHAMPIONS—ROSS'S VERSION OF THE CLINKER AND CLASHER STEEPLECHASE COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE JOURNALS OF 1866—OSBALDESTON ON THE ANSON AND ROSS MATCH—FAUNTLEROY'S PORT—MR. THARP ON THE TRAINING OF ANSON AND ROSS—ROSS ASKS BUDD TO ACCOMPANY HIM IN THE "GREAT MATCH"—ROSS'S DEERSTALKING WHILE TRAINING FOR IT—HORATIO ROSS IN CHILDHOOD—TEACHING "THE YOUNG IDEA"—SELLING OUT OF LIGHT DRAGOONS TO ENJOY FIELD SPORTS—ADVANCED LIFE—AS A PEDESTRIAN—RIFLE PRIZES—HIS SONS—EDWARD THE CHAMPION-SHOT—HERCULES THE CHAMPION-SHOT OF INDIA—COLIN A PRIZE-WINNER—CAPTAIN ROSS'S OPINION OF MARK AND FLIRT—HIS STEEPLECHASE WITH THE SQUIRE AND THEIR "RAN DAN' MATCH—ROSS'S PIGEON MATCHES—HUNDRED TO ONE—LORD KENNEDY'S DEATH AND ITS CAUSE—CAPTAIN GODDARD AND THE ARMY.

WE have already stated that second only to the inimitable "Old Squire" who is gone to another (and, we hope, a better) world, in Mr. Budd's estimation, seemed Captain Ross, noted from his youth as a genuine specimen of the innate deer-stalker, unsurpassed with the rifle, and alike renowned for his endurance of bodily exertion without fatigue, and naturally excelling in all athletic amusements and most field sports. Thankful that he is still spared to his many friends, and sincerely praying he may be for

many years to come, we must withhold expressions which would have been readily endorsed by a wide circle of Rossian disciples, who would truly grieve at the loss of so bright an example to the rising generation.

The gallant Captain and his old and esteemed friend Budd are the last of the choice clique who used so frequently to meet at the Red House —Osbaldeston, Lord Kennedy, "George Anson," Ross, Farquharson, Cruikshank, and Budd; and the alpha and omega of that manly coterie, throwing aside the Joe Manton, would grasp the "willow" and don the flannel, entering heart and soul into the peerless amusement so perfected at Lord's ground under the auspices of the two gentlemen already named, and the scarcely less able Lord Frederic Beauclerc and Mr. Ward. Lord Frederic was thought by some to be as a batsman equal to Mr. Budd, who, though hardly so graceful in his handling the bat, was always admired for the manliness of his style; and his being a very powerful man, may account for the superiority of his score over any other man of his day, as published in *Bentley's* scores. Osbaldeston has gone to join all the rest of that noble manly set, excepting, as before stated, Budd and Ross, who are left us, "the last of the Mohicans";

and as a portion of the random recollections of the former is naturally respecting the latter, the reader will not wonder that we would incline to record, and the reader it is hoped readily peruse, a brief recital of a few features in the career of the gallant Captain, though it may reasonably be wished that the task had devolved on one with greater facilities to glean particulars of his sporting career, and better qualified to do justice to him in the brief narrative.

By "breaking the ice" through the "Clinker and Clasher" affair—gaining as we did a ready response in clearing up the discrepancies of public journals when that great sporting event was competed,—on the death of Osbaldeston, we hoped to have drawn the Captain into a relation of some little of his eventful life; but the only way that he could be made to do it was, out of regard probably for his old friend Budd, by a courteous readiness to answer any direct question put to him, as before stated, whether respecting his own doings or any other sporting event on which he may be considered an authority: and for the valuable assistance he has given us in accordance with that concession, the excellent gentleman will please admit this mode of tendering our best thanks; at the same time explaining that

what Mr. Budd did not supply of the following, relative of the Captain's doings, has been given by other gentlemen, one of whom, then a Captain in the Coldstream Guards, well acquainted with Ross, speaks from what he gleaned at the time; while another gentleman, of unquestionable integrity, speaks in confidence from what he heard his father relate from personal observation; and when there was the least doubt about figures, as in dates, &c., the question has been put to and answered by Captain Ross.

First, then, to the Clinker and Clasher steeplechase.* Captain Ross writes us: "I am very glad indeed to hear that my old friend Budd is alive and well. I always had the greatest possible regard for Mr. Budd, as I knew him to be a most honourable straightforward sportsman. When you see Mr. Budd, I shall feel obliged if you will say to him, that I often look back to the days when we almost daily met, and that nothing would give me greater satisfaction than having an opportunity of again shaking hands with him." This portion of the letter is quoted for the purpose of showing the opinion Ross held of Budd, whose recollections we shall in this volume copiously note.

* See p. 31.

In reference to the question put by us to Captain Ross, the owner of Clinker, the following is quoted from his letter:—

"I have much pleasure in replying to your inquiry as to the finish of the race between Clinker and Clasher. Having stationed a good hunter half-way, I was able to live pretty well with 'the Squire' and Dick Christian, and was only half a field behind them at the finish. Both *jumped* the brook, both took the last fence together. 'The Squire' did *not* find a gap, and went over his fence, but with a scramble, as Clasher as well as Clinker was much beat by the pace. Clinker hit an upright stake, placed to stop a weak part of the fence. This brought him on to his knees, and he happened to come into a piece of very soft ground—in fact a bog—and although he made a gallant struggle to get up, he could not; and before Christian was up, and Clinker on his legs, the race was over, as it was quite a small enclosure where this happened. Christian always said, that if both horses had landed safely over the last fence, he should have won, as Clinker's pace was greater than Clasher's, and he was not more beat at that moment."

As the papers at the time of Osbaldeston's death did not go minutely into the particulars

of the wonderful partridge-shooting match between Captain Ross and the Honourable Colonel George (afterwards General) Anson, brother of Lord Anson, we think we cannot do better than give a portion of a letter written by Osbaldeston to Budd, dated November 16, 1828: "I now give you a short account of Ross's match. It was to be shot on Saturday the 8th of this month, but on Friday night, the 7th, when I reached Barton Mills, and found Ross in bed, I was told by Sir F. Mackenzie that Anson had been there at five, and said that cartridges were not to be used; and in consequence a meeting took place at Mildenhall (De Roos's place), and messengers went backward and forward until three the same morning, when it was declared that it should be shot with cartridges on Monday the 10th, and Anson went to London for them. I had travelled sixty-five miles that day after hunting, and did not go to bed until half-past two, and declared I would shoot either of them next morning for one hundred, with shot or cartridge. Ross and I turned out, and shot a match, and Anson was umpire; he fired fourteen more shots than I did, and killed the same number. His walking is extraordinary, for he kept me four hours and a quarter running most of the time. On Monday we met

at Mildenhall, and found Anson trying his cartridges at a mark, and at seven minutes before eight the match began. I have no room for particulars, but suffice it to say, that at three minutes after four in the evening, Anson was so beat he could not move, and Ross quite as fresh as in the morning. Twelve minutes only to shoot, frightened Anson, and he sent a messenger to compromise, and to offer a 'draw,' which was accepted. The match was to end at a quarter-past four. I was umpire most of the day, and Colonel Russell the other part." Further on in the letter, referring to Ross, Osbaldeston writes: "He walked beyond description; he had been training three months, and kept up five miles an hour as easily as I could three and a half. I will send you the *Morning Post*, containing an exact account of the match, in a day or two." One portion of this letter we had in the rough copy omitted, for the sole reason that we imagined it arose from some such error as will in a future page be explained. "The Squire's" letter, after describing the Anson and Ross match stated, "Neither of them shot well. Ross shot twice as well the day against me. At the end, he offered to shoot any man in the world except me. I fairly beat him the day before, for although Anson gave him two birds, and fourteen more shots,

I killed as many. Ross felt that I think, when he barred me before all the party."

While compiling these pages, we received kind assistance from Mr. J. Sidney Tharp, of Chippenham Park, Cambridgeshire; and one of his letters concludes thus: "I have four magnums of Fauntleroy's port *now* in my cellar, given me by Jem Ramsay, whom Budd must remember. When the great match between Anson and Ross took place, part of the match was shot on my ground at Chippenham, and I was asked to be umpire, which I declined. Ross was always in good condition, and Anson up all night at balls and parties, which was against him." In another letter Mr. Tharp said: "I have known Mr. Budd for a great many years, and always found him a capital fellow."

It is hoped the reader will pardon us before we quit the subject of this great match, and that Captain Ross in particular will not take offence at a copy of his own letter, dated from Rossie Castle, October 26:—

"My dear Budd,—You were kind enough to promise to come and see my match with Anson, and to help me. I now, old fellow, take you at your word, and claim your promise. 'The Squire' is coming, and I will write to you from

Melton (where I shall be on Friday next), and let you know the best place to come to.

"I have had a capital season's sport, and, amongst other items, killed eighty-seven deer. I am happy to say that I am in capital condition, having been doing a great deal of work. You stand a 'pony' with me on the match."

Ross wrote Budd in due course, but the latter was from home, and thus he lost the treat of witnessing the match, which, had Budd been there to have helped his friend, might have terminated otherwise. To show the confidence of the Anson party, Lord Anson told Mr. Budd he might go and lay out £10,000 for him on Colonel Anson, his brother; but having backed Ross, he did not undertake the office. The long lapse of time rendering it probable that errors might arise about figures, and even names, by those not immediately interested at the period, we have, in any case where figures or facts connected with matches, &c., seemed to warrant it, applied to the fountain-head, and have been glad to find that we were already substantially correct.

A gentleman, whose father was a constant witness of Ross's wondrous doings, and well knew him in private life, had given us the following particulars before the appeal to the Captain

had been permitted; and, as there is nothing in them needing his correction, they will be given just as received, assured that the hero of the tale will readily forgive the freedom.

"Horatio Ross was born in 1801, at Rossie Castle, in Forfarshire, the property of his father, and was his only son. Sportsman as he has been all his life, his first introduction to fire-arms was rather curious and laughable. In the beginning of the present century, when the old volunteers were first raised to oppose the expected invasion of the First Napoleon, his father was colonel of a regiment raised on Rossie estate and neighbourhood. When Horatio Ross was about six years old, the regiment was to receive a set of colours, and the Colonel was anxious that his little son should present them. The whole went on satisfactorily until just before the ceremony of the presentation of the colours, when a salute was fired. The noise so frightened the little Horatio, that he immediately bolted across the lawn into the house, and concealed himself. This so enraged the Colonel, that he ordered his valet to fire several times immediately over the child's head every day, so as to accustom him to gunpowder; and that plan was continued daily for months, possibly making him still worse. At last, one day,

the old valet got the boy to fire the gun himself at a sparrow, which he killed, and from that moment he was never so happy as when he had a gun in his hand."

When about eighteen, he joined the 14th Light Dragoons, and remained several years in the regiment; finding, however, that military duties interfered with the full gratification of his taste for field sports, he sold out, and, with a good stud of horses, took up his winter quarters at Melton, then in its most palmy days, and spent the summer in parliamentary duties. The autumn he spent in the Highlands, where for a trifling rent he had a right of shooting and stalking deer over huge tracts of land; and, from the constant habit of roaming over enormous extents of hill-country in pursuit of deer, then very scarce, leaving off perhaps twenty or thirty miles from his shooting lodge, doubtless he acquired the astonishing power, which he has so often displayed, of endurance and walking great distances without showing any symptom of fatigue. Shooting for which he then paid a few hundreds a year, would now let for twice as many thousands, owing to the fashion, increased demand, and easier access; but, of course, roads, lodges, &c., have been since made.

Falling in love, getting married, and having five sons, he saw fit to give up his hunting establishment, when, thirty years back, he took up his abode entirely in the Highlands, where his success as a deer-stalker, &c., has long since gained him the highest reputation amongst the sportsmen of the North. After having disappeared for upwards of thirty years from all public matches and competitions, Wimbledon in 1860 (since become a national institution) opened a new field for the now old gentleman's still keen eye and steady nerve. And of all the well-known faces on that common, perhaps none is better liked, or looked up to with more pleasure by the great body of the volunteers, as each July brings round the vast assemblage, than that of "Old Ross," with his genial smile and ever-ready courtesy. We tender apology for the word "old," which is alone his due from the fact of his being now sixty-five years of age; but though he may not now be able to go twenty-four miles in four hours, as a gentleman of indisputable veracity told us he saw him do, or walk, fair toe and heel, six miles in fifty-six minutes, as he did on the road between Melton and Leicester, still, at sixty-five, he can go right ahead fifty miles, at three and a half miles an

hour, without fatigue. We have no means of ascertaining the entire list of prizes won by Captain Ross in various public rifle competitions; and, indeed, it is unnecessary so to do: but in justice to him, it should be recorded that there are at Wimbledon three great cups shot for annually with small-bore rifles, viz., the Association Cup, the Wimbledon Cup, and the Duke of Cambridge's—the latter shot for with small-bore breech-loaders. The Captain *has won all three*, and no other person has won more than one of those much-coveted prizes. We stated in a former page that the Captain is an "innate deer-stalker," and a short reference to the exploits of his sons, with their inherent steady nerve and confidence when shooting before assembled thousands, will pretty plainly demonstrate "what's bred in the bone." Edward Ross, the champion shot, a worthy son of such a sire, won the first Queen's prize when but nineteen years old. Without attempting to follow the youthful champion through a list of prizes which would but tire our readers, if we could procure them, we are in a position to state that at one meeting of the Highland Rifle Association, there were thirteen open prizes to be competed for, and Mr. Edward Ross and his father won eleven of them! Another

son, Colin, has won rifle prizes, but we remember only one of them, which we believe we are correct in stating was Eley's 100 guinea. Another son, Hercules, we have understood, is the champion rifle shot of India, and when home for a time in England, made great scores, and won good prizes. Holding an appointment in the India Civil Service, he has won all the top prizes in that country. He is also a great tiger-shot; but, more than all, we are reliably informed that he greatly distinguished himself in the Indian Mutiny, doing most valuable service. On one occasion he rode some eighty miles to a ford on the Gogra, where an army of mutineers were expected to cross; getting into a hole, with several rifles and one or two attendants, he actually kept back several hundreds of people for many hours; shooting down men and horses, and especially the native officers, whenever they attempted to cross, until a body of our troops with artillery came up. This reads rather like a romance, but is a well-known circumstance. By doing so, he saved an English station, with a large number of sick, and many women and children, who would assuredly have been destroyed by the mutineers if they had got across.

Lord Canning, who was Governor General at

the time, publicly thanked him for his services, and included his name with nineteen others, comprising Havelock, Lawrence, Outram, &c., in the list which he sent to the Queen at the close of the mutiny, terming them "The twenty saviours of India."

Of the other two sons, or their exploits, we have received no information, though, had they distinguished themselves as rifle shots, doubtless we should have heard something of it. Returning, then, to their father, we would state that Mr. Budd having named his disbelief of the bull-dog retriever anecdote, and expressing a wish that "Ross's opinion should be asked, as he was such a bosom friend of 'the Squire,'" we wrote asking if he knew anything of it, and received the following kind reply, glad to find he had in this instance relaxed his apparent determination not to "blow his own trumpet":—

"With regard to the bull-dog, I never knew 'the Squire' had one; he had the best of fox-hounds, pointers, and setters, but no bull-dog, during the years we were on most intimate terms. I remember a brace of pointers (Mark and Flirt), for which I offered him sixty guineas; which in those days was thought a very high offer. My sporting, and always friendly, matches with 'the

Squire,' may be briefly described. I had endless pigeon matches with him, but I was the better shot of the two. He often beat me in short matches, but he never won a long match against me. I had three steeplechases with him, and he won them all. I rode in two of them, but in both gave 'the Squire' 21 lbs., he betting me five to two. I rode a pretty good race for the last, over Northamptonshire, and was within an ace of winning. At the last fence but one (stiff timber) 'the Squire's' horse, Pilot, was hanging regularly hooked on to the timber, and in another second must have rolled over; but the timber broke, and he was saved. I was so close, that I jumped the fence while 'the Squire' and his horse were in trouble. We had also a very exciting match on the Thames, from Vauxhall to Hammersmith bridge, in June, 1830 (the last match I ever had with 'the Squire'). It was what is called a '*Ran Dan*' match, two men with oars, and a third in the centre with sculls. 'The Squire's' men were Mitchell and Holton; mine, Charles Campbell and Emery. I won the race by eighty yards. We had another bet, trying our men over the same course, but his men beat mine by half a mile; so that I was the stronger man of the two as an oarsman.

"The first match was for £300, and the second, which was for £100, came off a few days after the first, or 'Ran Dan' match. The race between 'the Squire' and myself was a very severe one; up to Battersea bridge we were oar and oar; I got through Putney bridge about half a boat's length before him—the 'labour' then came on my side, and, having a much longer reach than 'the Squire' (I am six feet one inch; he was, I think, five feet seven or eight inches), I pulled away from him, and won, as before stated, by about seventy or eighty yards. 'The Squire' was, I believe, a stronger-armed man than myself; but length is a great point in the man who pulls stroke oar in a match. The match is capitally described by Nimrod in the old *Sporting Magazine* for July or August, 1830."

We have before us an agreement for a match at 250 pigeons each, between the Captain and 'the Squire," for £500 a side, to be decided in four days' shooting. The agreement is dated 5th July, 1827, and the match we find was decided in favour of Osbaldeston. Mr. Budd has in his possession many agreements for such matches, but the reader may not desire to have them described. "Ross was one day," said Mr. Budd, "about to shoot a match at twenty-one birds

(pigeons), when Lord Anson said, 'Budd, I'll bet you £20 Ross kills twenty of his birds.' Double shots were allowed, and the Captain killed the twenty, and thus won the £20 for his lordship." Mr. Budd named to us on the same day, "Lord Kennedy was one day very irate on account of losing some match, probably with Ross, who was almost sure to be the victor in a pigeon match, and said he would bet any one £100 to £1 he never shot another match as long as he lived. I accepted the bet, in the presence of Osbaldeston. Harrison, and some other friend. Some time after, his lordship was complaining of slowness of the sporting world, and expressing a wish for something going on; when Captain Grant said he would back me against him for £50 at pigeons. Lord Kennedy accepted the bet, and I beat him. When he paid Grant the £50, I reminded him of the other bet, which he, however, denied. Though witnesses proved the fact, he still refused to pay, but at length he (Lord Kennedy) referred it to the Jockey Club. Thornhill decided that if his lordship was such a fool as to make the bet, he must abide by it; and that when any man again did so, he ought to name it in his will, as the man who took the odds could not lose during the life of him who bet it. His lordship at length sent

the money by Ross. If I remember correctly, it was not my intention to have urged actual payment, had not Lord Kennedy denied having made the bet."

"Lord Kennedy" (he added) "was one of the keenest sportsmen I ever knew. An unfortunately hasty temper brought him probably to a premature end. His medical attendant not coming at the appointed time, his lordship went salmon-fishing on his estate in Scotland, and when the doctor had learned he was in the water, he said, 'Then he's a dead man'; which expression was shortly after too fully realised. It turned out that at the time of the doctor's prophecy, his lordship was up to his middle in water."

In all references to the name of the renowned deer-stalker, we have called him "Captain" Ross, for the reason that the name is, to men of our age, "familiar as household words"; hence, though Mr. Ross has so long left his "bold dragoons" (and the writer often links the name with an anecdote of which the late Mr. Goddard, of Swindon, was the hero), we must be pardoned if we continue the title. The amusing incident of Mr. Goddard was this. After a flower-show dinner, the usual toast of "The Army" was proposed, and with it was coupled the name of Mr.

Goddard. Mr. Goddard, a fine, handsome, portly gentleman, had been a captain in the "dandy 10th," of which regiment there are many who doubtless can remember "the 10th don't dance," and "the 10th don't" do many things—but when Captain Goddard was with his regiment at Corunna, or wherever their country's cause called them to face the foe, the writer has never been able to find "the 10th didn't fight." Mr. Goddard in returning thanks, said that for him to be called on to return thanks for the army, was about on a par with calling on a man to return thanks for the navy because he held some canal shares. In our mind's eye we see him now, a fine sample of the true old English gentleman, *standing* quill pen in hand, dipping it again and again in the ink, in an apparently abstracted manner, but in reality collecting his ideas to concentrate a page in a line, which he would suddenly dash off upon the paper laid before him on the table. We remember one scrap which, many years since, came from his pungent pen, that our readers may perhaps admire, as we did at the time. A certain property of his was in the market, and a rather shrewd gentleman had made proposals for it, but declined Mr. Goddard's terms, and played with the mouse till he had lost it. A still more

wary gentleman secured it, and the first applicant wrote thereupon sharply to the worthy old gentleman, and received in reply simply these words: "If in our courtship you have allowed a rival to supplant you; blame yourself for your apathy, and not me for my fickleness."

CHAPTER IV.

"THE INCOG." ON CAPTAIN ROSS—BARRING "THE SQUIRE"—THE "GREAT MATCH"—WHY BAR "THE SQUIRE"?—ORIGIN OF THE MATCH—TERMS OF THE MATCH—AFTER THE MATCH, CHALLENGE TO GO SEVENTY MILES FOR FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS—RACE OF TWO AND A HALF MILES INSTEAD OF SEVENTY—ENGLISH AND SCOTCH FARMERS COMPARED—HOSPITALITY OF LORD DE ROOS—SERIOUS REFLECTION—TEMPERS OF LORD KENNEDY AND "THE SQUIRE" COMPARED—STEEPLECHASE BETWEEN LORD KENNEDY'S HORSE RADICAL, AND CAPTAIN ROSS'S CLINKER—COCK FIGHTING—ROSS, FOR BET OF A HUNDRED POUNDS, KILLS TEN BRACE OF SWALLOWS WITH PISTOL AND SINGLE BALL BEFORE BREAKFAST—CLINKER'S PEDIGREE AND DESCRIPTION AS A HUNTER—SWALLOWS AN EXPENSIVE ENTREE TO LORD KENNEDY—LORD KENNEDY'S POSITION, DISPOSITION, AND FALL.

A GENTLEMAN conversant with all the circumstances of the great match (*i. e.*, the Anson and Ross match), was appealed to by us, as to what he knew about the Captain having been beaten by "the Squire" the day before the match came off, as stated in "the Squire's" letter to Mr. Budd; such letter also stating that when the Captain, after the match, offered to shoot the same match the following day, he barred him, "the Squire," and the following will explain both. Respecting,

as we do, the motive of the gentleman in question for desiring to withhold his name, we shall henceforth refer to him as "the Incog.," a *soubriquet* he raises no objection to. "It is funny," he writes, "how sometimes a good-natured expression is misconstrued. I remember the circumstances of that match as if it were yesterday. I have much to narrate for your book; and I should wish that all you may have from me about Ross, may be laid before him before printing, excepting that which I give you as extracts from his letters, which you need hardly trouble him with. I was aware 'the Squire' had made such statement, and was therefore assured of the truth of what certainly was to me unaccountable. I wrote to Ross asking his explanation, and at the same time wishing my memory refreshed as to whether he challenged the field to go to London, and the following is a portion of his reply: "Accompanied by 'the Squire' and my friend Sir Francis Mackenzie, I arrived at the little inn near Milden Hall, Suffolk. The evening before the match, Sir Francis walked over after dinner to see Colonel Anson, and talk over the arrangements for next day's match. To his surprise, he found that Colonel Anson had not provided himself with cartridges; and as the birds were as wild as wild-

geese, he would not have had the ghost of a chance shooting against me, when I loaded with cartridges. Sir Francis came back as soon as possible, and told me how the matter stood. As cartridges were not barred in our agreement about the match, it was of course in my hands; but I did not choose to take a sharp advantage, and begged Sir Francis to go back to Colonel Anson, and suggest that he should immediately send his servant off to London for cartridges, and that I would put off the match until he had provided himself with them. Next day we all walked up to Milden Hall (then occupied by Lord de Roos—one of the pleasantest men alive, although his end was so miserable). After dinner, Lord de Roos asked me if I would like to take a gallop over the turnip-field, as a preparation for next day. 'The Squire' and I got our guns from the inn, and shot for about an hour and a half, not more, for it was dark at half-past four, and he was one bird ahead of me. Next day, when the great match ended, I must admit to you, as you ask me, I offered to walk or run, to go, in short, against any one then present, to London (I believe 70 miles) for £500; or that I would shoot the same match against any one in England, BARRING MR. OSBALDESTON, for the same sum.

My good old friend 'the Squire' did not see or understand what was at that moment passing in my mind, or rather *heart.*

"'The Squire' had been most kind from first to last, as he always was to me. I knew how touchy and jealous he was in all matters connected with sporting feats, and my barring 'the Squire' was solely to prevent his feelings being in any way wounded or irritated. In my then perfect state of training—able to go for twelve hours at five miles an hour" (and, he might have added, to shoot to perfection)—"'the Squire' would have had as much chance against me, as I should, if I had fought Tom Spring. He had pluck to the backbone—nobody alive shot game better, and he would walk all day; but after his accident while hunting, and having his leg smashed, he could not go any pace. I should therefore have got about four shots to his one.

"When the day before he ended a bird ahead of me, it was all a joke on my part—we were not shooting for anything, and I regulated my pace by his. This is the history, or ground-work, of my '*barring the Squire.*'"

Many years after the great match, the following description of it was supplied to "the Incog.," who again kindly writes us: "Here, then, is a

verbatim copy of my friend Ross's description, written some years after the match."

Before proceeding to render it to our readers, we beg to express our hope they will pardon us if any of them should think we have occupied too much space on this one head; it was at the time looked upon as an astounding match, and when named, continues to excite great interest at this remote period. We give it our readers just as received by us.

"THE ROSS AND ANSON MATCH was made in a boat on the Thames, the party being Lord de Roos, Colonel Anson, and myself [*i. e.*, Ross]. Time, month of July, 1828; place, between the Red House and Whitehall. Lord de Roos said that it was evident no one had a chance against me at pigeons, and asked, 'Had I equal confidence in my power of shooting at game?' I replied that I thought I was able to hold my own against any man I had yet seen in the field, and that I had no objection to put the matter to a fair test; and that I would make a match to shoot game against any man in Great Britain, and allow his lordship till next shooting season to fix on his man. Lord de Roos said that a match at game in covert shooting was a very uncertain affair, as it was hardly possible so to arrange it as to give

both parties fair play; that he thought, on the whole, a match at partridges was the most likely arrangement by which two great shots could try their powers; that he had rented very good shooting quarters in Suffolk (Milden Hall), and that he thought we might settle on a match to come off there; and that he would do his best to make it a pleasant party. After a little further conversation, we had arranged everything; in fact, it was all settled before we reached Whitehall stairs. The terms were, that on the 1st of November (I think that was the date) I should present myself at Milden Hall, prepared to shoot against any champion Lord de Roos brought forward; that we were to start at sunrise by the watch, and shoot until sunset without any halt; that no dogs should be used, but that we were to walk about forty or fifty yards apart, with two or three men between, or on one side of us; that it was not necessary any birds should be picked up, the umpire's seeing them drop was to be considered sufficient. The bet was £200 a side, but to that I added considerably before the event came off."

The Captain then describes the putting off the match, as Anson had no cartridges; and it was very handsome of Ross to adopt such a course. "We all breakfasted at Milden Hall," continues

Ross, "by candle-light, and were in line ready to start at the correct moment when (by the watch) the sun had risen, for we could see no sun, as the country was enveloped in mist. Colonel Anson was a particularly fast and strong walker, and seemed to fancy he was able to outwalk me. So off he went at 'score' pace (I merely guess it), probably from four and a-half to five miles an hour. I was not sorry to see him go off at 'score,' as I knew I was in the highest possible state of training, and that I was able to keep up that pace for fifteen or sixteen hours without a halt. Everything was conducted with the greatest possible fairness. We changed order every hour, and, as Colonel Anson was quite able to hold on the great pace, we were fighting against each other as fairly as two men could do.

"The Colonel had luck on his side, for though in the arrangement of the match as made by Lord de Roos, everything was fair, still by mere chance birds rose more favourably for him than for me, and in the course of the match he got eleven more shots than I did; the consequence was that he at one time was seven birds ahead of me. About two o'clock I saw evident signs of the Colonel having near about 'pumped' himself. 'The Old Squire' rode up to me, and said, 'Ross, go along!

he'll lie down directly, and die'—he fancied he was viewing a beaten fox. I was thus able to go right away from the Colonel; and, as the birds were so wild (in consequence of the crowd and noise) that few shots were got nearer than fifty or sixty yards, I gradually made up my 'lee way.'

"A quarter of an hour before the expiration of the time, Mr. Charles Greville and Colonel Francis Russell rode up to me, and said Colonel Anson was unable to walk any more, but that he was one bird ahead of me, and that Lord de Roos had authorized them to propose to me to make it a drawn match. I had a great deal of money depending on the result (about £1,000), and had not had a shot for the last ten minutes, so after a moment's consideration I came to the conclusion, that at that late hour; when the birds were all out of the turnips and feeding in the stubble, it was too great a sum to risk on the chance of getting a brace of birds in a quarter of an hour; I therefore agreed to make it a drawn match. I was as fresh as when I started, and in the excitement of the moment, and perhaps a little anxious to show that I was not beaten, I said to the assembled multitude (about five to six hundred people) that I was ready then and there, to start against any one

present, to go to London on foot against him for £500, or to shoot the same match next day against any one for £500. I excepted Mr. Osbaldeston, not wishing to have any match of *the sort* with him—he was to a great degree crippled by his leg being broken when hunting, and he could not have gone the pace with me" (this we have before referred to), "and," continues the Captain, "I did not like to hurt his pride by challenging him also; and so from kindly feeling toward him, I barred him. No one took advantage of my rather rash challenge, for it might have so happened that a regular professional pedestrian was in the crowd. Some young farmer said that he would try a race against me to the Inn (perhaps two miles or two and a half distant). I entered into the fun, and said, 'With all my heart, my good fellow.' Many of them were on horseback and had on top boots—they doffed their boots, and ran in their stockings. We made a fair start, all in the best humour; but I do not think any one was *in sight* when I reached the Inn. I certainly went the distance at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour.

"I do not now remember the number of birds killed, but I know it was absurdly small—I think only twenty-five or twenty-six brace.

This must appear very unaccountable, but it is easily explained. At that season of the year (November) the partridges in Norfolk and Suffolk are always very wild; but on the day of the great match, they had additional reason for being so; we were followed by a multitude of men on horseback, say two or three hundred, all talking and betting on the shot. The row was indescribable. The consequence was, that when we entered a field of turnips, the partridges generally went off in one great flight at the other end of the field. Some were necessarily very long shots —forty, fifty, or sixty yards; we hardly fired a near shot during the match. I was much struck, by the way, how, apparently as a matter of course, the mounted men and the pedestrians went straight through the turnip fields. I thought to myself, if this had occurred on fields rented by our cross-grained, litigious Scotch farmers, there would have been several score of litigations, perhaps two or three hundred actions, raised against the parties who took these liberties. Our English farmers, are not like the Scotch, republican democrat followers of Mr. John Bright.

"All my party dined at Milden Hall, and were most capitally entertained by Lord de Roos, who had the best of French cooks, and best of French

wines. Next day he gave us a day in his coverts; and we had the best of them 'beat' for our amusement. I forgot what was killed, but I know we had a very great day's shooting."

Since the above was penned, Ross has said, "Alas, alas, when I look back to that evening! Every one then assembled in the dining-room at Milden Hall, with the exception of myself, is now in his grave; and our highly polished and most accomplished host died a disgraced man."

We would remind our readers, that having no dogs would greatly account for the smallness of the number of birds killed. Deeply indebted to "Mr. Incog.," we cannot do better than again quote from the correspondence between him and the gallant Captain, who it appears took some pains in gratifying his friend's desire to go again through what he would naturally have less vivid recollection of than the chief actor in the drama.

"Lord Kennedy and I were very good friends," writes Captain Ross, "but he had not 'the Squire's' cheery amiability of character. I had constant matches with both. When fortune favoured me against 'the Squire,' we generally managed to dine somewhere together afterwards; and after he gave me such a smashing defeat in the match (Clinker and Clasher), we shook

hands and hunted together immediately after the match was over. Not so Lord Kennedy; he did not so easily get over a beating. He brooded over it, and turned over and over in his mind how he could have his revenge. It so happened that he had taken long odds to a very considerable sum on winning three events (I forget what the first two were). He won the first two: the third was a match at pigeons against myself. I beat him, as I invariably did. His lordship was much annoyed, and somewhat unguardedly spoke of his determination to go at me in every way, until he had not left me so much as a *pot de chambre*.

"We were to go to the Derby in a day or two—a largish party—and I got a hint to be 'wide awake' and prepared for all sorts of wild proposals from his lordship. We had not got well off the stones before he was at me. He attacked me first about my riding, and offered to back a gentleman who hunted in Scotland (Captain Douglas) to ride a match against me, four miles over Leicestershire, for £1,000 a side. I knew Captain Douglas very well, and was aware that he was a first-rate man across Scotland, but I also knew that my experience in several seasons' hunting in Leicestershire gave

me a great advantage over any new comer from the provinces. I also fancied that I stood sufficiently well with my friends at Melton, to give me the chance of getting the loan of a good steeplechase horse (I had no horse at that time in my own stud fit for such a match). I accordingly accepted his bet. The day was named (30th of March), and the course, from Barkly Holt to Billesden Coplow—four good miles: terms, not to go more than a hundred yards on a road, and not to go through a gateway. We were as near as possible the same weight, so we were to ride just as light as we could. That was match number one. He then went at me about a 'main' of cocks. I knew nothing of cock-fighting, and never had taken the slightest interest in that branch of sport; but I was quite aware of one fact connected with cock-fighting, and that was the indescribable advantage it must ever be to have your birds near the seat of intended war, so as to save them the wear and tear of a long journey. I was pretty sure he intended to bring his birds from Scotland, as he had an immense number of game-cocks there; and I was equally sure that I should have the choice of every bird in Leicestershire, as I stood well with the farmers and others; so I agreed to match number two, and consented to fight a

main for £1,000 and £100 a battle. By this time we had passed the "Cock," at Sutton, and were approaching the Downs, thus a good deal of business had been done. Shortly after, why or wherefore no one could tell, his lordship betted me £2,000 to £1,000 on the steeplechase; and we seldom met subsequently without adding to the sum pending.

"There was at that time a Doctor Wing, near Melton, celebrated for the excellence of his game-cocks. I wrote to him, and he at once placed all his birds at my disposal; others did the same, and the result was that on the day when all the cocks were brought into Melton, previous to being placed in training, I had between three and four hundred of the best birds in England—*not having to pay for one of them*! But it did not come off until the week after the steeplechase.

"When I came to Melton, as usual, in November, 1825, and told my friends my position in regard to the steeplechase, I was extremely gratified by the way in which they acted towards me. They placed all their studs at my command. I had about three hundred horses to pick from. We had a good many trials, and ultimately Clinker and a splendid thorough-bred mare, the property of General Peel (now Secretary of

State for War), were set aside and regularly trained for the match."

"I believe," says "the Incog." (but we read nothing about it in the Captain's letter), "that to decide which of the two, the mare or Clinker, should have the honour of contending, there was a trial, when Clinker, ridden by the Captain, ran clean away from the mare, ridden by the renowned Dick Christian."

"It excited a good deal of interest," continues Captain Ross, "as it was the first race across country people had seen; and many came from all parts of the kingdom to see it, but they were sadly disappointed, for there was really no race. Captain Douglas got three falls, and was beaten by half a mile. Lord Kennedy went to enormous expense in purchasing horses for the match. I am afraid to say how many he bought and tried (he had *no loans*). At last he fixed on Tom Smith's famous horse, Radical, for which he paid 400 guineas, a splendid horse, but rather difficult to ride. I had him in my stable for a season afterwards, and liked him immensely after I got into his ways. As a proof of the recklessness of those old days, I may mention an anecdote connected with the race. The night before the race, Lord Kennedy wrote me a note, stating he

wished very much to see me, and come to an understanding about an important point connected with next day's race. I met him, and he then said, 'as such an enormous sum was pending on the match both between ourselves and others, he thought it advisable that we should start with as few openings for a wrangle as possible; that in a flat race, crossing or jostling was not allowed, but that to-morrow he thought it would be best that we should do just as we pleased.' 'In short,' I replied, 'I understand that we may ride over each other, and kill each other if we can. Is it so?' 'Just so,' was his lordship's answer. Odd enough, the first jump was a five-barred gate. I lay with Clinker's head about opposite to Douglas's knee. When within, say forty or fifty yards of the gate, I saw clearly that Radical meant to refuse; so, recollecting my last night's bargain, I held Clinker well in hand. Radical, as I expected, when close to the gate, turned right across Clinker. I stuck the spurs in, knocked Douglas over the gate, and sent Radical heels over head, and lying on this side of it. Douglas did not lose his horse; his snaffle rein was fastened to his wrist, and he was soon back again and mounted; but it finished the match

effectually. I turned round, jumped the corner of the fence, and gained such a lead, that he never got near me again. I suppose, in these shopkeeping days, killing a man in that way would be brought in wilful murder. Not so in 1826; the verdict would have been 'justifiable homicide.'

"If you could come across the old *Sporting Magazine*, you would find a capital account of all the proceedings, by Nimrod—I think the June or July number, 1826. The distance was four miles, and was done by Clinker, by stop-watch, in 11¼ minutes—a great pace over a very hilly country. Clinker was a perfectly thorough-bred horse; by Clinker, dam by Clasher, out of Lily of the Valley, by Eclipse. He was then the property of Mr. Francis Holyoak. I afterwards bought him, giving Holyoak 600 guineas for him. I rode him several seasons, was always gloriously carried, and had only one fall with him. To cross the great Leicestershire fields on Clinker, and over great swishing fences, was one of the most charming sensations I can recollect. Sir Harry Goodricke left all his fortune to his old friend Holyoak—and a very large fortune. He then took the name of Holyoak Goodricke, and was subsequently created a Baronet." Sir F. Holyoak Goodricke died in the year 1866.

In reply to a letter of ours, the Captain writes: "The match at swallows, with a pistol, you ask about, was just this. The bet was £100, and with Mr. George Foljambe. I undertook to shoot ten brace of swallows with a pistol and single ball in one day. An immense number of swallows built their nests all round the towers of Rossie Castle, and I shot the match there. 'The Squire' was staying with me at the time, and saw the match shot. I shot well, as the shots were pretty long ones, the towers being three stories high, and a half-sunk story. I caught the birds as they were hovering, with wings extended and pretty stationary, before going into their nests. I finished the match before breakfast." We are inclined to think this match has scarcely a parallel.

We had understood the swallow-shooting anecdote as being a bet between Lord Kennedy and the Captain, till we were fortunately put in possession of the facts; and attached to the narrative was a laughable one about the swallows being placed under a dish-cover at the breakfast table. We wrote to the Captain, who politely told us that this feature, which he repudiated as connected with that affair, must have arisen out of the following: "A year or two before I shot the swallows with ball," said Captain Ross, "Lord

Kennedy betted me £20 I did not shoot twenty brace in a day with a gun (he had no idea of the number at Rossie Castle). I sent them to him in a box, and they arrived while he and a party were at dinner, and were brought into the dining-room. He sent me the £20, and said in his note, 'that it was the most expensive *entrée* ever handed to him.'"

We had asked the Captain if he remembered Lord Kennedy's bet with Mr. Budd, already referred to, and he replied in the affirmative, remarking of Lord Kennedy, "He was a spoiled child all his life, and had no command over his temper or passions. At the same time, he was one of the most charming companions in the world when things were going on all right; and his house (Dunottur, near Stonehaven) was just about one of the pleasantest to visit I ever knew." Dunottur, afterwards sold for £170,000, belonged (we think) to Lady Kennedy (Miss Allardice). He used it up, and about £80,000 of ready money, in the course of sixteen or seventeen years. But he was sure of about £40,000 a year at the death of his father, the Marquis of Ailsa. Lord Kennedy, however, died before the Marquis: his son is now Marquis of Ailsa. What a moral can be deduced from this unfortunate young nobleman's

career—squandering the fortunes of both himself and his wife! We feel bound to ask the young, whether wealthy or the reverse, to curb their "tempers" and their "passions," especially that most destructive of weaknesses, the love of play—we may say, the infatuation of gambling—in any shape. Lord Kennedy might have said, "What had I to do with play? my means were equal to my wishes, the poor followed me with blessings, love scattered roses on my pillow, and morning waked me to delight. O bitter thought, that leads to what I was, by what I am!"

CHAPTER V.

THE HOLKHAM MATCH—MR. W. COKE AS A DEERSTALKER—ELEY'S EXPERIMENT—BAG OF GROUSE—DEER KILLED IN ONE YEAR—PEDESTRIAN MATCH OF LORD KENNEDY AND SIR ANDREW LEITH HAY FOR TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS A SIDE—RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE AND ITS RETRIBUTION—CAPTAIN ROSS AND PHOTOGRAPHY—PLAYING GOLF IN THE DARK—CAPTAIN ROSS AS A PIGEON SHOT—RIFLE MATCH WITH COUNT D'ORSAY AND PISTOL MATCH WITH A SPANIARD—A CHAPTER ON DUELLING BY THE CAPTAIN—GRONOW'S DUEL—RIFLE MATCH BETWEEN LORD KENNEDY AND THE HON. GEORGE VERNON—CAPTAIN'S PISTOL BEATS MR. VERNON'S RIFLE AT A HUNDRED YARDS—FABULOUS AGE OF STAGS—EIGHT STAGS IN TWENTY MINUTES WITH ONE MUZZLE-LOADER—AMUSING HOAKS OF COLONEL JACKSON—CAPTAIN ROSS'S OPINION OF LORD KENNEDY AND THE HON. GENERAL ANSON—WONDERFUL FEAT OF LORD KENNEDY—HORATIO ROSS, ESQ., M.P.

We have termed the Anson and Ross match "the great match," but the Holkam match we now proceed to describe, will, we think, be read with equal satisfaction; indeed, we predict greater interest being attracted to it, by the sporting world at all events. We had it through the same channel as "the Anson," and opine that it will be still better received, when we say that the winner of the match attests its authority.

"In the year 1824 or 1825, Lord Kennedy and

Mr. William Coke (nephew of the then Mr. Coke, of Holkham) shot a match at partridges for a considerable bet. The terms were that Lord Kennedy was to shoot for two days in Scotland against Mr. William Coke, who was to shoot two days at Holkham. Mr. Coke of course won the match. I paid a visit at Holkham a week or two after this, and I found them all rather pleased at the result. I could not refrain from saying that Mr. Coke must attribute his success more to the great number of birds at Holkham, than to his being a better shot than Lord Kennedy; for if they met on equal terms, I felt perfectly certain he would not have the ghost of a chance with his lordship. This led ultimately to a match being made between Mr. Coke and myself, to come off at Holkham the following year. Terms: Mr. Coke, sen., to name two 'beats'; a day to intervene between the first and second day's shooting, to allow the partridges to settle, when we were to change beats; to start as early as we pleased; to load our guns; to hunt the dogs, and pick up all the birds killed; to be allowed two attendants, to help us in any way except picking up the birds, hunting the dogs, or loading, as before named. On my way to Holkham, the following year, I paid a visit to 'the Squire,' at Ebberston.

I had lost by madness most of my good dogs, and those I had brought with me were indifferent, ill-broken animals. With his usual kindness, 'the Squire' said he would lend me his dogs, and I went out with them for a day or two to get acquainted with them. I can say, that in Yorkshire, they were perfection; but it proved quite another case in Norfolk. The dogs were sent off to Holkham, and 'the Squire' and I followed, he having agreed to act as my umpire. The day after our arrival, the two beats selected by Mr. Coke were pointed out to us. I tossed with Mr. W. Coke for the choice, and he won the toss. Next morning we were off before daylight; I was accompanied by Captain Greville, R.N., as Mr. Coke's umpire. Never shall I forget my start. I entered a turnip field, and away went 'the Squire's' fleet, high-bred dogs, and almost before they had got half-way down the field, away went (I really believe) four or five hundred partridges at the end of it. The dogs found a scent under every turnip; they were totally bewildered, and in a few minutes 'lost their noses' altogether. They rushed here, and they rushed there—partridges were rising every moment; they 'backed,' they jumped in the air, in their excitement, trying to catch the birds, and finally rushed after some,

giving tongue like hounds—they followed them to the next turnip-field, and cleared it also. It was very trying and very provoking, but at the same time was so absurd, that Captain Greville and I burst out laughing. However, time was passing, and I had not as yet fired a shot, and I heard my opponent hard at work. I sent my two attendants to try and catch the dogs, and in about half an hour they returned with them in couples. I then put a man on each side, and walked through the fields, and at sunset had bagged forty brace. On my way to the Hall, a fine old farmer joined me, a Mr. Denny. He said he was one of Mr. Coke's principal tenants, but, in spite of that, he could not bear to see me defeated by mere bad luck and ignorance of the country; that I was the best shot they had ever seen, but that I knew no more how to work Norfolk partridges than a child; and that I must be beaten unless I altered my system. He then told me that his farm was the one on which I was to shoot the second day, and that if I would call on him the next forenoon (*i. e.*, the intervening day), he would give me some hints that would be useful. On reaching the Hall, I found that Mr. Coke had killed fifty-four brace, so that I started the second day fourteen brace behind him. Next day I called

on Mr. Denny, and we rode over the farm, and his instructions were: 'Early in the morning ride the stubble all round' (a very large field of turnips which he pointed out) 'and drive the birds into it. I will lend you two old setters, which have only two eyes between them—they will potter about, within fifteen or twenty yards, and will help to find dead birds. Place your two men, one on each side, and beat the field in small circles. If you go straight through it, the birds will run to the end, and then rise in one great pack; but by making small circles, you will cut them off and get shots. The large field will keep you going until nine o'clock, and then go to another large field of turnips' (which he showed me).

"I followed the old gentleman's instructions to the letter. I got fifty shots in the first field, and by nine o'clock had bagged fifty partridges. I missed one shot, but killed two at a shot afterwards. The result of the day's shooting was, that I bagged fifty-nine brace, Mr. Coke thirty-six; so that, on the two days' shooting, I was nine brace ahead.

"Mr. W. Coke was not a first-class shot, but he was a perfect sportsman; he thoroughly understood how to get at game, and although he was not as accurate in his shooting as some of the acknow-

ledged great shots of the day, he was very quick, and, as a general rule, killed more game whenever he went out than other people did. He had also dogs that were perfectly adapted for Norfolk shooting: they were bred between setters and water-spaniels. When on scent, they never pointed, but went on, their tails straight out, and put their birds up; but as they were broken to keep within twenty-five to thirty yards of Mr. Coke, they did no harm by flushing birds, in their free and easy manner. They dropped to shot, and retrieved dead and wounded birds beautifully, and I thought at the time, if I had had them instead of 'the Squire's' high-bred pointers, I should have made a better bag the first day."

We have heard Mr. Budd repeat an observation of "the Squire's" about Mr. Coke. "He was the first man that went in earnest deer-stalking in the Highlands. He had a pair of corduroy breeches, of which 'the Squire' jocularly said, 'I believe he never took them off for a fortnight.'" Crawling on hands and knees, he, for the time being, was a second Nebuchadnezzar.

In a conversation with Mr. Budd about the perfection rifle shooting had lately attained, he repudiated the idea of "position drill," and expressed a wish that we would ask Captain Ross

his opinion of "position." We did, and had the following reply: "The Hythe kneeling position is an admirable one for soldiers when firing in line, but it is not good for match shooting, or for skirmishing; especially if there be a strongish wind. Almost all the good shots now shoot lying on the ground flat, and resting both elbows on the ground. Some shoot lying on their backs; and a countryman of mine (Farquharson) makes marvellous scores in that position; but almost all those who have imitated him have failed."

Unable to get at positively reliable information upon certain points connected with Wimbledon rifle competition for this year, we put questions which elicited the following remarks: "I did not shoot for the Elcho shield this year (1866). As captain of the Scottish eight, I might have been placed in them, but I wished to bring the best eight forward, so I joined in the previous competition, and was beaten. I was delighted at being beaten, because I shot CAPITALLY, and therefore felt confident of winning the shield for Scotland. When I tell you that during this competition, with eleven successive shots, at eight hundred yards, I made ten bull's-eyes and a centre, you will understand my feeling confident of a

great victory at Wimbledon." (Not a bad score for a man in his sixty-fifth year!) "I have shot in the Scotch eight every year except this; the first two years I headed the Scotch score, and was once second of the whole sixteen, English and Scotch. I scored 147, having lost a shot, owing to a mistake of my servant in loading. Captain Heaton scored 150."

In reply to our inquiry as to correctness of his pedestrian feats, given in former pages, and asking to what he attributed his still-continued powers of endurance, we received corroboration of distances and pace, added to which he wrote: "It may be useful to others, if I state what I believe to be the cause of my preserving until so a late period of life the activity of a man of middle age. I attribute it in a great measure to having always kept myself in a state of moderate training. I have always lived well, and for many years have drunk nothing but light claret, one bottle per diem, price 24s. per dozen; but I have never omitted, wherever I was, whether in town or country, whether the weather was fair or the reverse, to walk regularly eight miles, and generally twelve miles, every day of my life, unless I had an opportunity of going out shooting. I have also for a great many years been very particular in taking a sponging bath of

cold water every morning." We suppose that the Captain gives us the following anecdote of *bad* shooting, on neutralising principle, as a set-off against his good. He writes: "An amusing anecdote connected with 'the Squire' and myself has just occurred to me. During one of my visits to Ebberston (Osbalderston's Yorkshire seat), we were shooting the cover of Hutton Bushell, 'the Squire's' best beat for pheasants. A particularly gentleman-like man (a stranger to every one out) joined us, and, addressing 'the Squire,' said he had heard that the two greatest shots in England were present, and that he had come some distance in the hope of being allowed to walk a short time with us, and see the 'cracks' shoot. 'The Squire' was most civil, and begged he would take a spare gun he had out, and shoot along with us. This the gentleman declined. Well, a minute or two afterwards, a cock-pheasant rose between 'the Squire' and myself, not five yards from either of us. Quick as lightning, bang went 'the Squire'—missed—and bang went Captain Ross—missed! Bang again 'the Squire'—missed! bang again Captain Ross—missed! and away went the pheasant, chuck, chuck, chuck! The gentleman took off his hat, made us a bow, and said, 'Thank you; I am much obliged, and quite satisfied,' and

away he went. I burst out laughing, but 'the Squire' was not quite orthodox on the occasion."

He related to us also an amusing circumstance, in reference to Mr. Tharp, of Chippenham Park, Newmarket. "He gave me a day's shooting before *the* match, and I rather astonished him by missing every shot. I then found I had some bad cartridges—an experiment of Eley's, which proved a mistake."

From the letters addressed to his friend "the Incog.," we select the following, in reply to one in which he was asked his "bag" of grouse in a season and the number of deer fallen to his rifle. "I never," says the Captain, "tried to make a great bag of grouse in a day. I think sixty-five brace was the largest number of grouse I ever shot in one day. That is nothing. Two hundred brace have since then been shot in a day by one man, easily, 12th August. In 1828 (the year of my match with Colonel Anson) I rented from the Duke of Athol a large range of shooting called Feloar. I shot eighty-seven deer that season, to my own rifle. I worked hard. I was always up at 3 a.m., and seldom back to the lodge before 7 or 8 p.m., walking, running, or crawling all the time. This was the grandest training in the world! I believe I came to the post on the 1st of November,

at Milden Hall, as fit to go as any winner of the Derby ever did at Epsom. In 1851 I shot one hundred and eighteen deer in Mar Forest. During that season I killed thirteen in one day with fourteen chances. In 1837 I killed seventy-five deer in Sutherlandshire. These are my three best seasons."

"The Incog." seems to have asked him some question about his walking, as the Captain modestly states: "I never attempted any pedestrian feat. I was always a first-rate walker for a 'long pull,' but do not believe I could have done anything worthy of notice as to pace, when compared with professionals, even if I had tried, which I never did." He, however, then gives what we have already noted of twenty-four miles in four hours, and six miles fair toe and heel in fifty-six minutes—far from bad work we think! "Talking, or rather writing, about pedestrianism" (we will describe in the Captain's own words a match which he witnessed, and which is strikingly illustrative of the desperate energy in the sportsmen of the bygone generation), "a large party were assembled at Black Hall, in Kincardineshire, which then belonged to Mr. Farquharson—time, the end of July, or beginning of August. We had all been shooting snipes and 'flapper' ducks

in a large morass on the estate called Lumphannon. We had been wading amongst bulrushes up to our middles for seven or eight hours, and had had a capital dinner. After the ladies had gone to the drawing-room I fell asleep, and about nine o'clock was awakened by the late Sir Andrew Leith Hay, who said, 'Ross, old fellow! I want you to jump up and go as my umpire with Lord Kennedy to Inverness. I have made a bet of £2,500 a side that I get there on foot before him! Nothing came amiss to the men of that day. My answer was, 'All right, I'm ready'; and off we started, there and then, in evening costume, with, as was the custom then, thin shoes and silk stockings on our feet! I am afraid to say how far it was to Inverness. You can look at the river Dee, and find a village called Banchory, which is near Black Hall, and then draw a line to Inverness. We went straight across the mountains, and it was a longish walk." (We have been given to understand that over the Grampian range, the straightest path that could be walked would be ninety miles; we have been told ninety-eight.) "I called to my servant to follow with my walking shoes and worsted stockings, and Lord Kennedy did the same. They overtook us after we had gone seven or eight miles.

Fancy my disgust! My idiot brought me, certainly, worsted stockings, but instead of shoes a pair of tight Wellington boots! My language, I am afraid, was more expressive than elegant. His excuse was, that my shooting shoes were damp from wading in the morass in the day-time; so that I had to make the best of it with the Wellingtons. The sole of one boot vanished twenty-five miles from Inverness, and I had to finish the walk barefooted.

"We walked all night, next day, and the next night—raining torrents all the way. We crossed the Grampians, making a perfectly straight line, and got to Inverness at 6 a.m. We never saw or heard of Sir A. L. Hay (he went by the coach road, *via* Huntley and Elgin, thirty-six miles further than we, but a good road), who appeared at ten a.m., and who was much cast down at finding he had been beaten. I, however, told him that to the best of my belief he had won his bet. My duty was simply to look on and report what I had seen, and it so happened, Lord Kennedy, then a good deal beaten, had leaned on the arm of his attendant in descending and ascending the hills. It was decided that the question should be referred to *the* great authority on pedestrianism, Captain Barclay; but ulti-

mately Lord Kennedy and Sir Andrew Leith Hay privately agreed to drop it. Barclay afterward told me he should have given his decision in favour of Sir Andrew Leith Hay."

We doubt if any sporting anecdote on record surpasses this—wading all day in a bog, and then walking two nights and a day, under pouring rain, over the Grampian range of mountains. The men of the present day don't do such mad, foolish things, it may be said; still there was a ground-work of energy and pluck in the wild deeds of sportsmen of bygone days, which, to a certain extent, was useful; for, however imprudent it may have been on the part of the performers, financially and constitutionally, still we believe examples of pluck, endurance, and disregard of bodily suffering, by the upper classes of society, has a salutary effect on the people at large; and in these degraded grovelling, money-making times, it would do the present generation no harm, if we could bring back to life some of the old race of men, with all their madness, and reckless disregard of life and money.

Black Hall, a beautiful estate on the banks of the river Dee, was the property of Mrs. Farquharson, wife of Mr. Farquharson, of Finzear, who lost his handsome fortune on the turf, and by

general extravagance, and at the age of thirty-six died in very poor circumstances. If ever read by him, how must the following lines of Burns' have haunted him in his reduced state :—

"Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—'It was no deed of mine!'
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—'Blame thy foolish self!'
Or worser still, the pangs of keen remorse;
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others;
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin!
Oh, burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonising throbs;
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
Oh, happy! happy! enviable man!
Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

In the letter he tells "The Incog.," that in his match with the Hon. Colonel George Anson, all the men who were out as attendants were beaten before twelve o'clock, by the pace they went; of course a relay had been provided.

Our readers will perhaps be astonished to find, that with all his passion for field sports, the Captain has, from the year 1840, worked hard at

every branch of the photographic art, and is therefore, we believe, with the exception of M. Claudet and Mr. Talbot, the oldest photographer in Great Britain. We had occasion to write to the Captain, in hopes of getting from him the exact distance traversed by him and Lord Kennedy in the match with Sir A. L. Hay, but he could give us no idea, other than to be gleaned from the time occupied in walking it. The worthy gentleman, however, volunteered us the following singular account of a "golf" match at night. We copy his narrative verbatim.

"'The game of golf is quite a Scotch game; it is played at Blackheath, Wimbledon Common, and a few other places in England; but the players are always Scotchmen. It is a game requiring a good eye, and great skill; and people who get over the first difficulties of the game, are generally quite as fond of it as the English are of cricket. Two men start, each with a small hard ball, and four or five 'golf clubs,' and the object is to get the ball into a small hole, say, six inches in diameter, at a distance from where they start, of four or five hundred yards. The man who gets his ball into the hole with the fewest strokes, is the winner of the hole. The clubs are of various shapes, according to the nature of the

ground where the ball happens to fall. Sometimes it lands in a gorse-bush, sometimes in a cart-rut or a sand-hole; on no occasion is the player allowed to touch the ball with his hand after the first stroke. There are several good 'golf courses' in Scotland; the best are at North Berwick, Musselburgh, St. Andrews, and Montrose. These courses are two or three miles in circuit, and of course the players have a good many holes to play for. Lord Kennedy and the late Mr. Cruickshank, of Langley Park, were good players, and had frequent matches for large sums of money; but the most remarkable match ever played by them, came off during the Montrose race week many years since. At the race ordinary, they got up a match of three holes, for £500 each hole, and agreed to play it then and there. It was about ten or half-past ten, p.m., and quite dark. No light was allowed, except one lantern placed on the hole, and another carried by the attendant of the player, in order that they might ascertain to whom the ball struck belonged. We all moved down to the golf course to see this curious match. Boys were placed along the course, who were quite accustomed to the game, to listen to the flight of the balls, and to run to the spot where a ball struck

and rested on the ground. I do not remember which of the players won the odd hole; it was won I know by only one hole. But the most remarkable part of the match was, that they made out their holes with much about the same number of strokes as they usually did when playing in daylight. I think, on an average, that they took about five or six strokes in daylight, and in the dark six or seven. They were, however, in the constant habit of playing over the Montrose course."

Captain Ross having won the Red House Club cup, value two hundred guineas, both in 1828 and 1829, we were prepared to hear of a good score, but certainly we did not imagine it would have come up to the following, extracted from a paper now before us on one pigeon match: "80 shots, 30 yards rise, 5 traps,—scored 76; three more hit the top of the paling and counted as misses, but fell within the ground. One got over the paling, owing to his right barrel missing fire (a bad tube), but feathered with the left."

Another tells how, in 1834, Count D'Orsay, a well-known man about London at that period, and good at most feats, challenged Ross to shoot a rifle match at 150 yards. It came off on Pur-

day's rifle ground, and was "won by the Captain, exactly double."

The match was to be decided by the person making the fewest inches from the bull's-eye at fifty shots, each shot being carefully measured and recorded, when it was found the Count was precisely double the number of the Captain. After what we have related of the fowling-piece, the rifle, and the pistol, we agree with an old friend of his, that since the invention of gunpowder, no other man has yet been born, who was such a complete master of the three weapons. We are well informed that for many years he offered to back himself as far as £5,000, against the whole world, to shoot a match at pigeons—a match with the rifle, and another with the pistol. His friends (and their name is legion), believe he could run a pretty good race for such a match now, though we suppose he would not go in for it. A man in his sixty-sixth year (his birthday being passed now we are writing about him), and with five grown-up sons, would not be likely to come out a *betting* character.

The same old friend says, in reference to the Captain's pistol shooting: "As a steady shot (I mean by that expression, taking a slow aim), I believe he was quite the best shot in Britain.

Quick shooting—*i. e*, shooting by word of command, he did not, I believe, practise, and in that style of pistol shooting, I have no doubt some could have beaten him; but I may safely say he never lost a pistol match in his life. Long ago, a Spanish gentleman challenged him to shoot a match, and offered to back himself for £50, which he of course accepted. It came off at the Red House enclosure. The distance was very short, only twelve yards, the target a common playing-card, and the bull's-eye was exactly the size of a sixpence, marked on the back of the card. Ross won the match just easily, and made some very remarkable shooting. With the last twenty-five shots he fired (the match was for fifty shots), he hit the small sixpenny bull's-eye twenty-three times.

"Ross was a universal favourite then, as now, and though we had, from our perfect faith in his superiority over all that had yet entered the lists with him, backed him heavily, we hardly calculated on seeing such precision as that day was displayed by our much-loved friend. He has made good practice up to a hundred yards with the pistol, almost equal to the rifle; and has with the pistol killed deer, both roe and fallow."

While arranging our manuscript, struck with

the really astounding perfection to which he had brought the last-named arm, our readers will readily comprehend our desire to know what so dead a shot had ever done in *duelling*. The reply kindly awarded us is, Mr. Budd tells us, so thoroughly characteristic of the man, that we, as permitted by the writer, give it to our readers, nothing doubting that, although the barbarous custom is now happily but a "thing of the past," the excellent gentleman's contribution to our pages will not be the least interesting feature therein found:—

Captain Ross on Duelling.

"The extreme folly and extreme wickedness of duelling, are now so apparent to the people of this country, that the practice may be said to have been extinguished by the weight of public opinion. Forty years ago, however, this was not the case, and lives were frequently sacrificed in consequence of a rash word uttered after drinking a quart or so of strong port wine.

"As far as it was in my power to do so, I from the first set my face against duelling, and during my longish life, I never sent or received a challenge, nor did I ever see a duel fought. I have, however, acted for other people no less than

sixteen times, and I have in every case managed to get the difference made up in a satisfactory manner. In some cases it appeared at first almost hopeless, but by keeping cool, being patient, and appealing to the good feeling and good sense of the opposite second, I have at last always brought him to an amiable state of mind, and then it was comparatively easy to settle matters without resorting to the 'trial by battle.'

"The most difficult, and apparently most hopeless, affair I ever settled, was one in which I was not asked to act as second, and in which I interfered entirely as a volunteer. About three p.m., I was eating luncheon at Crockford's Club, when —— came in, and, seeing me, said, 'I have a very disagreeable affair on hand this afternoon. —— is going out with ——; I am going out as ——'s friend.' I was horror-struck: the man for whom this gentleman was to act as *friend* (!) was a gallant officer in the Guards, and one of my dearest friends. I was not personally acquainted with his adversary, but I knew him to be one of the finest pistol-shots in the kingdom. I said, 'For God's sake get this matter made up! —— is a dead man if he meets ——, and there is hardly any case which may not be settled without fighting.' 'No,' he replied, 'it is impossible to

make it up; they must just meet, and exchange shots, but I won't agree to a second shot.' 'Second shot!' I said. 'No second shot will be required, that I can tell you beforehand. Who is ——'s second, and where does he live?'

"He gave me his name (an Irish peer, and, as it happily turned out, a right-hearted fellow), and Long's Hotel as his abode. This was a case requiring decision—there was no time for shilly-shallying—it was one of life and death.

"Without a moment's hesitation, off I started for Long's Hotel—not five minutes' walk from Crockford's. I had to collect my thoughts as well as I could, before I met the Irish peer. How I should be received was a very doubtful matter—to be kicked downstairs was not an impossible result of unauthorised interference in such a matter; but I willingly took my chance of that little *contre temps*, for much depended on my powers as an ambassador of peace. I sent up my card, and was received immediately by the peer, ——'s friend: the other principal was in the room, a doctor, and a case of duelling pistols. These were the *dramatis personæ*. I began by craving pardon for intruding at such a moment, and hoped he would allow me to throw myself on his good feeling and good temper. I said I had acci-

dentally heard that two gallant officers, one of them a dear friend of my own, had unhappily had a difference, and that they were about to meet; that I was perfectly unauthorized to interfere, but that, as I knew most differences between gentlemen could be arranged without resorting to such a serious step as fighting a duel, I could not refrain from calling on his lordship, in the hope that this case might also be amicably got over (at the moment I had not the slightest notion what they had quarrelled about), and that if he thought I could in any way be made useful as a mediator, I was ready to place myself at his disposal. I made a happy hit. His lordship shook hands with me, and said that he was more grateful to me for calling than words could express; that it took quite a load off his mind; that although we had never met, my name was as well known to him as his own; that he knew I would never ask a gentleman to say or do anything that was derogatory to his standing as a man of honour; and, to give me proof of his unlimited confidence in me, he would at once place the whole affair in my hands, and his friend should do whatever I said he ought to do. Here was a triumph of diplomacy and moral courage! I then had to ask for an explanation of the cause of quarrel. I

posted off in a cab to my friend, and after a few mutual explanations and concessions, I settled everything before dinner; and I adjourned to Crockford's with a good appetite for my own dinner, and a bottle of Sillery champagne, to which I treated myself on that occasion.

"Like other men, I have had successes and disappointments; but what I can now look back to with unmixed satisfaction is, the having been successful in preventing so many duels. I have sometimes been asked whether, in my opinion, doing away with duelling has lowered the tone of society, and made men less courteous to each other in their conduct and language than was formerly the case. I think I am probably as able as most men to give a fair answer to such a question, as I am old enough to recollect the state of society when duelling was constantly resorted to as the *ultima ratio*, and I have lived long enough to see the result of its abolition. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that a marked improvement in the conversation, the general conduct, and what I may call the amenities between gentlemen, has been the consequence of duelling ceasing to be considered as the only correct way of settling differences between them. Some forty or fifty years ago, I have known the grossest insults

to be offered to gentlemen (and without any ground for them), and when the aggressor offered satisfaction, or fought a duel with the injured party, he was considered quite white-washed, and again received in society on the same footing as formerly. Happily, that is not the case now, and any one who grossly violates the acknowledged rules and courtesies of good society, will find that he is universally shunned, and looked upon as a 'snob' (a new word, not found in Johnson's Dictionary, but a very expressive one).

"I notice that people now are much more guarded in their language than they were in the days when swaggering and offering to fight a duel white-washed them, and gave them license to bully, and offer fresh insults to others. No doubt there are people occasionally heard of, who have not sufficient command over their tempers to enable them on all occasions to act, speak, or write like gentlemen; that cannot be helped—they belong to the genus 'snob,' and must be left in company with their progenitors.

"It was but the other day, I read in the newspapers a letter addressed by a noisy demagogue to a respectable member of Parliament, and expressed in terms so coarse and ungentleman-like that some years ago it would certainly have led

to an act of violence. No doubt it is somewhat trying to the temper to be insulted, but I dare say the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed, felt much the same as I should, if a drunken navvy cursed me for not taking off my hat to him.

"Having all my life opposed duelling, and tried on all occasions to put a stop to duels, I am glad we can now look on the 'trial by battle' as a thing that has passed away."

We have felt much pleasure in going over the ground with those who have helped to show something in the career of a man who, mixing up with, indeed taking a long lead in, some branches of sporting, had that amount of moral courage and true honour which would carry him through the temptations, which none can deny, beset the life of those who "go in" for what he did. Excelling as the distinguished gentleman did in pistol-shooting, his *true* courage led him to reprobate that barbarity of the age, duelling; for had his passions been as bad as they were the reverse, Captain Ross might possibly in his declining years have been haunted by blood-stained hands, instead of luxuriating, as he now does, in the knowledge that though *acting as second in sixteen affairs of honour, he never saw a duel fought.*

And we trust our readers will acquit us of wrong in occupying so much of our space, and their time, about a gentleman who still lives to read what we have collected respecting him.

A gentleman, formerly an officer in the Guards, related to us an anecdote of Captain Gronow, one of the heroes of Waterloo, and who died recently (we believe) in Paris, the gentleman in question having it merely as reported at the time, early in the last half-century. As Captain Ross was intimately acquainted with Gronow, we ventured to ask his opinion, giving him an outline of what we had heard of a duel in the Bois de Boulogne between Captain Gronow and a *Spaniard*; that the Spaniard, pinning his glove to a tree, hit it; and that the Captain, putting a stone in his glove, had it thrown in the air, and, to the horror of the Spaniard, it fell to the ground pierced by a ball from his pistol. "Two or three minutes after, the Spaniard was a subject, but not a Spanish subject." It was admirably related, but in our desire to avoid anything but rigid truth, we applied to the friend of the late Captain Gronow (Captain Ross), and received the following reply: "Your informant's account of Gronow's duel is only partly correct. He fought a Frenchman, not a Spaniard. You will find the whole story

in his book; he refers to it as 'a duel fought by *a friend*.'

"Gronow told me the story. He said that the Frenchman (just as you have stated) stuck his glove on a tree, and in a swaggering tone asked Gronow which finger he should hit; and, after hitting the glove, he said to Gronow, 'I will serve you in the same way.'

"Captain Hesse (Gronow's second—since killed in a duel) said to him, 'You must do something to try and shake that fellow's nerve'; so he threw his hat in the air (not a glove), and Gronow put his bullet through it, and then, bowing to the Frenchman, said, '*Monsieur, voilà votre destiné!*'

"Gronow was anything but a quarrelsome or bullying person. Attempts were made several times to get up a match at pistols between him and myself, but he would not go into it. He told me that since his duels in Paris (he fought two) he could not bear the sight of a pistol.

"It would have been a rare match, as neither of us had ever been beaten; and as we never had tried our skill together, it is impossible to say who would have won.* At very long ranges (from 50 to 100 yards) I probably would have

* They were indisputably the two best pistol-shots in the world.

had the best of it, as I practised a great deal at those extreme ranges.

"This puts me in mind of a curious match I had with the late Lord Vernon. He and Lord Kennedy had agreed to shoot a rifle match for £200 a side, at the distance of one hundred yards, and it was to come off at the Red House enclosure. Lord Vernon, or rather, as he then was, the Honourable George Vernon, came to the Red House to breakfast, and went to the ground to fire some practice shots. He made very bad practice indeed, and was evidently nervous, so I offered to shoot five shots with my *pistol* at 100 yards, against his rifle, for £5, and I actually beat him! After waiting a long time, Lord Kennedy arrived, looking ghastly, and said to me, 'It is no use, I must be beaten. I have never been in bed. I have been up all night at Crocky's,* and have lost £3,000! Pleasant news for me, who had £100 depending on the rifle match! I told him that if he could only hit the target he would win, for Mr. Vernon was nervous and quite out of shooting. It was, however, as he said, 'of no use'; he missed everything, and was of course defeated. I however made up my lost £100 in the course of the forenoon, by taking

* Crockford's.

long odds from the late Henry Baring, that I would hit a hat with my pistol at 100 yards. I stood half the stakes with Lord Kennedy, who was a beautiful rifle-shot."

We had read surprising accounts of stags attaining the age of one hundred, and, we believe, one hundred and fifty years: further, that if a stag be hit by a ball, and the wound heal over it, the antler on that side ceases to grow. We wrote the renowned deer-stalker, asking information on these heads, and have to thank him for his usual prompt courtesy, being awarded us in reply :—

"I do not believe it (the stag) is a very long-lived animal; fabulous stories are told in the Highlands as to particular stags having been known in certain hills for upwards of a hundred years. The son of a stag is often very like his papa, and I believe the reports as to the great age of stags have all arisen from a strong family likeness being handed down for generations.

"I will, however, give you a practical reason for saying that I do not believe. red deer are very long-lived. Red deer are furnished with front teeth in the lower jaw, and with strong grinders, like a horse: the use of the front teeth is to pick the grass when very short. When a stag is

thirteen or fourteen years old, these front teeth (so necessary for his nutriment at certain seasons) are generally gone. I therefore argue, that if at the early age of thirteen or fourteen years, a stag gives proof of decay, and loses what is so necessary for his support, he is not likely to live many years after.

"People who own deer parks, in many of which there are red deer, ought to be able to solve this question. Those who, like myself, see deer only in the Highlands, can merely guess at their age. Foresters certainly occasionally catch a young stag-calf and mark his ears; and sometimes ages afterwards a regular 'old Parr' is killed, with a mark in his ear, which some old gilly declares to be the same mark that Donald Macdonald's great-great-grandfather, who was forester to the Laird of So-and-so, used to put on his deer. I have, however, never seen more than two or three marks, as used by all the foresters I ever knew; so it appears to me very easy to be deceived about it.

"In reply to your question on the subject, I may say that a stag badly wounded, and recovering from the wound, has, frequently afterwards, a distorted antler—sometimes growing right over his eyes."

We have already named his having one day, in the Mar Forest, had fourteen shots, and killed thirteen deer; but we think that performance is eclipsed by one which this extraordinary sportsman relates to us in the communication from which we have just been quoting:—

"In the Inverness-shire forest, I one day killed eight stags in twenty minutes. The deer were driven into a wood, and got stupified. I had only one rifle—a muzzle-loader, and lost so much time loading, that I lost sight of the deer. If I had had a breech-loader, I could have run and loaded at the same time. I might have killed fifty."

Mr. Budd's frequent mention of Jackson, induced us to ask Captain Ross if he knew anything of certain little matters having reference to the fine gentlemanly fellow who at that period did so much to give respectability to what has (we hardly ought to say degenerated into) at length been ignored as anything but sheer ruffianism. Without intruding our own opinion of what, in our somewhat faster day, we looked upon as a not altogether unimportant acquirement, we lay before our readers Captain Ross's own words about the model at one day studied by many great, ay, and good, men.

"I knew John Jackson, *alias* 'Gentleman Jackson,' and used often to spar with him at his rooms in Bond Street. The mention of his name puts me in mind of a capital story, for the perfect truth of which I can vouch. A man who only recently died, and who was deservedly one of the most popular and best fellows that ever lived, and who played a great *rôle* as a politician, in his younger days was a patron of 'the ring,' as indeed we all were then; and he was a first-rate man, either with or without gloves. His wife did not approve of this, and sometimes expressed surprise that a really great man as her husband always was, could have any pleasure in the society of 'such ruffians as prize-fighters.' He resolved to play his wife a little harmless trick. He invited Jackson to dinner, and told him, 'Remember you are to be Colonel Jackson, and to have been in most of the battles of the Peninsula, Waterloo, &c., &c.'

"Colonel Jackson was announced, and, as was always the case, was full of anecdote, was most agreeable, and played the part of Colonel to perfection. After he had left, the lady said to her husband, 'Colonel Jackson is one of the most agreeable and most interesting men I have ever met—you must ask him to dine with us again.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' was the reply, 'but when he again dines with us, you must receive him as John Jackson the pugilist, not Colonel Jackson the Peninsula hero.' "

Having some little to say about Lord Frederic Beauclerc, whose name is so often mentioned by Mr. Budd, we thought it advisable to ask Captain Ross what he knew of his lordship, and in reply received the following:—

"He was much older than myself, and, to use a sporting expression, he had quite 'gone off his running' before I knew him. He was passionately fond of all kinds of sport, and in his day rode most splendidly as a gentleman jockey, and was a first-rate cricketer; but when I made his acquaintance he was merely a looker-on at our matches. I can say nothing about Lord Frederic, except that he was a most polished gentlemanlike old man,' and a very pleasant person to have a chat with, as he had lived on terms of great intimacy with all the celebrities of the generation then dying out, from George the Fourth downwards."

We add his opinion of another gentleman, with whom he and Budd were on terms of intimacy; and having heard Mr. Budd speak of him (The Hon. Colonel George Anson—more generally known as "George Anson") as a re-

markably fine fellow, and one of the handsomest men in London, we were disposed to ask the Captain's opinion of one he so well knew.

"General Anson," writes Captain Ross, "went out to India as Commander-in-Chief. At the outbreak of the mutiny in 1857, he was proceeding to attack Delhi, then in possession of the rebels, when he was seized with cholera, and died *en route*.

"In my humble opinion, General Anson was one of the most talented men I ever knew; he excelled in everything he tried—a first-rate shot, a capital rider across country, a good oarsman, a great walker, and I believe (although not in my line) he was one of the best whist-players in England. He had a large stud of race-horses, and did well with them at Newmarket. He was a first-rate man of business; so much so, that he was, before going out to India, elected Chairman of the North-Western Railway. He held an important office in the War Department, and if his life had been prolonged, I have no doubt he would have been equally distinguished as the Commander-in-Chief of India."

Captain Ross writes us from the Carlton Club, 17th December, 1866: "I have just recollected a performance of Lord Kennedy, which I do not

think has been surpassed. He backed himself for a considerable sum to shoot forty brace of grouse, and ride from his shooting quarters, Feloar, in Perthshire (the same I subsequently rented from the Duke of Athol), to his house, Dunottur, near Stonehaven, and back to Feloar in a day! He started of course very early—rain falling; he killed the forty brace by about nine a.m. He then changed his dress on the hill-side, and mounted a clever hack, which he rode the first seven or eight miles—there was no road for that distance; he then had a tolerable road to Dunottur, along which he had relays of horses. From Feloar to Dunottur is about eighty miles. He got back to Feloar at about eight p.m., having shot forty brace of grouse and ridden one hundred and sixty miles in fourteen and a-half or fifteen hours, and was not in the least knocked up by it."

Mr. Budd had previously narrated something of this match, stating that he believed it was with a stranger, and that Lord Kennedy never got the money.

To make "assurance doubly sure," we wrote the Captain on the subject, and received the following by return of post: "My old friend Budd is partly right and partly wrong with regard to his lordship's bet. He did not make

the bet with a stranger. On the contrary, it was made with a man who was often in the society of those who visited Dunottur. He thought the proposal so absurd, that he betted £1,000 to £50 that Lord Kennedy did not do the proposed match. It is, however, quite true that Lord Kennedy never received the money. I won't name the person who made the bet. He went to India—became a great and good man, and died only last year; but although he was rich in fame and good works, he never made money. I do not believe Lord Kennedy ever asked for payment. It was the thoughtless bet of a very young man. Lord Kennedy's feat was the performance of another fine energetic youth, who went through it more from love of excitement, than for the sake of the money; and he must have known he had no chance of being paid."

From what has been said, inference might be drawn that Captain Ross was an extravagant man; and to disabuse our readers of any such idea, he freely awards us permission to give the following epitome of his position on starting the "battle of life." His friend, "the Incog.," has told us pretty much to the following effect: "He inherited the estate of Rossie and Rossie Castle, a magnificent property, and a splendid chateau on

it, containing upwards of fifty apartments; but the estate was so heavily burdened with family provisions, that he sold it on attaining the age of twenty-five, and bought another; and I hope he will forgive me when I state that in this purchase his usual judgment was displayed, for he resold it a few years after at a gain of £20,000 on the transaction. About 1831, he turned his attention to politics, and stood for the group of burghs, Aberdeen, Bervie, Montrose, Arbroath, and Brechin, against his neighbour, Sir James Carnegie, who beat Ross by one vote. In 1831 Ross stood again, and was returned; he was again returned in 1832, after a desperate contest. The Reform Bill had passed, and the constituency was greatly increased. Ross had a large majority (between three and four hundred). His popularity may be inferred from the fact that in the town of Montrose, which is close to Rossie Castle, he polled three hundred and sixty out of four hundred. He was familiarly called 'the Laird.'

"In 1833 he married Miss Macrae, a highland lady, and did not stand again for the Montrose district of burghs."

Since his marriage he has lived (we believe) almost entirely in the wildest and most out-of-the-way part of the Highlands, as suiting his

taste and that of Mrs. Ross, who, we are told by a mutual friend, one of the sons describes as 'one of the very best of mothers that a lot of sons ever had to look up to and love.' "

We here take leave of the excellent gentleman Mr. Budd so often speaks of as his " old friend Ross."

CHAPTER VI.

ROUGH NOTES IN THE WAGGON, BY MR. W. WYNDHAM CODRINGTON—HOW WE CAME BY THE NOTES—"TOUCH AND GO" WITH A LION—DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—PURCHASE OF DOGS—A SHEEP-DOG FOR LIONS—A COMFORTABLE NIGHT—BEES' NEST IN A MOHANO TREE—A LION AMONG THE OXEN—KILLED FIVE ELEPHANTS AND TWO LIONS—KILLED THREE ELEPHANTS, MAKING SEVENTEEN IN THE MONTH—A GAME-PIT—THE DANISH DOG—RIDING DOWN A LION—A NARROW ESCAPE—HOW BUSHMEN HUNT THE LION—THE LION IN CUBHOOD AND AGE—A PLAGUE OF FLEAS.

RIDING with Mr. Budd toward Wroughton, we met Mr. William Wyndham Codrington, who had recently come to reside in Wiltshire, and as we had neither of us had an opportunity of having an interview with him since his hunting in Central Africa, we were naturally glad to express our gratification at his return. His old friend Budd, in the few minutes' conversation we had, remarked, in reference to Mr. Codrington's African experiences, "It was 'touch and go' for you with the lion, wasn't it?" "A 'close shave' for the horse," was the only reply of Mr. Codrington. On our return home, we thought there must be something worth hearing connected with "the close shave," and we therefore wrote, asking if he would de-

scribe the affair, which we told the "lion hunter" we should probably wish to record in this volume, if he would not object to it.

Next day came a letter from Mr. Codrington, as follows: "I conclude the circumstance you allude to, was a lion jumping on to my horse as I was riding in search of the waggons on the Gnotwani river. It happened on the 5th June, 1852. I had been hunting a koodoo, and in so doing passed my own waggons, and got on the track of some others that had gone before; as it was nearly dark, I was hurrying on, expecting every minute to come on the waggons, when my horse, which was very tired, suddenly became excited. Looking round to see what was the matter, I saw a very large lion within three yards of me; before I could quicken my pace, I felt the horse stopped, and, guessing the reason, half jumped and half fell over his head. On regaining my feet, I saw lion and horse on the ground together; as no time was to be lost, I put my rifle quite close behind the lion's ear, and pulled the trigger, when he rolled over quite dead, much to my satisfaction. I have a few rough notes which I wrote at the time, in the waggon, some of which you may think worth inserting in your book; if so, I shall be happy to let you have them."

We gladly accepted the kind offer, and think our readers will find amusement in the perusal of our extracts therefrom. It will be seen by the note of 5th June that the hunter was anything but pretentious.

Mr. Codrington and Mr. W. F. Webb (both having not long before sold out of the 17th Lancers), with three English servants and half-a-dozen Hottentot attendants, generally ninety oxen for their three waggons (ten or twelve only being yoked to each waggon, the rest running loose), upwards of forty horses, and thirty or forty dogs, formed the *dramatis personæ*. We asked Mr. Codrington what breed of dogs they had, and his reply was so amusing, that we render it nearly as we can in his own words, relative to the breed and how obtained :—

"In the Cape towns, any one intending to keep

* It will perhaps be as well to give an explanation of a few words, which may otherwise be misunderstood by some, being a mixture of Dutch and English: "Trecked" or "treckt" means *travelling in a waggon drawn by oxen*; "outspanned," *unyoked the oxen*; "inspanned," *the reverse of outspanned*; "vley," *a natural pool of standing water*; "kraal," *a Kaffir village*, or *a ground for oxen*; "spoor," *a track*; "Balalah," *Kaffir Bushman*; "gemsbok," or "gemsbuck," *antelope with long straight horns, not quite so large as a red deer*; "sesayby," *antelope*; "koodoo," *antelope with long spiral horns, about the size of a red deer*. There are in Central Africa numbers of animals called buck, bles-buck, steyne-buck, water-buck, &c. They are all antelopes. They never shed their horns, nor do the horns branch. It may be said then that no *deer* are found there.

a dog must apply for a metal label to be attached to the dog's neck; the charge is one shilling. The police give notice that all dogs found without the label after such a day will be destroyed. We gave instructions for the police to save us a lot of the condemned animals, and from them we selected, shooting the useless portion. The best we ever had for a lion was a sheep-dog. He stopped two lions in one day. He would, when the lion attempted to run away, catch him by the hind leg, and nimbly jump away when the lion faced about. He would then stand and bark. This was better for us than if he had actually attacked the lion, as he escaped being torn.

"*May* 6, 1852.—Left Bains Vley, which is near Bloemfontain—meaning flower fountain or well.

"*May* 16.—Trecked four hours to old Smith's, where we stayed, and bought a cow and some dogs.

"*May* 15.—Trecked two hours to a vley in morning, and three hours in afternoon without water.

"*May* 17.—Trecked four hours to a 'pan' (a place hollowed out of the sand intended to hold water). No grass or water. In afternoon trecked two hours to some pools in an open flat; did not tie up oxen or horses. Killed two 'wilde beest.'

"*May* 18.—Just as we had inspanned, John

came up and told us that a lion had killed two horses; immediately after, Cobus (a Hottentot) came up and told us that the Bushmen had taken half the horses. We immediately armed and mounted six men, and went to look for them. On coming to the Bushmen's kraal, we saw the horses quietly feeding, and the Bushmen sitting in front of their huts; and on making inquiry we found that instead of trying to steal the horses, they had stopped them when running away from the lion. We told the Bushmen we would give them tobacco if they found the lion, upon which we started with them toward the dead horses to take up the spoor. Before we got to them we saw one of our horses standing, and going up to him, found he had been much torn and bitten by the lion. The Bushmen spoored the lion up, and we killed him with one shot in the breast, at ninety-five yards. Outspanned at a large pool of water by some bushes. Trecked half an hour. Shot a bles-buck in the afternoon.

"*May* 20.—Trecked two and a-half hours to a large pool, and plenty of game. Killed two spring-bucks; and a bles-buck was killed by the dogs. Afternoon, trecked three and a-half hours.

"*May* 29.—Trecked three hours; outspanned at a hill without water. Went out shooting on an old horse; was hunted by two lionesses; pulled up and fired at one just as she was going to spring on the horse, holding the rifle in one hand. The shot missed the lioness, but turned her, and she went about twenty yards and laid down. While I was loading she ran away; the other kept watching, so I fired at her, but the horse being frightened, I could not get a good shot, and she succeeded in getting to a hill, where I did not think it prudent to follow without dogs. I rode to the waggons and brought them opposite the place. Webb came up just as we outspanned; he had two shooting-horses saddled, and led them round the bottom of the hill, in case the lioness should bolt, and went up the hill with the dogs. They took up the scent and ran back to the flat, and a yell from one soon told us the lioness had left the hill. We ran down as fast as we could, and mounting our horses, galloped to the place where the lioness was running. Coming up within sixty yards of her, as she was running to the hill again, I dropped her with a shot in the loins. One of the dogs was badly torn. The other lioness kept round the waggons all night.

"*June* 5.—Trecked five hours; got before the

waggons, was pulled down by a lion, which I shot before he could bite the horse."

While copying the notes from Mr. Codrington's journal, we had from that gentleman the following extract from his letter, which we give verbatim :—

"After I had shot the lion, my horse, which he had pulled down, immediately jumped up and ran away; but before he had gone forty yards, he nearly ran over another lion, which I had not before seen, and which remained perfectly still—most likely frightened by the shot.

"I thought it prudent to load my rifle, for, as I fired at some wild-dogs a short time before, I had put a bullet in one barrel without any powder, so that I was obliged to take the nipple out with the nipple-key, to shake some powder in behind the bullet to blow it out. While I was doing this, another lion came and looked at me through the bushes; not liking, however, to risk the chance of wounding with only one barrel loaded, I went on as if he were not there, and blew out the bullet, thinking very likely he would then attack me; but instead of doing so, he walked quietly away. I made a fire

* This, as will be seen by the date, is the event referred to in the letter describing the "close shave."

by putting some rag (with a little damped powder rubbed into it) into the gun, firing it into the dry grass, which is easily lighted; and there are always plenty of dead trees lying about in this part of the country, and once lighted, they burn the whole night."

Mr. Codrington having settled down in such unenviable quarters for the night—a night we should think not easily forgotten, we take this opportunity to say that while we were receiving explanation of a few features in the notes, we were led to ask if a mounted horseman need be in any fear of pursuit by a lion, and were assured that "if more than thirty yards from one, there would be no difficulty in getting clear off, as the lion would not attempt to give chase. If within the distance named, the lion would be on his prey in probably three great bounds."

Mr. Codrington moreover states, that though he has never tried the experiment, he has heard, and does not doubt, that if a man were to rush at a lion, the latter would run away. Returning now to the "rough notes."

"*June* 6.—Walked back along the road; saw a lion standing by the dead one; went back and made a circle round some thorn bushes; saw some buffaloes, which I fired at and wounded. After

walking about two and a-half hours, met Piet (a Hottentot) coming with a horse to look for me. I got on the horse and rode to waggons. Trecked five hours to the place where I had killed the lion, which I found had been torn by vultures.

"*June* 7.—Went out to look for the horse which the lion had pulled down on the 5th. Found him about two miles across the river, having got the bridle hitched in a bush. Waggons trecked three hours. James took a bees' nest.

"*June* 10.—Found a horse dead this morning; a thick fog—cleared about twelve. James took two bees' nests.

"*June* 17.—Saw three rhinoceroses; wounded two. Went on the spoor, heard the dogs barking; rode up and found Turpin, Winkle, and Filbert, with a rhinoceros; thought he was dead, but when close to him he began to get up, but fell on being shot in the eye. Three dogs died of distemper.

"*June* 19.—Trecked five hours east. Saw a black rhinoceros from waggons; went after him with Webb; both fired, and wounded him, and Turpin brought him to bay; we went up and finished him.

"*June* 21.—Trecked five hours south-east.

Saw no game. Webb caught a "barber" (a fish so called).

"*June* 22.—Went a long way on elephants' spoor, but did not find them. Riding back, John got his collar-bone broken by his horse falling with him.

"*June* 23.—Killed a large black rhinoceros.

"*June* 24.—Met Sichele's brother with Kaffirs, who had been hunting elephants, and said he had killed six bulls and twelve cows. Some Balalahs (the first we had seen in this part of the country) came to the waggons.

"*June* 25.—Trecked four hours east. Webb saw three black rhinoceroses, and killed one. I saw one, but did not kill it. We saw a large troop of water-bucks from the waggons, and loosed the dogs, who brought a fine buck across the road; I broke his leg, and the dogs brought him to bay in the river.

"*July* 1.—Rode to Selikas' kraal, where we slept, and engaged Footla and four other Kaffirs (Footla means giraffe).

"*July* 2.—Went on elephants' spoor. The Kaffirs loosed the dogs before seeing the elephants. Most of the dogs went after some buffaloes, but some kept after a young bull elephant, which Webb shot. We off-saddled at a vley, and walked to the dead elephant. On our way there, a herd

of buffaloes crossed us; we each fired two barrels into them, one fell almost immediately, and the dogs brought another to bay, which we killed, after firing a good many shots at him, dodging among the bushes. The Kaffirs lost the horse carrying the pack.

"*July* 3.—Came back to waggons in the morning. Went to vley in the afternoon, and slept.

"*July* 4.—Went to spring in the hills, expecting elephants to drink at night, but found the grass on fire all round. We shot two rhinoceroses going there. The spring's name is Macobani."

Mr. Codrington explained to us that the natives burn the old grass, in order to promote the growth of new, as an attraction for game, on which they subsist.

"*July* 5.—Started to go to a vley; found spoor on the way; went on it and found a troop of elephants. Webb went after a large one that turned out first. I followed the troop till the largest bull turned out, and I brought him down in about twelve shots. My horse was very unsteady. I did not find Webb on the pack-horse. We made a fire and knee-haltered the horses, which were very much knocked up.

"*July* 7.—Went with Piet to look for dead elephant—found it by the vultures which had

collected. Some of Selikas' Kaffirs were cutting it up. Rode back to waggons—shot a zebra on the road. Webb got to the waggons before me. Douglas shot a giraffe.

"*July* 8.—Stayed at waggons. Kaffirs brought elephant's teeth. Sent John to look for elephants' spoor, but he did not see any fresh. Douglas shot a zebra and a pallah.

"*July* 10.—Went to vley without seeing any elephants' spoor. Piet saw a small elephant, and came and told us of it. We went out and shot it. Piet shot a rhinoceros.

"*July* 14.—Went on elephants' spoor a long way, till we found horses' spoor on it. We saw twelve rhinoceroses while following elephants' spoor, besides giraffes and three elands. Coming back to the vley, we fired at some rhinoceroses, and killed one.

"*July* 15.—Stopped all day at vley. Webb shot a 'wilde beest.' Piet found a bees' nest in a moano tree."

This description of tree is of enormous size, sometimes the trunk being ninety feet in girth, and is supposed by some to be antediluvian. The bees' nests are found in the hollow of trees; and Mr. Codrington got from one nest as much honey as a horse could carry. They tied the

honey and its comb in some waterproof blankets. In case this should by chance come before a reader who may not know of the singular little guide which conducts travellers to the bees' nests, we give as near as we can remember, the words in which Mr. Codrington described it to us: "A very small bird, called the bee-bird, comes hopping about the waggons when you have outspanned, and when he has attracted notice, he flies off about twenty or thirty yards. You follow him, and the same thing is repeated until you arrive at the tree in which you find your sweet prize; and your conductor gets your leavings as his share of the plunder."

"*July* 21.—Webb shot a crocodile: I found two water-bucks.

"*July* 23.—Sent out men to look for Webb. He came in without their finding him, about two o'clock, having killed a rhinoceros and a gemsbok cow. Kaffirs have a story that Moselikatsi has killed three Boers, and that their chief had ordered them back, which we disbelieved.

"*July* 24.—Footla and all Selikas' Kaffirs ran away, except one and a Bushman. Inspanned and trecked four hours to a dry river-bed, called Shusheli.

"*July* 25.—Trecked four hours north, to Lotsana.

Shot a quagga. Found the crocodile's skin, which had been dragged three hundred yards by wolves.

"*August* 1.—Went on elephants' spoor. Found elephants on the other side of Sebatana, a very thick place; we killed one with one tusk, both of us firing at him as fast as we could for about half an hour. We had three dogs only, Filbert, Spot, and Turpin, who fought him splendidly. Left the Kaffirs with elephant, and went to the waggons.

"*August* 6.—In the night a lion jumped into the middle of the horses, which were close to the fire. One of them got loose, and ran round about thirty yards from us, with the lion alongside of him, and then ran back among the other horses without being caught. We rode down the river; saw elephants' spoor. Shot a rhinoceros; put four bullets into him, but did not get him.

"*August* 19.—Shot a rhinoceros, and went on to a vley near the one where we expected elephants to drink.

"*August* 20.—Shot two cow elephants, and a bull, not full grown. Slept at vley. Dogs caught a young gemsbok.

"*August* 24.—Shot a black rhinoceros; found elephants, and killed three cows, two large and one small. Waggons went to spring. Douglas shot a buffalo.

"*August* 25.—Went on to Limpopo, after cutting out elephant's teeth. Waggons went to Limpopo. In the night a lioness jumped into the kraal, and caught an ox. The ox jumped out of the kraal, dragging the lioness with him, and Douglas shot her.

"*August* 27.—Went out with pack-horse to a vley between Lpalula and Macoolway. Kaffirs saw some elephants close to the vley, just as we off-saddled. Went on the spoor, and found them —all cows, with bad teeth; killed five. Coming back to the waggons along Macoolway we found three lions, and shot two."

We are informed by Mr. Codrington that both the lions shot were brought to bay by the sheep-dog previously referred to, the best of all they had for lion hunting. The lions were both full-grown males, but had no manes.

"*August* 31.—Killed three elephants, one bull, one large and one small cow, making seventeen elephants this month.

"*September* 2.—A horse fell into a game-pit, and was killed."

In the possibility that some of our younger readers may be unaware of the exact meaning of a game-pit, we describe it. A deep pit is dug, larger at the bottom than at the top, so as to give

greater chance for the animal in its fall breaking its neck, as was the case with the horse in question; stakes are driven firmly into the ground, and then cut to a sharp point at the top, so that, as in the case of the horse, in addition to a broken neck, it becomes impaled.

"*September* 5.—Piet went to Macoolway to see if elephants drank there; he was nearly caught by a black rhinoceros. He had just seen a large troop of lions. Saw lions from the waggons. The dogs caught an old lioness, and turned her over; I settled her with a shot in the ribs. Went after other lions, but did not see them. Saw some koodoos; broke the leg of a doe, and the dogs caught her. After reaching waggons, the dogs caught another koodoo; and Piet saw another lion.

"*September* 10.—Piet woke me in the morning, and told me a lion was close to the waggon. I ran out and saw the lion running away; I fired through the bushes at him, but missed. The dogs brought him to bay, and I ran up close to him, and put a shot into his shoulder and out of his loins on the opposite side; he lay down and fought the dogs more than ten minutes before he died. I had no bullets.

"*September* 13.—Douglas caught a crocodile.

"*September* 18.—Dragged a pool with net;

caught a crocodile, and a barber, 24 lbs. weight, besides various smaller fish. The crocodile got through the net, and Webb shot it.

"*September* 19.—Trecked two and a-half hours, and outspanned at a large pool near the road to Sicomy. Shot a lioness after outspanning.

"*September* 20.—Webb shot a crocodile.

"*September* 27.—Killed four buffaloes, and left two as bait for lions.

"*September* 28.—We went out early to dead buffaloes; saw some jackals running away and some lion's spoor. Loosed the dogs, and they brought the lion to bay. He did not die till he got seven bullets in his body, and one in the nose. He tore Vic so badly, that we were obliged to shoot her. In the afternoon trecked four hours up the river.

"*September* 29.—Trecked four hours up the river to a Kaffir kraal.

"*October* 2.—Trecked two hours, and outspanned on west side of Gnotwani. Piet went to Coliebeng, a Kaffir town—Livingstone's missionary station, and found it burnt.

"*October* 4.—Douglas shot a sesayby.

"*October* 6.—Kaffirs came from Sichelie, and told us that the Boers had taken all our oxen, and the horse that we had left; shot a lot of his Kaffirs, and wounded him in the arm.

"*October* 7.—Trecked three hours in the morning to Coliebeng; saw about a dozen skeletons of Kaffirs who had been shot by the Boers.

"*October* 8.—Douglas shot a pallah, and found an ostrich's nest with twenty eggs. Trecked two hours in evening.

"*October* 11.—Trecked one hour to Centuri. The Boers had attacked him, but had not got many of his cattle. They had killed two of his men, and wounded two more. One Boer was killed, and four wounded."

We beg to here remark that the diary is regularly kept, and though we never contemplated giving the notes *in extenso*, we had made extracts describing the slaughter of bles-buck (white-faced antelope), koodoo (another antelope), water-buck, steyne-buck (stone-buck), spring-buck (jumping), eland (antelope, bigger than ox), pallah (antelope, size of fallow-deer), quagga (wild ass), black-buck, and numerous other animals, exclusive of those we have recited in earlier pages. Mr. Codrington, who kindly ran through our rough copy, suggested the striking out of many paragraphs, giving as his reason that those animals, with the rhinoceros and many others already referred to, are as plentiful as rabbits are in England, and the shooting them not worth mention;

we therefore content ourselves with a concluding extract.

At Kurmani, Messrs. Moffatt and Livingstone hospitably entertained them for some days. There is a note:—

"*October* 29.—Surprised to see how attentive the Kaffirs were during service at church." Dr. Livingstone was preparing for his great journey. Mr. Moffatt, brother-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, had a printing press, the work being done by Kaffirs educated by Mr. Moffatt, whose missionary services are of incalculable value."

The adventurous hunter would, we think, have found the Danish dog mentioned by Buffon valuable; he speaks of one that when sitting was about five feet high. We give the following about dogs in a translation from Pliny: "While Alexander was on his march to India, the King of Albania sent him a dog of unusual size as a present. Delighted with his appearance, he ordered bears, then wild boars, and last of all deer, to be turned loose before him. The dog, through contempt of such game, lay still, without seeming to take the least notice of them. That high-spirited prince, provoked at such indolence in a creature of such size, ordered him to be put to death. Fame carried the news to the king; therefore, sending

him a second, he added the message, that he should not wish to try him on small beasts, but on a lion or an elephant; that he had only two, and if this were slain he should have none left. Alexander did not delay, and soon saw a lion overpowered. Then he ordered an elephant to be brought, and was never more entertained with any sight. Bristling up his hair all over his body, he opened upon him with a bark like a peal of thunder; instantly he began the attack, rising against the elephant now on this side, now on that, with artful combat, attacking or retreating as he saw it necessary, till, by continued wheeling round, he at last brought him to the ground, the earth being greatly shaken by his mighty fall."

The following anecdote is given us by Mr. Codrington, to show that "though lion-hunting properly pursued is not very dangerous, it is not safe even for good shots to be too sure of killing them":—

"This story," writes Mr. Codrington, "I had nothing to do with personally, but I heard it from a gentleman who witnessed the whole. 'As we were going over the Drachensberg, between Natal and Bloemfontain, we met a gentleman who had had great luck in shooting lions with a very good horse he possessed, and which would stand per-

fectly quiet while he fired at the lions from his back. As we had never seen a wild lion in those days, we naturally asked him to give us some idea of how he killed them. He then told us he had shot eight lions to his own gun, without any accident, by finding them early in the morning on the flat, (before they returned to the hills, where they rested during the day) and riding after them till they stopped, when he turned his horse's head nearly away from the lion, ready to gallop off if necessary, and fired. He told us that in this way a wounded lion had not much chance of catching a horse in open ground. Hearing of his success, three brothers, who were well known as nearly the best shots in the Colony, came to pay him a visit, and asked him to show them a lion. This he said he would do next morning, but advised them to shoot from horseback, as he did. They said, No; that when on horseback they were not sure of their aim, but on foot they were quite sure to kill a lion outright. The next morning he took them out, and found a lioness, which he rode after till she laid down, and he then told the three brothers to pursue their own course with her. Having agreed which was to shoot first, they all sat down, that being the favourite mode of shooting in the Cape Colony, and the one who was to

take the first shot fired and hit her, upon which she was at them in a moment; the second fired as she was coming on, but without stopping her, and the third fired when she was almost on him, and she fell dead behind him, with his cap in her claw, having taken it off his head as she sprang over him. On examining the lioness, they found that the first two shots had hit her fairly in the body, but neither of them would have prevented her doing mischief; the last, which was, though close, only a "snap shot" as she was in the act of springing, went in at her mouth, and out at the back of her head.'

"The Dutch Boers have another way of killing lions, which, though I have never witnessed, I have often heard them describe. The guns they use are generally old muskets, which are too long and topheavy to be used well on horseback. The Boers have moreover a great respect for lions, and rarely hurt them unless they do considerable damage by stealing cattle, &c. When a lion-hunt has been agreed upon, all the Boers in the neighbourhood are invited, and generally about a dozen assemble; besides which they have Hottentots to hold the horses. Having found a lion, and brought him to bay, they dismount, and turn their horses' backs towards him. They then tie the heads of

all the horses together, to prevent their running away, and in this way the Boers form a rampart between themselves and the lion: half of them then fire a volley at him, sometimes killing, but generally wounding him. In the latter event, he springs on one of the horses, when the remaining half of the Boers fire a volley into him at close quarters, and generally kill him, but probably not before he has injured the horse very severely. I have seen several horses which have been torn in this way by lions, and they never forget it, as, though good shooting-horses in other respects, as soon as they smell a lion, they become unsteady."

A South African writer says: "When a young lion reaches the age of two years, he is able to strangle or pull down a horse or an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, and his talons, teeth, and mind are perfect, and he grows no more. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity, his fangs and talons show no signs of decay; but after that he gradually becomes feeble, his teeth fail him, and he grows 'cubbish.' He is no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo; he is over-matched even by the peaceful ox, so he prowls around the cattle kraals, and snatches a lamb or a kid, just as he did when he set out with

his parents nearly thirty years before. A woman or a child at night shares the same fate. His strength and sight now decline more and more, till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place eating any offal he can pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field-mouse; so he starves and dies, or is fallen on and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyenas; or discovered unable to move beneath a tree, and knocked on the head by some wandering hunter."

We remember meeting a gentleman who had seen much of life in the region referred to in the foregoing notes, and, during a conversation in which the "plague of fleas" was referred to as anything but agreeable to travellers who are driven to a "shake down" in the apologies for inns there, he told us that he once prematurely congratulated himself when a sign-board over a place of the sort at the Cape gave him hope that he might for once have a *hotel*-bed without the unenviable companions. He gave us literally what we think as singular a mixture of English, French, Dutch, and Latin, as ever traveller read:

"Multum in parvo, pro bono publico,
Good entertainment for man and beast all of a row.
Leker, Kost, as much as you please,
Very good beds and never no fleas.

Nos patriam fugimus, now we are here,
Vivamus, let us live by selling of beer.
On donne à boire et à manger ici,
Step in and try it, whoever you be."

The house, called "Farmer Peck's," was a well-known and much-frequented one. The landlord and his wife had retired to rest, and refused the belated traveller (our informant) admission. He, however, forced his way through a window, and, perhaps a just punishment for his invasion of their domicile, a night on the bare floor of the house that boasted of "Never no fleas," enabled him to literally brush them off him next morning!

CHAPTER VII.

MR. JOHN THARP BURTON PHILLIPSON TRAINING AND RIDING HIS OWN HORSES—FLIGHT OF BANK NOTES—RICHMOND DRAG CLUB—MILK-WHITE SETTERS—MR. J. SIDNEY THARP'S OPINION OF MR. BUDD—WHITE AND PIED PHEASANTS—BAG OF GAME—OPINION OF "THE SQUIRE"—HITTING PENNY PIECES—NINETY-NINE PARTRIDGES—A CHEAP DOG—A HANDSOME SPANIEL—SEBRIGHT BANTAMS AND ACCOMPLISHED PETS—THE LEARNED PIG, PONY, AND DOG TRICKS EXPLAINED—AN ACCOMPLISHED DEER—THE LIME-KILN GALLOP—COLONEL COCHRANE AND MR. BUDD—SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY—WONDERFUL DOUBLE SHOT AT DEER—HEART AFFECTIONS—A "ROARER"—LEAPS OF STAGS—GREAT PARTRIDGE SHOOTING—SPARE THE WHITE OWL—CHIPPENHAM GAME—LORD CLAREMONT'S HORSES.

MR. JOHN THARP BURTON PHILLIPSON some thirty years since lived in the same parish with Mr. Budd, and in reply to a letter from us, he, most courteously awarding the desired information, expressed great pleasure that his old friend was still hearty, adding further, that "any man who once knew Budd would never forget him." We gleaned from the letter also that Mr. Tharp, an old friend of Mr. Budd's, is first cousin to Mr. Phillipson. We name this, as we shall presently give the reader some little narrative of Mr. Tharp.

One question put to Mr. Phillipson elicited the

following: "I kept a small string of race-horses, which I trained and rode myself; and out of eleven races at Wells, Bath, Cheltenham, &c. (see calendar), I once won nine. I won the Wells cup (riding myself) on my celebrated horse, Uncle John, beating some of the best gentlemen-jockeys of the day—J. Baily, Malony, Hicks, &c. I won as many bank notes (£1 notes were then in circulation) as would fill my hat. I slept at the hotel, and put my hat and money on my dressing-room table; and when I awoke in the morning, my hat was gone and all the cash, and I was obliged to borrow money to buy a new hat, and to get me out of the town."

Mr. Phillipson, who was also a "crack whip," whether with four horses, or with a tandem, writes: "I was in the R.D.C.* (four-in-hand club), in the good old days when we used to meet once a week in the yard of the late lamented Lord Chesterfield, often as many as fifteen or sixteen drags, and all go out one after the other to dine somewhere—and a beautiful sight it was! The Duke of Beaufort, Lord Waterford, Lord Suffield, Lord Macdonald, Peyton, Villebois, and many others I quite forget."

Other sportsmen have had dogs trained to as great

* Richmond Drag Club.

perfection, but some of our readers may not think time ill spent in perusing the following extract from a letter of Mr. Phillipson's: "I am celebrated for my breed of milk-white setters, which I sell at long prices as fast as I can breed them. I break all my own dogs, and all who see them are astonished at their perfection. I can take a brace and a-half of setters out, with a retriever at my heel; they find, and I kill—not a dog moves till ordered. I then tell which of the four I like to fetch the bird, and the others remain down.

"The advantage of the white setters over dark-coloured dogs is, that you rarely lose them. I have known people looking for hours for a staunch dog the colour of the heather, or, indeed, black, without finding him: the white you can see at any distance."

Our first letter from Mr. Phillipson's cousin, Mr. J. Sidney Tharp, of Chippenham Park, Newmarket, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, says: "I have known Mr. Budd many years, and always found him to be a capital fellow."

In a letter to Mr. Budd, Mr. Tharp writes: "Mr. Wheeler speaks of the white pheasants at Chippenham in former years. We killed once, out of six hundred and thirty pheasants, upwards of three hundred white and pied; but they are not

good things to keep many of. We keep up the shooting very fairly. The bag here last season was thus (no rabbits, snipes, ducks, or woodcocks): 5,335 head—over 3,000 partridges, and the rest hares and pheasants."

We have a letter from the same gentleman, in which he informs us that the slaughter of the white and pied varieties occurred in 1826. The party comprised the Duke of York, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Rutland, and General Anson (then a young man in the Guards). "The birds were then a rare variety," writes Mr. Tharp, "and much admired; and a great slaughter of them by poachers afterwards took place, in consequence of their being so well known."

August 6th, 1866, Mr. Tharp writes us: "So our old familiar friend 'the Squire,' is gone to another world; and if he was prepared for it, so much the better. He was *not* (show me the man that is) perfect, as the world knew, but he was a great sportsman. I had the pleasure of seeing 'the Squire' do the two hundred miles match. I had a match myself the same day, to shoot at penny pieces for £100, having backed myself with my friend to hit ninety out of a hundred, which I did easily." (On inquiry, we find Mr. Tharp hit ninety-seven out of a hundred thrown up.)

The owner of Chippenham Park did not boast of competing with such prodigies as Osbaldeston, Ross, or Anson, but we happen to know for certain that in October, 1826, Mr. Tharp, with one gun, one dog, and one keeper, bagged ninety-nine partridges in one day, between eight a.m. and three p.m., never killing two birds at a shot. Not having the enduring power of a Ross or an Anson, he was so knocked up that, though he tried, he could not go on to kill one more to make up the hundred. Sir Richard Sutton remarked at the time that it was a great thing to do, with the same dog and the same man attending him. He picked up all the birds, and shot quite fair, not killing more than one bird at either shot. The birds were very wild, as they always begin to be at that time of year. Corroborating this description of the feat, Mr. Tharp writes: "The dog I used came into my possession in a singular way: I sent every morning to post, and my lad one day saw a dog ranging the fields wonderfully, and being my chap to ride out shooting with me, he went up to the dog, which was under good command, caught, and tied him to his stirrup-leather, and brought him home, very poor, and eaten-up with mange. The late Mr. Charles Greville was that day dining with my parents,

and said he had lost a first-rate dog—sent him (a day or two before) to Newmarket by George Lane Fox. I said to Mr. Greville, 'I'll bet you a guinea I have got your dog.' 'Done,' said he, and having him brought in for inspection, the dog was disowned, and I paid the guinea, and kept the wonderful animal—for a wonder he was. It turned out that it was the identical dog Mr. Fox had sent him as a great present. I refused fifty guineas more than once for him from Mr. James Weatherby. He was a cheap dog to me at a guinea. After I had him in my possession a month, he was a plain, but a very well-made strong dog; none could be better. He was so steady (fast as well) that you could get shooting with him, on account of the education he had previously received. I used to course a little, and won two 'cups' at the Newmarket meeting, always ran in the Chippenham field (which we allow still to continue). It is a charming country, near London, easy to go and return the same day, and where the best of racing, coursing, and shooting, and a little hunting, makes it a very agreeable part to live in."

In this letter he writes, "Ask Budd if he recollects a spaniel I had (which I sold to Tommy Garth for a horse) that he and 'the Squire' said

was the handsomest dog they ever saw—black and tan, the Duke of Norfolk's breed." We inquired of our friend Budd, who said, "I remember him perfectly well. Tharp said he would bet me a guinea he could show me the handsomest spaniel I had ever seen in my life. 'Done!' said I, making up my mind certainly not to admit the fact unless it was palpable; but directly the dog was brought in, I threw down the guinea. You never saw such a dog! He was as big as a setter, and his ears were splendid—the sight was cheap at a guinea."

Both Mr. Phillipson and Mr. Tharp have our warmest thanks for the kind promptitude of their assistance in our compilation. In one letter respecting the teaching of a pig to beat for game, Mr. Tharp, writing on the subject of Sir John Sebright and his wonderful influence over animals, states that not only did Sir John "train a pig to 'point,' but he trained an Italian greyhound to fetch sticks from a half-frozen pond, and taught a Newfoundland dog to play cards." The latter feat may possibly puzzle many of our readers to account for, but we can assure them it is easily accomplished. Few men but remember in their boyhood seeing "the learned pig," "the conjuring pony," or the "fortune-telling dog," and have,

perhaps, wondered at the performance, which possibly seemed marvellous. We can assure them that the whole affair is a mere trick.

We remember to have heard of a fellow waiting for a shot at rabbits, who, to enforce silence on a boy squatting by his side, said, "*Blessee, a rabbit can hearee if you only winks yer eye!*" It is, however, astounding how acute is the sense of hearing in most animals; and on that faculty hinges the necromancy of the showman's pig, pony, or dog. The animal is taught to walk in circles, and the customary mode of arresting his circuit is by a "snick" (as it is called) of the nails of thumb and finger placed behind the back of the animal's master. We had once a man undertake to teach our dog for a sovereign, but were glad to get off the bargain by payment of forfeit, when the simplicity of ourselves and the secret was divulged.

We remember some forty or fifty years since, that a Mr. Toomer, living in the New Forest, had a pig which would beat for game, stand and back, staunch as the best-bred pointer-dog. Mr. Toomer had made considerable progress in the breaking of a deer to similar performance, but the death of the owner prevented completion of education.

There was, we believe, a pamphlet published about the accomplished pig and the deer; we

have in vain tried to get a sight of it, and shall esteem it a great favour if any of our readers should kindly put us in the way of attaining its perusal, so that in the event of our issuing a companion to this volume, we may quote any desirable portion of it, by permission of the author.

Returning to Sir John Sebright (we quote from Mr. Tharp's obliging communication): "Sir John Sebright used often to come to Chippenham and stay with us; he had a most determined countenance, and large bushy eyebrows. The name of his extraordinary dog was Suwarrow."

We have heard Mr. Budd say that Sir John once gave fifty guineas for a male bantam fowl, and the breed is still known as the Sebright variety. Mr. Tharp writes: "He was the person who bred the most beautiful bantams."

It seems the worthy Baronet had influence his friends were glad to enlist, as Mr. Tharp, in writing of Sir John Sebright, says, "He got me permission to angle in the basin opposite Stanhope gate, in Hyde Park, before the picture of the battle of Waterloo was exhibited in a large space near that spot." In the same letter, Mr. Tharp writes: "I think anything of my good friend Budd will be highly acceptable; there are few men alive now who were witnesses of the numerous

clever things he did. I remember his 'setting to' with Jackson, and with Colonel Cochrane of the 3rd Guards—I was in the Coldstream Guards at that time—just after the battle of Waterloo."

We think it advisable to here describe the "set to" with Colonel Cochrane, and how brought about. The Colonel was a fine, well-built man, and had distinguished himself at Waterloo—he was a relative of the late Earl Dundonald, of Cochrane notoriety. He was in the habit of boasting at the Guards' mess that he was the best gentleman sparrer in England. This boast was purposely brought to the ears of Mr. Budd, who, fully confident in his own activity, strength, and knowledge of the art of self-defence, differed from the gallant Colonel, he (Mr. Budd) believing as he did, that if there was one thing he could do better than another, it was sparring; and in consequence of the difference of opinion, an early day was fixed for the two gentlemen to meet at Jackson's rooms. The rooms were known to all London at the time, the subscription was one guinea and a-half a year. Mr. Budd arrived early, and the room soon filled, the contemplated match having got wind. On the Colonel entering, he seemed astonished at the numbers assembled, and at once said to Mr. Budd, "I shall not put on

the gloves before so many people"; and further adduced as a reason, that his servant had not brought his clothes. Mr. Jackson proposed that rather than the company should be disappointed, Mr. Budd would perhaps put on the gloves with him, which was at once readily assented to. After this the Colonel offered to "set to" with Jackson, and Mr. Budd naturally asked the Colonel why he could not have done so with him. Jackson and the Colonel, however, "set to" without any further remark. A few days afterwards, the Colonel and Mr. Budd met by accident at the same rooms, and had a "set to," during which a very heavy blow in the side, by Mr. Budd, laid the Colonel on his back insensible. After a minute or two, consciousness returned, and, looking up at Jackson, who was attending to him, he said, "Jack, am I in time?"—alluding to the customary minute or half-minute time. Jackson and the Colonel's opponent were equally glad to hear his voice; but there ended the matter.

On the subject of natural history, Mr. Tharp writes: "About five years since, a martin-cat was unmistakably seen at Kennet Hall, four miles from Newmarket, by the owner, Mr. Godfrey —certainly the last instance of such an animal being seen in these districts for many years. Two

rollers (a blue bird peculiar to Germany) were shot in the park here thirty years back, and the hoopoe was shot the other day at Mr. Mure's, at Herringswell.

"In 1863 a martin built her nest, and laid four eggs; a sparrow turned her out and laid five eggs, and hatched the whole—fed and brought them up till nearly able to fly, when my gardener pulled both sparrows and martins out and killed them, as he was in the habit of doing to sparrows, he being unaware of the curious fact, which had been observed by the other servants, who daily noticed it, much to their astonishment.

"In the stump of an old tree (placed on my lawn for growing geraniums), a water-wagtail had two years following made her nest; each year a cuckoo deposited one egg, and each year the young cuckoo kicked out the lesser companions, and was brought up by the water-wagtail."

The following anecdote given us by the same gentleman, we think will be read with pleasure: "About the year 1850, Colonel White, of Monar, in Ross-shire, whose forest 'marched with'* Strath Conan (hired then by Mr. J. La Touche), had once a remarkable double shot at deer.

* 'Marched with,' means joined. In Scotland, where two estates adjoin, they are said to march with each other. The boundary of an estate is called the march of the property.

In Strath Conan was a stag with very splendid antlers. For several years they had unsuccessfully tried to get him. One day Colonel White heard they were going to stalk in Strath Conan. He posted himself in Monar, overlooking a pass where deer often came, when disturbed from Strath Conan; he waited a long time, and was just giving it up, when the horns of a young stag made their appearance at some distance, showing that deer were on the move. On seeing him, the Colonel remained very quiet, and presently a fine 'royal stag' followed him, and, at full gallop, came within range of his rifle; Colonel White fired, and as he did so, the well-known and splendid stag came next; of course he again fired, and with good aim, as he thought, but both deer went on seemingly unhurt. The Colonel was nearly breaking his rifle in his rage at missing such a chance as he might never in his life again have; but on second thought, he started on their track to see if he might have wounded one, when, to his astonishment, *both* stags lay stone dead some distance forward; and a brow antler of the 'big stag of Strath Conan' was broken off in his fall. Colonel White had it carefully cemented on, and the wonderful head is now at Monar, much to the vexation of those at Strath Conan, who had so

long and ineffectually tried to get him. Colonel White told me this himself, so I can vouch for it. The 'big stag' had, I think, fifteen 'points.'

"It may be worthy of mention in your book," continues Mr. Tharp, "that the Right Honourable Sir John Trollope, M.P., who now keeps the Cottesmore hounds, had a favourite hunter, which, on account of fainting fits, was killed for the kennel, and on cutting up his heart, to give the warm flesh to some puppies recovering from distemper, a large nail was found embedded in it, thus accounting for the fainting fits; but how the nail got there is still a mystery."

In writing our thanks for Mr. Tharp's valuable assistance, we were led to tell him the following somewhat analogous fact: Very recently a gentleman at Swindon had his attention called to his cow, which seemed to have laborious respiration, and the "pumping" of the heart could be heard at several yards' distance. A veterinary surgeon was called in, and he agreed with the owner that (in bovine phraseology) she should, "to save her life," be killed immediately. The gentleman himself showed us a piece of wire, three or four inches long, which, having got to the heart, had caused the suffering which led to slaughter, and referred us to the veterinary surgeon, and to the butcher,

for *post-mortem* particulars. The wire, it appears, was in the pericardium, or sac which contains the heart, against the apex of which it worked, and had set up such violent inflammation, as to make the heart one mass of corruption. The stench was so bad that the butcher states he would not again like to have to encounter it.

Speaking to a friend, of indisputable veracity, about these two heart-piercing anecdotes, we were informed by him of an equally extraordinary fact, in disproof of the erroneous idea that puncture of the heart must of necessity cause instant death. A horse was ordered to be shot; aim being taken at the region of the heart, the trigger was pulled, and the horse fell apparently dead. The customary process of the knife at the throat was instantly essayed with the prostrate animal, when he jumped up as though unhurt, and bounded away at full speed. At length, brought to a standstill, the effect of a bullet through his head was tried, and the creature then fell to rise no more. It was found on examination that the first shot had sent the ball through the heart in its passage *completely* through the body, leaving the customary opening in the hide on each side.

To Mr. Tharp we are indebted for the following narrative of a circumstance we believe as unpa-

ralleled, as it is indisputably correct. Mr. Percival, of Wansford, near Peterborough, purchased a young hunter of great promise; shortly afterwards, falling down with influenza, he became a "rank roarer," and continued so for five years, during which time he was worked on the farm, and occasionally driven in the dog-cart; suddenly all symptoms of the defect vanished. After being thoroughly conditioned and carefully bitted, to get his head into good hunting form, and having been examined and pronounced sound, he was sold at a great price, being just the superb weight-carrier for which Mr. Percival is noted. So unprecedented a circumstance induced us to address Mr. Percival, to ascertain if the horse continued sound, and received his corroboration of the whole circumstance, and that the horse (a most valuable one) had remained perfectly sound, though six months before his parting with the animal, it might have been purchased for florins instead of sovereigns.

In Lydiard plain, a few miles from Swindon, there used to be two posts forty-six feet apart, marking the "taking off" and landing of a stag hunted by hounds some sixty or seventy years since; the place is called Picket's leap. We do not mean to say that the animal took that dis-

tance in his stride, but we do mean to say he did what will appear not much less marvellous.

A waggon-load of furze was in the line taken by the stag: the animal, hotly pressed by the hounds, resolutely charged the load of furze, which he cleared without any blunder, and went "on his way," though perhaps not "rejoicing." The height from the ground to the top of the furze must have been twelve or fourteen feet; and though it may have been but a momentary halt, he probably landed on the load, and off again. Be it how it may, the feat was astounding. We, however, hardly know whether it beats the following, narrated to us by Mr. Tharp; and, having been seen by that gentleman and many others, we are glad to give it insertion in our pages:—

"A four-year-old fallow deer had escaped from Mr. Tharp's park at Chippenham, and was being hunted by harriers, when, after a smart run of twenty minutes, the deer, to regain its old pasture in the park, jumped a rail and bank, 5 ft. into a hollow road, clearing 27 ft. in the first stride, and in the next stride the park wall, which, with the bank it stood on, was 9 ft. in height: the entire distance from end to end of the two strides was 42 ft. Indeed, there is the wall and the other fence still remaining, and many persons residing

near who saw it." Either of the two is wonderful, but we think the Chippenham the more astounding.

Inquiring of the same gentleman as to what we had been told of partridge-shooting recently at Chippenham, he replied that it was correct. Mr. Tharp at present lets the shooting to Mr. Morgan Vane. It seems the owner and six other gentlemen killed 593 partridges in three days' driving; and about the same time (a little after Christmas, 1866), the tenants had their customary day, when eight guns bagged eighty-seven and a-half brace. "But," writes Mr. Tharp, "what is that when compared with the sport on the property of my friend General Hall, at Weston Colville, 8th January, 1858, and four following days?—Lord Huntingfield, Lord De Lisle, Lord Dacre, Captain Bateson, Mr. F. Corrance, Mr. P. Percival, Mr. Hughes, and their host, General Hall (nine guns): First day, a hurricane, 327; second, fine, 443; third, high wind, 331; fourth, high wind, 330; fifth (at Lark's Hall), high wind, 724; total bagged in five days, 2,155 partridges.

"At Mr. Tomlin's, Orwell Park, near Ipswich, in four days; Lord Huntingfield, Mr. Bentinck, General Hall, Mr. J. Howard, and Mr. Tomlin, the host (five guns): First day, 278; second, 343; third, 303; fourth, 424; total bagged, 1,348 partridges."

When writing us the foregoing, Mr. Tharp adds: "It may be worthy a place in your book (in defence of the persecuted white owl), that Mr. Jonas Webb, of Southdown notoriety, had a dove-house near Newmarket. Losing his pigeons, he set a trap and caught a white owl; pigeons still disappeared; another trap was set, and a large rat was caught; it then transpired that it was rats that were the thieves, and the poor white owl was the detective."

We had heard Mr. Budd speak of a bet made by two parties as to who had the best shooting in England, and that, as the Duke of York was pretty sure to be of the party where there was anything out-of-the-way good in pheasant-shooting, His Royal Highness was to decide the bet. Mr. Budd being unable to recollect the precise circumstances, we wrote Mr. Tharp, who had already so courteously given us much valuable information, and we received the following promptly in reply :—

"I do not know about the Duke of York, but when the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Rutland, General Anson, and others, shot here, the Duke of York said he never saw so much game in his life—it was, I think, about 1826. I saw him kill three pheasants at one shot.

"The stables at Chippenham Park," writes Mr. Tharp, "have an interest as having been, about the years 1804-5-6, the training stables of Lord Claremont's famous horses, Trumpator, Luminator, Harpator, Spoliator, Paynator, and many others, all ending in *ator* (vide *Racing Calendar*). They were bred in the Chippenham Park hovels, and trained in the park, and were very successful at Newmarket. They had the advantage of proximity to the 'lime-kiln gallop,' the best bit of training ground in England, as everybody knows. Many years since, it was the direct road from London to Norwich, and different descriptions of vehicles had their own 'ruts' or 'tracks,' according to their width, the marks of which may still be seen, though the grass has covered them for a century. Lord Claremont rented the Chippenham Paddocks three years."

We have now come to an end of the excellent gentleman's communications, and, while the patient courtesy with which he has met our perhaps tedious inquiries, so as to have nothing but in strict accordance with fact, has almost raised in us a feeling of regret that we have no longer reason to look for his obliging communications, we take the opportunity to express our most cordial thanks.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAUNTLEROY'S LAST DAYS.

IN our remarks upon Mr. Osbaldeston, we mentioned Fauntleroy, the great banker, with whom "the Squire" was on terms of great intimacy, as were many notabilia of the day; and on this account we trust those gentlemen whose names have been already so often referred to will forgive us in that we feel called upon, in passing from the gay to the grave, to give a short space to one who bore an enviable name for probity and honour till the cloud burst over him, which in a few days saw him expiate on the gallows those crimes of which his nearest and dearest friends would have conscientiously sworn him incapable. We are borne out in this assertion by the following, which we quote from "All the Year Round," 24th Nov., 1866:—

"Never had there been such witnesses to character. Sir Charles Forbes, and fifteen other

witnesses, who had known Mr. Fauntleroy for from ten to twenty years each, attested their high opinion of the prisoner's honour, integrity, and goodness of disposition. They were all his sincere friends, and were all in the same tune. No doubt of his honour and integrity had ever crossed their minds. They all revealed the serene mountain peak of respectability from which the banker had fallen headlong. 'Kind, honourable,' said one. 'Just, fair, and kind-hearted,' cried another. 'A most benevolent man, with a stainless character for integrity,' declared a third." We, however, know, and indeed it is a matter of history, that his guilt was declared in his own handwriting, found in his private chest; but as a palliative, though a very poor one, there were these damning words added: "*The bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house; the bank shall smart for it.*"

For reasons given in an earlier page (45), we proceed to give some outline of events in reference to Fauntleroy's last days, knowing that the short narrative has never yet been promulgated. Mr. Budd was on his customary visit (of about a month, most years) at Ebberston, Mr. Osbaldeston's Yorkshire seat. When he had been

there two days he received a letter from Mr. Fauntleroy, dated from Coldbath Fields: "If your operations in the north are not of more consequence than attending a suffering friend, perhaps you will come up." "Though I should lose a few weeks of first-rate shooting," said Mr. Budd, "I started immediately. I was in daily attendance upon him in Coldbath Fields, and after his subsequent removal to Newgate; and, excepting the chaplain, I was the last person he saw in his cell. It has been said that I offered the man at the gate £800 to allow his escape. I knew nothing of any attempt to tamper with any custodian, excepting in the fact confided to me by Fauntleroy, that he had 'offered *a considerable sum to the man at the gate*' to allow him to pass. I had procured for Mr. Fauntleroy a small silk bag, in which he would place notes, to wear next his skin, and my impression was that the money (whatever it may have been) was intended for 'the man at the gate.' I somehow learned the amount was £800, but whether from Fauntleroy, or how, I know not; neither do I know how he got the money. However, as regards any attempt to escape, the poor fellow was not the man (even in the early part of his confinement) to engage in any attempt that required energy;

and indeed, for some days prior to his end, the clergy had so far worked upon his feelings, that had he the chance to have escaped by merely walking out, I don't think he would have availed himself of it. If I had been in his place, and enjoying the liberty Fauntleroy was allowed, I should have tried. After the poor fellow had been *disposed of*, Vickery, the governor of Coldbath Fields' Prison, asked me if I had contemplated Mr. Fauntleroy's escape. I asked, 'Why do you wish to know?' 'Because,' said he, 'I wish to know if any one about me is untrustworthy'; and my reply was, 'I have no hesitation in saying I know nothing to the contrary,' adding, '*You can trust the man at the gate!*' This I was induced to say by what Fauntleroy had told me about the proffered bribe. In return for my candour, Vickery informed me that I had been strictly watched, and that had I been found aiding an escape, I should have been instantly shot. I subsequently received Fauntleroy's dressing-gown, slippers, and shirt-studs, with a written memorandum of his desire that I should possess the only *memento* he had in the world to leave. I have often been astonished at his falling asleep in his chair after dinner, when he would mutter a great deal that I could not understand; he would wake up suddenly,

in a most agitated manner, and, seeing me, would say, 'I always feel safe, when I am with you.'"

We have been especially careful to quote the exact words of Mr. Budd in reference to Mr. Fauntleroy, and have gone through this portion with him more carefully than any other, for the express purpose of showing that he took no part in any attempt to aid Fauntleroy's escape. He has more than once told us he had secured the key of his (Mr. Budd's) brother's stable, "to afford temporary shelter for the poor fellow, should he effect his escape." We repeat our thorough conviction, that Mr. Budd would not condescend to untruth. In fact, throughout all our jottings for this little compilation, when we have submitted them to him for his approval, he has, in correcting slight errors, said, "I would not have one word but what is strictly true."

"Many years before his death," said Mr. Budd, "Fauntleroy said to me, 'Keep yourself disengaged to-morrow to dine with me at Greenwich.' After dinner he said, 'I was married this morning to my cousin, and, as had been previously agreed, we parted at the church-door, with the understanding we were not to meet again.' I asked him how he came to do so, and in reply

he said, 'A military relative forced me to marry in fear of being called out.'

"After his capture, I asked him how it came about that he was the only one of the firm taken, and he told me he had so far committed himself, as to put a memorandum in a box at the bank, to the effect that——." Here followed the words of the damning document already referred to.

"Francis's History of the Bank of England," and Dickens's "All the Year Round," explain that, not only was such a paper found, but a list of all his forgeries. Francis gives £360,000 as the cost to the Bank of England. Dickens speaks thus: "Fauntleroy had really embezzled about £400,000, but the Bank of England prosecuted for only £170,000, which he had obtained by forged powers of attorney in the years 1814-15."

It was not, we would remark, until 1824 that he was suddenly pounced upon by the officers of that law he had so flagrantly outraged. It was now no matter of astonishment that, during nine years of constant dread of what did at length transpire, he should, after sleepless nights, avail himself of a few minutes' oblivion, under the protection of his unsuspecting friends. Well may Pycroft, in that charming novel, "Elkerton Rectory," say: "Horace describes the genius of

worry—for so I make bold to interpret—as a crabbed wife, sticking behind her husband on a pillion, ride as fast as he can. But there is one place where I can always leave worry behind, namely, on a cricket ground.

"Why, at Lord's I have seen five thousand men standing in triple ring all round the field, so intent on the crafty attack of a Lillywhite, and the stubborn defence of a Pilch, that you may swear an *alibi* of all gnawing care for every mother's son of them for hours together. Ay, and I could name a man of sad celebrity some thirty-five years ago, who, living in constant, sleepless terror of the law's vengeance, which at last consigned him to the gallows, used, on returning from his guilty banking-house, to mix with that excited throng, striving to divert his agonising thoughts; and, when the game was over, I could tell how he would take home with him the happiest and most buoyant of those joyous spirits, and snatch in his company some moments of that repose which his crimes had banished from his nightly pillow! But vain are such attempts to roll back the guilty burthen from the heart. Back it comes, thundering like the stone of Sisyphus.* It wants something more searching to minister to the mind when diseased

by sinful courses." We have heard Mr. Budd speak of Fauntleroy's often driving to Lord's to take him off after a match was over; and as the reverend author is an old friend of Mr. Budd's, it is more than probable the subject had been discussed by them.

Among papers which he tumbled out of a cabinet, two drawers of which were receptacles for specialities, including a huge bundle of letters from his valued old friend, Osbaldeston, was a packet, on unearthing which he said, "Ah, here's poor Fauntleroy's!" It contained a portion of his very grey hair (nearly white, though he was barely forty), his last letter, and two other papers, all of which documents we venture to think may be read with interest, though melancholy.

I.

"Newgate, November 25, 1824.

"My dearest Friend,

"I know there is no necessity for writing to thank you for your kindness to me. I have known your attachment to me for years, but I thought a bit of my writing might be valued by you at this time. I have now only to give my poor blessing on your head; and that every happiness may attend your dear wife and children, is the fervent prayer of

"Your ever affectionate,

"HENRY FAUNTLEROY.

"E. H. Budd, Esq."

II.

"Almighty and most merciful God, grant me a portion of Thy Holy Spirit, to enable me, a repentant sinner, to find strength in all my distresses, and, through faith in the blood of our blessed Saviour, to look with delight to that blessed place where sorrow is no more.

"H. FAUNTLEROY.

"Used by me upon entering chapel this awful day."

III.

"November 28, 1824.

"Sleeve-buttons, slippers, and dressing-gown, to be sent to

"Mr. Budd,

"29, Alpha Cottages,

"Regent's Park.

"H. FAUNTLEROY."

The letter No. I. is boldly and legibly written on a sheet of full-sized letter-paper, in a manner which is surprising, considering that his execution was fixed for the 30th; and would almost favour the idea, which at the time got abroad, that the execution was "a sham." Mr. Budd repudiates the idea. He and the brother, Mr. J. J. Fauntleroy, attended the funeral in Bunhill Fields' churchyard. Had Fauntleroy's life been spared, he would assuredly have written Mr. Budd. Public sympathy led to great exertions to save him, but all efforts were futile. For our own part, we can see no reason why

he should have been spared. No. II., a small scrap of paper, boldly written, and No. III equally so. The notoriety of the name was long a source of sad annoyance, as the giving it drew all eyes upon the unfortunate owner; so that purchasing at a shop, one of the name almost dreaded to give it for sending home purchases.

But two executions for forgery ever occurred after that of the miserable man whose history we now leave, to give our readers a "hotch-potch" of less serious character, hoping we shall be pardoned for the rambling, disjointed way in which we must seem to have "pitchforked" the subjects just as they have presented themselves.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REGENT'S FRIEND IN THE PROVINCES—HIS FRIEND AND THE HACKNEY COACHMAN—"SUCH A GETTING UP STAIRS" WITH THE REGENT—THE REGENT AND CAULFIELD—CARLTON, CLARENCE, AND THE CORN LAWS—REGENT'S DINNNER DELAYED—A KICK TO YARMOUTH—MELLISH AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SUSSEX AT BROOKS'—"CUTTING THE REGENT"—CLARENCE'S JOLLITY—THE "IRON DUKE"—NOT ANSWERABLE FOR THE ARMY—BLEEDING THE REGENT AND THE RUSTICS—SPARRING BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF ROME—PRIZE-FIGHTER OUTWITTED—THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND MR. BUDD—PEDESTRIAN *v.* EQUESTRIAN—LORD HAREWOOD'S PRINCELY ENTERTAINMENT OF CRICKETERS—MR. BUDD RUNNING LORD FREDERIC BEAUCLERC—RUNNING O'REILLY—RUNNING AGAIN, AND AGAIN—CRICKET AT ETON—A MISTAKE RECTIFIED—A WILD INDIAN PERSONATED.

We had been telling anecdotes of the Regent, which we had picked up in our boyhood, when we used to see him dash past with his open barouche and four reeking posters, on his way to Kethel Box's. Box was a country squire of jovial tendencies, in the true "old English gentleman" style. Among the little narratives of Box and the Regent, who honoured (?) him with occasional visits in the pretty little village of Queenly, we remember one was, that on the "first gentleman in Europe" ascending the throne of Great Britain, Box attended the *levée*. "Ah! Box,"

was the greeting, "is that you?—how are you?" Box, who with all his jolly, cheering, smiling countenance, was of a build that folks used to say, would "want fatting to make a decent skeleton," and looked as though he had adopted Sydney Smith's wish in warm weather, "that he could take off his flesh, and sit in his bones"—Box, we say, free from obesity, replied, "All's well that's left, your majesty! but there's little except lath and plaster."

This brought to Mr. Budd's mind the name of Colonel George Hanger, the great "crony" of the Prince, who was said to have visited Hanger in his seclusion at Kempsford, in Gloucestershire. George Hanger was very blunt in manner, and was just the sort of man that would not be put out of the way by a visit from so great a man as the Prince Regent, to whom he was much endeared; and as he could carry off a tolerable quantity of port wine, it was not to be wondered at that, with many other qualities akin with his great patron, he was a great favourite, and could without offence set before his "fat friend" a shoulder of mutton.

"After the coronation of George IV., George Hanger, then become Lord Coleraine, was invited to the palace. His first expression on seeing the

King of England was, 'Why, ——, George, how fat you've got!' After dinner, being allowed the unusual privilege of smoking, he said, 'If you don't let me have a spitting-dish [*sic*], I shall spit on the carpet.' After this, the King determined he should not be again invited."

Kethel Box was, we remember, a great favourite with all classes. He had lost the left hand, but the deficiency was made up in an admirable manner by a wooden hand, which was so well arranged that, being covered by a well-fitted buckskin glove in the hunting-field, or perhaps a white kid within doors, the loss was scarcely perceptible to a stranger. His fork at dinner was pretty comfortably used; and we were amused in our childhood, when one of his many admirers told of a London "Jarvey," who, having insulted Mr. Box, at length stepped from his coach-box, threw off his box-coat, and fell upon Kethel Box. Jarvey, like all other Englishmen of that period, had been used to the gloves, but never stuffed in the way he found that of his antagonist, which, whether he parried or not, was anything but what he would go hand-in-glove with; and, at length, in sheer amazement at the dressing a few minutes had given him, he growled out his readiness to give up the game

to either of the many lookers-on who had given their gratuitous advice as to the way in which he should "go in at the swell," who, it was clear to him, had pummelled him with a hammer.

Fatner, the butler at Mr. Box's, said that when the Prince had taken as much wine as he could carry from the table—remember, reader, the gouty toes!—he would, to whet him for the undertaking, call, "Now, Fatner!" This was the signal for a bottle of brandy; a glass was handed to England's future King—tossed off, and he would ascend a step of the stairs towards his chamber. Repeated demands on the bottle during the "rake's progress," Fatner said, left little, if any, by the time the nightcap was required. Thank Heaven, we have a widely-different example set us in that quarter which must ever give tone to society!

Our friend Budd speaks of a Mr. St. George Caulfield as a companion of the Regent, or whether before attaining the Regency he is not certain. A portion of the story is told of the Marquis of H—— and other notabilia. Mr. Budd, however, is satisfied it is Caulfield: "Mr. St. George Caulfield, a man of considerable fortune, had invited the Prince and other friends to dine with him. A gold snuff-box was placed by the side of

each guest, and each was, on leaving, requested to pocket the box. The Prince said on one occasion, 'Caulfield, I shall be glad to see you to dine at Carlton Palace, but mind, I shall not be able to entertain you in the same style.' One day, after dinner, Caulfield said to his guests, 'What say you all to a drive to Greenwich?' Agreed at all hands they should like it, but had nothing to drive. There was a curricle then standing at the door, and the host immediately issued the order, 'Bring some more curricles to the door.' The order was promptly obeyed. Few people had more than one curricle in an establishment. Many of the present generation hardly know what this kind of equipage was. It was a sort of gig, or dog-cart, on two wheels; sometimes a moveable head, as with the existing waggonette; a pole instead of shafts, and drawn by two horses. There was a bright metal bar across the backs of both animals, to which the pole was suspended between the two: it was a very stylish turn-out. Caulfield, as may be imagined, did not find such a mode of life would last for ever.

Mr. Budd heard Lord Pollington say at dinner that the Earl of Warwick, his brother, was sitting with George IV. at Carlton Palace, at the time of the Corn-Law agitation, when the Duke of Clarence,

afterwards William IV., walked in and (jolly sailor though he was) said pompously, "I'm sorry I can't go with your Majesty's ministers on the Corn Laws." "What the —— do you know about corn?" said the King.

"It was said," remarked our friend Budd, "that Lord Yarmouth once kept the Regent's dinner waiting half an hour, though it was unusual for the Prince to wait a minute for any one. 'Why, Yarmouth,' said he, 'you've kept dinner waiting half an hour!' 'I'm sorry for it' was the only comment of his lordship. If the noble lord treated the Prince in so cavalier a manner, one can hardly wonder at the caricature of the day, 'A Kick to Yarmouth.' The Regent was represented kicking a gentleman across the sea. Lady Yarmouth was a great favourite of the Prince."

Speaking of the follies of that day, and the gambling propensities of the early part of the present century, Mr. Budd said: "I had heard that the celebrated Henry Mellish (who was godson of the Regent) had lost £97,000 at Brooks' Club in St. James Street, and was leaving, when he met His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and said, "I've lost everything, I'm ruined'; and that the Duke said, 'Come back, your luck'll turn, perhaps.' It did so, by his winning upwards of £100,000 of

His Royal Highness. Some time after," continued Mr. Budd, "I saw his uncle Thomas, and asked him if such was the fact, and he replied, 'It was nearly as possible so, and for it he got a mere annuity of £4,000 a-year, *badly paid.*'

"After the race between Sancho and Pavilion, when the former broke down, the Prince (who was the owner of the latter) met Mellish on the course, and said, 'Mellish, I'm sorry for you.' '*No you're not, your Royal Highness, for you've won your money,*' replied the owner of Sancho—a keener cut than even when His Royal Highness had a round-robin from the Jockey Club, in consequence of which he never again appeared at Newmarket.

"On the Steine, at Brighton, William IV., meeting an old brother officer, invited him to dine at the Pavilion. 'I've no proper clothing,' said the subject. 'Then, ——, come naked,' said the sailor King."

Sir Herbert Taylor, during an audience with the same jovial monarch, solicited His Majesty to do something for Mr. Budd, as he had ten children. "Give him a commission," said the King. "He's too old, your Majesty." "Then say he's younger," was the good-humoured rejoinder.

Mrs. Budd had an audience with Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, asking his assistance in forwarding the interests of her son, Henry Paulett Budd, then going out to India as a cadet. "I have powerful interest in India," said the Iron Duke, "and will write out to say young Budd must be provided for"—and a staff appointment was the immediate consequence.

"During the agitation about passing the Catholic Emancipation Bill, I heard in well-informed circles," said Mr. Budd, "the King asked the Duke what he thought would be the effect on the army, and received in reply that if not passed, he (the Duke) would not be answerable for the army."

Mr. Budd told us that he heard Wadd, the Regent's surgeon-extraordinary, say, "I took more blood from the Regent lately in one day, than I ever knew taken from one man—sixty ounces. I would not have ventured, but the attendant surgeon said he'd take the responsibility on himself." Indulgences in luxuries of the table demanded such depletion, it was thought.

"Not so now," said we to Mr. Budd; for we had heard a medical man the day before say he had *never in his life seen a man bled.* We remember, years back, hearing a country surgeon

say that he and his groom had bled thirty people in a morning (Sunday we believe). They were chiefly parish patients, and it could hardly be from "indulgence in luxuries of the table" that they required lowering. It was the fashion of the period. We well remember that one of the church bell-ringers, getting the rope accidentally twisted round his arm, was pulled up and supplied with *ceiling-whacks* that stunned him. We saw him borne insensible from the church and met by the phlebotomizing groom, who slipped the ready lancet out of its case and into the ringer's arm; but a good constitution some time after restored the poor fellow to his senses, notwithstanding the blows and the bleeding. Medical men sometimes now say that the wonder is, how so many survived the lancet mania.

Mr. Budd and a gentleman named Smith, the son of a clergyman, were asked to spar (stripped to the waist) before the Governor of Rome, accompanied by Lord Elgin, and West, the President of the Royal Academy. Lord Elgin invited Mr. Budd to see his marbles, and the great academician to see his paintings. West said to Mr. Budd, "I have had a great treat to-day. I must say that some of your attitudes were decidedly superior to the gladiators'." It is wonderful that

even now, at more than eighty years of age, his arms display fine muscular development. It used to be thought that hardly a man could be found to compete with him in a fair stand-up fight. We sparred with him in his eightieth year, and found him, in the usual acceptation of the term, "quick as lightning." We had been told a good story about him, which, on asking him the truth of, he said it must have been borrowed from an occurrence with Gregson and Grinley. Gregson, who was a noted man in the prize-ring, fancied, and indeed somewhat boasted, of his running capabilities, and those as a cricketer. Grinley, who was first-rate as a runner and cricketer, and being good with the gloves, offered to back himself against Gregson to fight, run, and play cricket, if Gregson would fight first. Gregson probably thought he could punish the other so in the first, that he would be incapable of the other two, and thus fell into the trap. On coming to the scratch, Grinley fell without a blow (we believe), saying, "There, you've won that." The remaining two events were decided in favour of Grinley, thus winning two stakes out of three.

Speaking of the late Duke of Richmond, describing his Grace as such a fine noble fellow, and how gloriously everything was done at Goodwood,

Mr. Budd remarked, "I was dining there once when the Duke said, 'Budd, I should like to see you run.' I offered to run any man in Sussex, but as no one took me, and anxious to make a little sport for the Duke, I said, 'I'll carry any man on the ground sixty yards, while any other runs a hundred.' The usual match was to carry a moderate-sized man fifty—but I knew what I could do. Val Kingston, a very gentlemanly prime fellow, and who could run, said he would run me, if I would carry Hazelby. The proposed jockey would, I could fancy, in going to scale pull down some twenty stone; but as I was in for it, 'twas too late to repent. On running in, I found I had lost, and said I was sure there was some trick. Kingston laughed and said, 'Well, I'll tell you candidly, Budd. While you were saddling I got forward ten yards'; so that I had in reality beaten him hollow. I said, 'Why, Hazelby, you must be twenty stone,' but as Mrs. Hazelby, who stood by, said, 'No, Mr. Budd, he is only eighteen stone, I can assure you,' I, of course, bowed to her decision.

"At the Duke's table, a bottle of Burgundy was placed at the side of each man. Some time after dinner the Duke said, 'Budd, you and I must go to my room, and have a talk about

cricket.' We did so: his Grace was a great admirer of the game, and played very well. He also played the part of host in splendid style. When we arrived at *his* room, a bottle of brandy was placed on the table. I took two glasses, plentifully diluted with water. His Grace finished the bottle, and was as sober as a judge, though each man at the table had averaged two bottles from the various wines, and the noble host had set a most hospitable example.

"In our chat about cricket, the Duke said he had hit a ball two hundred yards and it rebounded forty. His Grace believed he had done so or he would not have said it.

"One day after dinner, a son of General Archdale offered to back his horse to do a hundred yards against me for £10. I entirely forgot to make it fifty yards *out and back*—added to which disadvantage on my side, he brought his horse to the post in a complete lather. Notwithstanding my mistake, we started, and, as I had expected, I was beaten; but he did not get away from me till we had run eighty yards, and then he splashed the mud in my face, as the ground was much softened by rain. It was in Hyde Park, and not much to my credit, on a Sunday morning.

"The most splendid entertainment I remember

in all my cricketing experiences was at Lord Harewood's. Eleven of us sat down to a most sumptuous dinner. The entire service was gold, and we were waited on by eleven servants in state liveries."

In one of his frequent conversations about Lord Frederic Beauclerc, the question of his Lordship's fleetness of foot was put, and elicited the following from Mr. Budd: "One day at Lord's, Lord Frederic asked me if I would give him a 'start' (meaning trial). Little dreaming of any match against him, I did so and beat him. Soon after, I received a letter from Major Morgan, *the* great man on the turf at that period, stating that he had backed me for 1,000 guineas, with the Duke of St. Albans, against his brother Lord Frederic Beauclerc, to come off after the St. Leger at Doncaster, and asking what part of the stake I would 'stand in.'

"I wrote back to say I would go £200. The Major wrote a second time, to say I had spoiled the match, as it was not made 'p.p.,' and thus by the private trial I had missed a safe £200. Assuming Lord Frederic knew of the bet, it was in my estimation anything but creditable in a clergyman, the brother of a duke.

"To avoid a storm one day I stepped into the

Salopian Coffee House, and found three gentlemen warmly discussing the subject of running. They were all strangers to me. One of them, an Irishman, whose name I subsequently found was O'Reilly, treated one hundred yards in ten seconds rather lightly, he having, as he confidently stated, done it under the immense disadvantage of a great-coat on his arm. I could not resist the impulse to tell him he must be mistaken, for no man living could do it. He still persisted he had done it, and a friend timed him. As I somewhat persistently adhered to the opinion I had proffered, he asked me if I could run, and, as it will be readily imagined, I said I thought so. He at once offered to run me for a 'pony' (£25), and I accepted. He said he must run the next morning by seven o'clock, as he should be off for Ireland. The time suited me, and on his asking where we could run, I proposed Lord's ground as the nearest and best place. We parted for the night, and next morning we met on the ground; he accompanied by his two friends, but I was alone. He said he found after all he had but £20, and I said we would then, if he wished, make it only £20 a side. He suggested that his friend should hold the stake, but to obviate the necessity for any one to hold his friend, I said,

'No one need hold the money: let us put it on the bench at the end of the run, and he that gets there first will pick it up'—a task that devolved on me. He expressed unfeigned astonishment. I said he must have been deceived by the friend who timed him. I told him if he would wait till we had got our wind, I would run him again if he liked, and would tell him just what he could do. At the end of a quarter of an hour we ran again, and I beat him by ten yards. He then said it was the best £20 he had ever spent, for he should never talk about running again.

"Another match," said Mr. Budd, "arose thus: Mr. Robert Lukin, nephew of the celebrated Right Hon. William Windham, His Majesty's Secretary of State, was travelling by the stage to his country house at Blackheath, and a gentleman with him in the coach broached the subject of running, and eventually offered to produce a man who would run any one Mr. Lukin would bring, for twenty guineas, which was immediately accepted by my friend Mr. Lukin, and on his telling me what he had done, I readily engaged to run, and stood in half the stake. I won with the greatest ease. My opponent could not understand how he was beaten so easily, and said, apparently in tears, 'that it was all his own money.' I told

him, if he wished to take his revenge I would run him that day fortnight for double stakes. This was agreed to, and the second race was accordingly run behind the "Green Man and Still," at Blackheath, in those days a common. I had been at a ball all night, and left the house between six and seven, having only time to change my clothes to run the same morning, and was again victorious. My sister heard of my having run with a person to whom the stake was an object, and wrote expressing her regret that I should have done so, and I made up my mind henceforth not to run with a man for his own money, if so circumstanced.

"Some time previous to the match I have just named, I had been playing in a cricket match at Ripley, in Surrey, when a man dressed in a 'smock-frock' came up to me, and soon brought up the subject of running. 'Halloo,' said I, 'you're the Brighton shepherd' (Curley). He admitted the fact, and I ran him for a mere two guineas, and beat him. On two occasions I have run the fastest men in England, and beaten them."

Mr. Budd admits he never could accomplish the hundred yards under ten seconds and a beat—men of his day always ran in what is called the "natural" way; indeed it is that. The present mode of running, in avoidance of that round

action by bending the knee, is boasted as being superior; taking that for granted, Mr. Budd's doing it in the now-condemned form leads to the fair supposition that men of the present day are certainly not "rubbing his marks out." The old gentleman himself, however, cannot be brought to think that even with the straighter knee-action, and its clearance of seven feet, there is any advantage over the "natural" form.

"The Hon. W. Capel had made a match to play the Eton boys," said Mr. Budd, "and as I was too late for the last coach from the 'White Horse' cellar, Piccadilly, I was compelled to take a post-chaise. I told the post-boy if he got me to the ground in time, I would pay him as much as I did his master. The way he dashed through the water at, I think, Datchet, I shall never forget. We won the game. Of course, with a lot of fine athletic young *men* such as are found among the 'boys,' some good runners may be found; and very quickly a hundred yards' foot-race was proposed. Thoroughton said one of the 'boys' (?) would run me for five pounds. 'Done,' said I, forgetting that I had been playing cricket all day. I treated my antagonist lightly. *Over* my invariable cricket costume of nankeen knees and silks, I had *thick trousers* and cotton

stockings. I lost, and my friends, who as usual had backed me, stared at the idea of my making such a mistake, and asked me how it could be accounted for. 'Why,' I said, 'don't you see I'm beaten!' Knowing the cause was extra clothing, I asked if they would give me my revenge by running for double stakes in a quarter of an hour, and they unhesitatingly agreed to do so. When the time arrived, I stripped naked to the waist, and, divesting myself of my thick trousers and nankeen breeches, ran in nothing but my short drawers and socks, and won the match. Some of my friends for once bet against me, and were nettled at not having confided in my judgment when I proposed the second match, to get back my lost stake. A man accustomed to running knows well how shirt-sleeves impede by gathering wind."

We were at this point led to relate an anecdote which highly amused the old gentleman. Some fifteen or twenty years since, a young gentleman named Knatchbull was at Marlborough College, he was famed alike for the lead he took in book-lore within the college walls, and for *ex cathedra* prowess. None we have heard could play cricket like Knatchbull, none climb a tree like Knatchbull, and "certes" none could RUN like Knatchbull.

There chanced to be a match come off on Marlborough Common. Mr. Cremford had backed himself to carry his friend Broton fifty yards while the gentleman he bet with ran one hundred. A better man with hounds than Cremford is rarely found, and he carried his jockey that day as well as he was carried on others. It chanced that a mutual friend of Cremford and Knatchbull was present, in the person of Robert Short, a long way before most men in the coursing world, though yielding the palm to Cremford, as we really believe nearly all did three or four years prior to the period in question. Instead of going to the playground at noon, Knatchbull would sometimes run to a friend four or five miles off, quaff a tumbler of his prime "October;" and back without being missed; in fact, Mr. Short knew he was a wonderful fellow, and on the Down, after the match in which Mr. Broton was "gentleman rider," Short told Cremford he was prepared to find a "boy" at the College, who would run him, we think, two hundred yards; but Mr. Cremford carrying considerable weight of metal, declined the challenge, saying, however, he would find a man within half an hour's walk of his (Cremford's) house to run the collegian. A match was made, and at the appointed time Knatchbull came on the Down to find he must

contend with a professional, who had run thirteen times and never been beaten. The collegian was a tall, loosely-made stripling, while the other, an artizan, was the *beau ideal* of a runner. Time was up, and Mr. Professional, who was rigged out in the most approved costume of drawers and a tight knit shirt, threw off his "bug coat," and looked round for "the other man," when, addressing a young gentleman by his side, he asked, "Where's the man I'm going to run with?" "I'm going to run with you," said the youth by his side. "Mr. Professional" with the eye of one accustomed to reckon up a man pretty quickly, took in at a glance the rollicking, easy-going competitor, with a waistcoat buttoned to the throat, a pair of not particularly thin trousers, long and bagging, almost like a sailor's, and shoes just such as he ordinarily wore in his rambles and runs, or playground pastimes. "You're not going to run like that surely, sir. Pull off that waistcoat at all events," said "Professional"—"and then yer trousers are such that no man could run in 'em." "Professional" was a right good-hearted fellow, and wished to see the youth start on what he called "fair do's." "All right, that 'll do," said the young gentleman. "Professional" put himself in the correct attitude for "a good start,"

which we are told "is half the battle," but the novice took it monstrously easy, and stood as carelessly as though a mere spectator. This state of things, however, soon ended. The signal was given, and the novice lost a yard in the start. We forget the distance, but believe it was two hundred yards; at all events, about half-way "home" the youngster shot past like an arrow, and came in a clear winner. The "Professional" stared—took it very good-humouredly, as he probably "stood in" no part of the stake. At length he gave vent to some such expression as the following: "And this is running with a gentleman! A pretty fool I've made of myself, coming out here like a wild Indian. I'll take jolly good care I never run again with another gentleman!"

CHAPTER X.

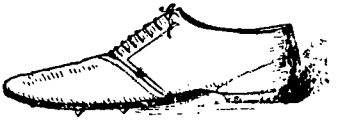
ON TRAINING, STARTING, AND TIMING "SPIRT" RUNNERS.

HAVING disposed of the collegian and the artizan, those of our readers who are conversant with "SPIRTING," as matches for short distances are called, and with the mode of training, starting, &c., for runners, will make allowance for our enlightening those who are not so initiated. It so happens that we are well acquainted with one of the (as we are told) fastest runners of the day, who, hearing of "Sportascrapiana," and coupling with it the fact that we lately evinced some little interest in spirt-running, very kindly sent us the following:—

"Just a few notes upon 'fleet of foot,' or more especially called 'spirting,' which I am better acquainted with than with 'long-staying' races, and which your recent inquiries induce me to think will be acceptable.

"*Training.*—The first two days your man should be in what is called 'strong physic.' He should keep good hours; in bed by eight or half-past; not lay too warm; rise at seven o'clock;

he should be provided with plenty of clean Guernseys and drawers. Dress, and walk one mile out, and home; strip and take a good shower-bath; he should be briskly rubbed for at least twenty minutes—rubbing is particularly essential, as it extends the muscles. Dress well in flannel, keeping the wrists covered with flannel all day. Wear heavy shoes for exercise. Breakfast at half-past eight, taking mutton chop, tea, and dry toast; not any slops, and not too much tea. Sit half an hour or so after each meal, read or write, so as to keep the mind occupied, not thinking too much of the coming match, as it is apt to make a man slower, or, in slang term, 'funk.' After this he should take a steady five-mile walk out, and five back: on reaching home, take a tumbler of calf's-foot jelly and a dry biscuit. Then take your man to the scratch, stripped, all but short drawers and slippers, the latter made as light and strong as possible, as per sketch.*



A B C

* Though the shoe represented is often used, the writer prefers the lacing to be continued further in the direction of the toe, and to have a mere slipper-heel; he prefers a spike on each side at A and B, while at C there should be one spike only, and that one at the outer edge. In all, five spikes to each shoe.

Select a piece of level turnpike-road or towing-path, rather loose, so that the spikes should not hurt his feet; put your man on the scratch for one hour, practising starting, which is most essential, either starting himself or 'by pistol,' as per articles of match. If 'by mutual consent,' your man should have some one to keep starting *with* him; if 'by pistol,' to start and run about twelve yards out by report. After this, dinner: rump steak, or mutton (no vegetables), bread, and sherry (no smoking). In the afternoon take a straggling walk of two or three miles across the fields, throwing stones, or shooting (skittles if you like), or other amusement or occupation, to keep the muscles in action; not too severe exertion of any kind, for fear of stiffness. Run the distance for which the match is made, about every third day at top speed. Take dry toast and tea about six o'clock. This repeated every day.

"*Method of timing.*—After your man has been in training about a week, measure the distance. Place a practical man with one of M'Cabe's stop-watches at the finishing point, with his eye on the feet of his man, and from the first motion of the 'spirter' set the watch off, still keeping his eye immovably on his man's feet, with his thumb-nail on the stop-watch, and directly he steps on

the scratch of finish, either one or the other side, stop the watch, and you can tell to a beat what your man has done. If the timer should have his eye on the man, instead of his feet, he is very likely to lose time, as the foot starts before the arms or body, and finishes the same.

"*Starting by mutual consent or by pistol.*—Your man should stand on the mark, with his face to his opponent, perfectly upright. Here you will at once see the difference between a professional and a novice. The eye of the former tells him whether his opponent means going or not, and if he can start before his opponent's muscles become stiffened, generally gets the lead of half a yard. This doubtless seems curious to the unpractised, how a man can get half a yard start when both men take seven-feet strides, or at all events within three inches of each other; but such is the quickness of the eye; therefore condition is indispensable, so that a man may not be over-trained and dull, because if a man is in prime health, his eyes are clear and quick, and he catches his opponent napping—if only a foot, it is something at the finish. If a man gets the start, the difference is wonderful. He runs 'gamer' and stronger, whereas his opponent is vexed at the start, and takes a lot out of himself before he

is level with his opponent, and has less left in him to struggle with. In 'mutual consent' starting, there are generally a lot of false starts, by one or the other getting the best of it. Should your man be very quick and keep getting away, be careful that he runs out far enough, say twelve yards from the scratch. For instance, if he starts about two or three yards and turns round, thinking the other is not coming, and his opponent dashes off well, and your man is not on the scratch, it is a race, and your man would find it very difficult to set himself off again. Any time both men are off the scratch together, it is a race. On this account see that your man always runs out far enough in making false starts. Starting by pistol is somewhat different. The articles usually are, either man starting before the report of pistol to be put back a yard, which makes them very careful not to start before the report. This is being done away with, as it left too much in the hands of the referee, and too many disputes have arisen about getting off before report.

"The action of a good 'spirt' runner is generally perceptible by his running from the thigh, or say the hip, rather than from the knee. In illustration of the superiority of the former mode, I would cite the contrast between two horses: one

with round action cannot get well over the ground; good trotters throw their fore-legs out straight, so should a man. A good 'spirt' runner should be able to do one hundred yards in ten and a-half seconds; a 'clinker' can do it in ten, but there are not two men known that can do it in less. If you had a man that could do it in ten, you could win £10,000 at Sheffield with him; it is a great place for 'fleet of foot,' and large sums are gambled on the handicap there every year. There are men that have done it in less time, but as it was only in trials, I take no notice of it.

"Our best men now are Captain Matchell, Riley, of Finsbury, Mole, of Walsall, and Kelly, of Fulham—one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards. I think your friend Mr. Budd will agree with me in what I have said."

We read the foregoing to Mr. Budd, who unhesitatingly urged the insertion of it in "Sportascrapiana," but he suggests that a shorter time be allowed in bed. Although he used to run one hundred yards in ten seconds and a beat, he never had any training for it, nor for his many matches against other men, except the moderate training he was always in, through indulgence in field-sports and athletic amusements. He attaches great faith to the opinion of Jackson, that mutton

or beef eaten in training should be cooked with the gravy in.

Another thing he always found of incalculable advantage, viz., the keeping on until the last moment a deal of extra clothing in the shape of coats and trousers, also the wearing of thick shoes—the moment he was divested of these encumbrances, he felt as though he could fly.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY'S ONE THOUSAND MILES IN ONE THOUSAND HOURS—BUDD AND BARCLAY WITH THE GLOVES—BARCLAY SUFFERS FROM HIS OWN GLOVES—LOVE OF PEDESTRIANISM—"A RUNNER" WITH HOUNDS—MATCHLESS SIGHT AT CHIPPENHAM—HOW PHEASANTS GO—A DOG-CHARMER—VALUABLE DOGS—HOW THE MONEY WENT—A DOUBLE SHOT—OSBALDESTON AS A "WHIP"—COCK-SHOOTING AT STOUR HEAD—BURTON ALE—STOUR HEAD RULES—"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS"—MR. HENRY BARING AS A RABBIT-SHOT—HIS LOVE OF PLAY—A BAR TO IT—SCIENCE IN ECARTE—LUNCHEON FOR TWO—DINNER FOR TWO—JOINTS OF MUTTON—EXHIBITION CURIOSITY—"HARD CHEESE"—"INO, UNO, AND AXUM"—LORD KIRKCUDBRIGHT—HELPING A LABOURER—FALSE ALARM—A DEAR PICTURE—"WHO'S Y'R GUNSMITH"—JOE MANTON'S CHARGES—"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—REMEDY FOR BAD DEBTS—"CATCH A WEASEL ASLEEP"—A HARE AT BAY—A BLIND WHEELER—A FLYING STAGE—ROYAL MAIL STOPPED BY A LIONESS—MAJOR MUNRO—COCKNEY SPORTING—A WEIGHT CARRIER.

WE had intended giving some of the performances of the truly celebrated Captain Barclay, the greatest pedestrian, we believe, that ever was known in England, had it not been that through the kindness of Mr. Arthur Wellesley Kinnear, of Stonehaven, we had been put in possession of the old Aberdeen edition of all the Barclay performances; and we think it better to omit all that is therein, leaving our readers to procure the volume. The wonderful match of a thousand miles in a thou-

sand successive hours is minutely detailed, giving the time in which each individual mile was performed, what refreshment the Captain took, and the frightful suffering he manfully endured in the determined struggle, and how, after a few hours of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," he was apparently as fresh as ever; but, if we remember correctly, he lost some two stone or more in weight. There is no doubt but that the thousand miles in a thousand hours is a far greater feat than in as many half-hours. Mr. Budd tells us Captain Barclay has been known to walk, in Scotland, forty miles to dinner.

"I occasionally," said Mr. Budd, "sparred with him at Jackson's rooms in Bond Street, and on one of these occasions, soon after the commencement of our 'set to,' Barclay fell from a blow I gave him, and on rising he attributed his fall to the slipperiness of the floor, through having too much water sprinkled on it, when I jocularly remarked, striking the back of one glove in the palm of the other, 'No, no, old friend, 'twas this did it.' He then rushed at me in a most savage manner, and, getting me into a corner of the room, he forced my head backward through a little cupboard door. Our arrangement had been, that the Captain, who was a stone and a-half

heavier than me, should not take advantage of his weight in a corner. Though Barclay was a great patron of Jackson, the latter could not resist the impulse to cry out, 'For shame, Captain, shame.' Captain Barclay was a fine, powerful man, and his fondness of the amusement was evident from the fact that when any fresh man came forward in the London 'ring,' Barclay was in the habit of putting on the gloves with him to try him; but it was among the 'things not generally known,' that he had a pair stuffed especially for such trials—in reality not half stuffed. In one of those trials, Molyneaux, I think it was, had got one on, owing to Barclay not having arrived at the appointed time, and before 'setting to,' the Captain, being either too proud or ashamed to ask for it, had, in consequence, one of his ribs fractured."

We had it from Mr. Budd, that a gentleman of his acquaintance, who we knew to be a powerful man, and great at enduring pedestrian performances, walked eighteen miles to play in a match of cricket, and then walked the eighteen miles home. We have it also on good authority, that the same gentleman, having walked eighteen miles to play in another match, made just fifty runs, and bet a sovereign with Mr. George Osbaldeston Budd that he made fifty next day. He

got up early next morning, and walked seven miles to a large lake, where he could have a jolly good swim, walked back the seven miles, and made just the fifty runs; but the other man ran one "short," so that Mr. G. Budd won the sovereign. A person who used to reside in Earl Fitzhardinge's country, one day, in conversation with us at Mr. Budd's, said that James West, the well-known pedestrian, who for years ran with the Berkeley hounds, started one morning for Broadway, where the hounds then were, thirty-six miles, four miles to cover. A good run of eighty minutes gave him about thirty-six miles further, and when they killed, he found himself about fifty miles from his home (Berkeley), which he reached that night, making in all a pretty little run of about a hundred and twenty-six miles. Our informant had no actual proof of this performance, beyond the narration of it in the neighbourhood at the time. He believes it to be fact; and he is a very truthful man.

Inquiring of Mr. Budd if he was fond of hunting, he replied in the affirmative; "but," said he, "with my large family I could not afford it. When, however, I was at Osbaldeston's, he used to always give me a good mount, which I much enjoyed."

He would not take an insult from any man, as will be seen by the following little event he related: "Robarts, the banker, who was walking arm-in-arm with the Duke of Rutland in Spring Gardens, nodded his head in such a manner as to show he did not wish the Duke to observe the recognition. Shortly after, at the Pavilion at Lord's, he (Robarts) walked up to shake hands, but I swung myself round. 'What does that mean?' said Lord Frederic, who stood near me. I told him, adding, 'If a man knows me once, he must always, or we cut.'"

In the dining-room at Elcombe House, there are numerous cases of stuffed birds, and, though we take little interest in "stuffing," except by the hand of a cook, and minus the feathers, we have, at times, inquired the history of some. Two falcon-hawks, Mr. Budd said, came from the late Mr. Tharp, of Chippenham Park (father of the gentleman to whom we are indebted for much interesting information given in earlier pages). He pointed our attention to a pied pheasant, stating some rather remarkable circumstances connected therewith. "Shooting at Chippenham Park," said he, "I had permission awarded me to shoot one pied pheasant, and unfortunately brought that one down, and learned, when too

late, that it was Miss Tharp's pet, coming daily to the drawing-room window to be fed.

"Mr. Tharp, after dinner, said if we did not mind getting on horseback as we then were, and would do as he told us, we should see such a sight as no other man in England could show. We naturally accepted his proposal. Saddle-horses for six or eight of us were brought to the door, and we mounted just as we were—full-dressed, silks and tights. When we got to the pheasant-cover, he told us to ride along under the cover about twenty yards apart, single file. At the word of command, we were to turn suddenly round, and gallop like mad, hallooing stoutly as we rode across the stubble, which had purposely been left very long for the pheasants, in a field parallel with the cover. Having done as we were directed, there arose from the stubble a flight of white and pied birds such as we never expected to see. Osbaldeston was of the party, and I asked him how many he thought there were, and he replied, at least five hundred rose, and perhaps a hundred remained in the stubble. Strange to say, not one ordinary pheasant was among them; why so, I cannot tell, especially as a well-stocked preserve of them was not a mile off.

"It's a great shame that a keeper will so betray his trust, as I'll show he will. It happened, that upon a subject very unlike sporting, I had to see a fellow named B——r, in my dining-room at Alpha Cottage, Regent's Park, and, seeing the pied pheasant, he said he could get me fifty brace if I liked. I asked him where from, and he, without hesitation, told me from Chippenham Park; and on asking him who of, he told me the keeper. I felt bound to tell the friend, of whose hospitality I had partaken. At all events I told his son, a captain in the Guards, the present owner of the Chippenham property."

The day we were making fair copy of this part, we had an invitation to dine from a haunch of venison, presented by Mr. Tharp to Mr. Budd, who thus continues: "To be quite satisfied, Captain Tharp came to breakfast with me next morning, and I made an excuse to have B——r there again. Tharp had promised not to say a word, but I really thought the annoyance his countenance betrayed, would cause an outburst of indignation. However, he bottled his wrath till the man was gone. The keeper was dismissed. I expect B——r was a great 'black'; he used to come in all sorts of disguises. Once he came denuded of his great carrotty whiskers. 'Hallo,

B——r,' said I, 'what's up to-day?' 'A case of gold-fish, sir, to-day!' said he. I had a capital kennel at the time, and I one day took him out to see my dogs. Knowing their great value, he told me they were not safe; but I asked him how it was possible any one could get at them, walled in as they were; and, suppose they even got them outside, they could not be got away without great noise. He soon undeceived me, by taking something from his pocket, which proved such a 'charm,' that it was evident every dog would follow him, go where he would. I have heard it was the liver of a bitch taken at a certain season."

We have never had any admission from Mr. Budd that he positively made a profit of his dogs, it may have been *infra dig.* to have stated the fact, but we cannot argue against facts—he used for several years to send his "friend Ross" a brace at 30 guineas, and one dog of the last brace sent that gentleman, he sold for 80 guineas. Captain Ross subsequently said, "That dog was a perfect gentleman." In Mr. Budd's dog-breaking capabilities, "none but himself can be his parallel." Lord Kennedy offered him 100 guineas for one dog; and we think Mr. Budd's remark, when he refused to sell him, corroborates what we have said on the £ s. d. part of his dog-breaking *penchant.*

"I can make more by his stock," said Mr. Budd to Lord Kennedy; and it may be assumed he did so, selling them at 30 guineas a brace, during the many years he shot to him. In an early portion of this volume, we have recorded 'the Squire's' (Osbaldeston's) estimate of their worth. Mr. Budd was one of the judges of pointer dogs at the Islington Show in (we think) 1864.

The late Mr. Paul Methuen, afterwards Lord Methuen, one day, at Lord's cricket ground, asked Budd for a sixpence to toss up for a shot. Not having a sixpenny piece, Mr. Budd threw up a half-sovereign; the shot hit so full, as to blow the coin clean away; "and thus," said Mr. Budd, "I lost my half-sovereign." "On one occasion, before sovereigns were in circulation," he remarked, "I lent a man a guinea to toss for choice of ground; both of us forgot the guinea, which I never saw again. But to return to Lord Methuen. After he had sent my coin flying, he threw up a cricket ball, which he hit, and made a double shot by turning round and killing a butterfly on the wing."

We ought to have named among the doings of "the Squire," in an earlier page, the following specimen of his four-in-hand proficiency, told us by Mr. Budd: "'The Squire' laid a wager of

100 guineas with Mr. Paul Methuen, that he (Osbaldeston) would drive an ordinary Greenwich four-in-hand stage, with full complement of passengers, from a given point in St. Paul's Churchyard to Greenwich in an hour. On 'the Squire' coming to the post, he found Mr. Methuen had filled the coach with Life Guardsmen. On arriving at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, he was told that he had started a yard or two short of the correct spot. 'The Squire' was never the man to hesitate about anything, so he quickly turned the horses' heads, and, having reached the proper starting-place, commenced *de novo*, and accomplished the distance within the hour from his first starting. Those who know the road will see this was a great eat, taking into consideration the kind of horses which were in those days usually attached to such vehicles."

Speaking with Mr. Budd of Captain Ross's killing thirteen stags one day in fourteen shots, the old gentleman remarked: "I was one day beating for woodcocks at Sir Richard Colt Hoare's, Stour Head: I got fourteen shots, and missed but one; in fact, that one hit the cock so hard, that he was picked up next day. I bagged altogether five couple of cocks, one couple of ducks, and one hare, exclusive of the cock picked

up next day." Sir Richard Colt Hoare was the talented author of that admirable book, "The Antiquities of Wiltshire."

Mr. Budd was an annual visitor at the splendid mansion of the worthy and hospitable Baronet, and appears to have been a most welcome guest, judging by little things we have occasionally heard related. Orders were given to Webb, the keeper, that he should "never allow a woodcock to be killed until Mr. Budd came." Some Burton ale was placed before Mr. Budd, which, though it had been twenty years in bottle, still retained its richness, and was peculiarly soft and delicious. Meeting with great praise from the guest, the worthy host inquired of the butler how much of it was left; he was told about a dozen and a-half. The butler was instructed, "that no more of it should be drunk till Mr. Budd came again." Mr. Henry Hoare was greatly attached to Mr. Budd, and they used to be much together when the latter was in London, which naturally led to acquaintance with the talented father. Mr. Budd's visit was generally in November, for cock-shooting, which was abundant there, in addition to that of all other kinds of game. Sir Richard was very fond of seeing moorhens on the lake, and they were in consequence strictly preserved. He excelled in

spaniels of the Marquis of Bath's breed. Sir Richard had one day killed eleven cocks, and Webb, the keeper, asked his master to let him have a charge of shot, when, finding the keeper had killed just the same number, he laughingly said to Webb, "I'm not such a fool as to help you beat me." Sir Richard Colt Hoare was fond of a succession of visitors, all of whom perfectly understood the rule that prevailed in that charming establishment: whatever time was fixed for a guest's stay, he well knew that he must leave, as his bed was engaged for the next. At Stourton Caundle, another seat of Sir Richard's, he could offer good shooting; and, as there was again an excellent cook and a capital cellar, with unlimited time for guests, Mr. Henry Hoare did not lack visitors when he went there. Mr. Budd said, "Mr. Henry Hoare invited me to celebrate the birthday of his father at Stour Head. After the kind old baronet had retired for the night, Henry Hoare invited me to partake of "high life below stairs," and we accordingly adjourned to the servants' hall, where, he had already informed me, "dancing, and lots of fun" would be going on. The butler, of course, reigned supreme, and I must say that the proceedings of the evening reflected great credit on the presiding genius; for though

the greatest hilarity prevailed, there was nothing that could offend the most refined taste. The butler, with solemn bearing, proposed what he said was the toast of the evening, and was drunk at every such anniversary—"All the Hoares in Fleet Street." Few of our readers, we presume, but are aware of the great banking establishment of the Hoares in Fleet Street. No one of any name but Hoare is ever allowed to have a share in that renowned banking firm. In another great banking firm (Baring Brothers) the late Mr. Henry Baring was a partner. Speaking of him, Mr. Budd said, "He was a fine handsome fellow, and was at any time open to back himself for £200 to shoot rabbits with any man in England. Mr. Baring, while in Paris for the first time, being addicted to gambling, was so fortunate (?) as to win upwards of £10,000 at one sitting. On repeating his visit next evening, he became a loser to double the amount, and would have continued to much greater extent, but that, being a stranger there, they declined to allow his doing so on credit; he told a friend, "The fools wouldn't trust me, or they might have won double the money." One of the senior partners hearing of the circumstance, remonstrated with him. An agreement was made with him by a friend, the condition of which was

that if ever he lost more than £1,000 at a sitting, he would forfeit £10,000. In consequence of this, he invariably had a paper before him, on which he recorded his losses, so that he would not incur the penalty hanging over him." This is the same gentleman who lost £100 to Captain Ross, by betting long odds that the Captain would not with his pistol hit a hat at one hundred yards.

We have often played the game of écarté, but never could see anything in it, giving an idea that proficiency in it could warrant an offer of odds such as the following, which, told us by Mr. Budd, we know we can rely on:—

Captain Grant (the same gentleman who backed Mr. Budd against Lord Kennedy at pigeon-shooting, as already narrated), who had been abroad some years, returned, probably not over flush of money. He soon made his way to Tattersall's, and was to be found at all the chief race meetings, making regularly a book on the various turf events, and for not very trifling sums. Mr. Grant, who considered himself inferior to none at écarté, was told that Mr. Henry Baring (the gentleman we have already referred to) considered himself so superior to any one else at the game, that he had publicly offered to give a large sum of money (we are afraid to state

the amount, as we are not quite certain), to any man who would play him till one or the other had lost five times the amount. Captain Grant discussed the matter with Budd and other friends, intending to accept the challenge, but nothing came of it. Some months afterwards, conversation turned upon the same subject, and Captain Grant told Mr. Budd it was fortunate the match was not made, as he certainly should have lost.

Mr. Budd has told us that his friend Ward, of cricket notoriety, was invincible at picquet. "His immense massive head would tell you," he said, "that he was no ordinary man. He was the only man the City of London ever sent to Parliament without having first been made an Alderman. In the Bullion Committee of the House of Commons, Ward's was considered the best evidence.

"Stopping, one day at Moon's, at Godalming, with Mr. and Mrs. Osbaldeston (the 'Squire's' mother), Moon told us that the Marquis of Huntley, afterwards Duke of Gordon, had just left, having taken lunch after a grand *battue* at Up Park, and had started for London, where we may naturally suppose they would take dinner. Moon said he had taken them in, on separate silver

plates, no less than twenty-five mutton chops! Allowing that they should be from Welsh mutton, it was a pretty little meal, washed down with five bottles of claret." We are ignorant of what their dinner consisted.

Mr. Budd, after relating the mutton-chop story, told us the following of a tête-à-tête between a very wealthy man and a banker, both friends of his. "When Regent's Park had not a house upon it except the farm-house, my friend H—— told me he was invited by 'old Willan' to take 'pot luck' with him. Each had a leg of mutton placed before him, and thus each could help himself as he pleased." We have heard of a picnic where each of the gentlemen, six in number, had brought a leg of mutton; the ladies preferred some daintier food, and thus each gentleman was left to eat of his own leg.

We related to the old gentleman a tale about a friend of his, who, having a very small family to cater for, was constantly bewildered in his attempts to provide variety in his purveyorship of butcher's meat. Will Markem, in making his purchases, found it convenient (and probably studying his own taste) to frequently send home a small shoulder of mutton; none can deny that it has greater variety in it, and more moisture, than any other

ovine joint. Mrs. Markem's taste, in this matter at all events, did not coincide with that of her lord and master (?), and, after repeated hints that, even when smothered with onions, her aversion was as strong as the vegetable, and the "cold shoulder" was utter abomination, she said if another were sent home, Will may cook it; "for," said she, "I will not"—strong words from a weak stomach; and Will found he must digest them. A fortnight after, orders were issued for marketing, and Mrs. Will was asked what would be most approved, and Will was told that neither beef nor veal would suit, as it had been served several days; lamb was not in season, and there seemed no alternative but mutton. The usual question of what joint, was met by the stereotyped, "Any part, no matter what." "Shoulder won't do, we know," said Will, "how about a leg?" "Too large," was the reply. "A loin?" "Too fat: we said we didn't like it." "A neck then?" "No! we don't want anything for boiling, and a neck is not calculated for roasting." "Then what d'ye say to a breast?" That was instantly negatived as "nasty, bony, thin stuff, we never have!" "Then which must we have, the head or the entrails, as there's little else left?" The ultimatum was, that it must be a shoulder after all.

Will's brother tells a somewhat amusing anecdote of the '51 Exhibition. He met "Jack Ginger," a quaint, uneducated man, driving a decent trade in mediocre horseflesh, who had just returned from London, and was asked what he thought of the Palace of Glass. "Well, 'tis the most wonderfullest place I ever see: but the curusest theng, to my thinkin', was a lot of ladies and gentlemen settin' about a eatin' o' pink ointment out o' glasses, wi' spoons." Ices, Jack meant, we presume.

We have often laughed over what a neighbour told us of a relative, Mr. Skimmer, a London cheese-dealer. He had a lot of cheese, which, being made where butter was more sought after, was anything but good; and, sick of seeing the lot of stuff about, he told the porter, when he had closed the shop, to leave one of the proscribed cheeses at the door for some one to walk off with. Thomas occasionally crept to an observatory, and at length went to his master, grinning all over his face, saying the cheese was gone. "Leave another out to-morrow night," was Skimmer's order, which was obeyed by the porter, who, after a few peeps next evening, walked to his master in the counting-house, scratching his head, and looking as though some great disappointment had

transpired. "Is it gone?" said Skimmer. "No, sir," said Thomas, "they've brought back t'other." Numerous little anecdotes with the above, were current when a friend or two one day met at Elcombe House, and we here give a few that we chance to remember. They will appear, perhaps, to bear in no way upon each other, because they are rendered just as they present themselves to our recollection, though at the time they cropped up hinging one upon the other.

"A gentleman, shooting over a friend's estate in Essex," said Mr. Budd, "pointing to a dog, asked the keeper what was its name. 'I know,' appeared to be the keeper's reply. 'I dare say you do, or else I shouldn't have asked you. Then what's the name of the black and white one?' 'You know,' the keeper seemed to say. 'If I did, I shouldn't have asked you.' Bolting his indignation at the fellow's conduct, he tried one more question. 'Will you tell me the name of the one nearest to me?' 'Ax him,' said Ramrod, apparently, and was then told he was an impudent fellow. The blame after all rested with the keeper's master, who had facetiously named the three dogs, *Ino*, *Uno*, and *Axum*."

He said that Lord Kirkcudbright, staying at a Brighton hotel, gave some offence to a Herculean

native of the emerald isle, who took his lordship up, and hung him by the coat-collar to a hook. Going to the waiter, he coolly said, "Lord Kirkcudbright is hanging against the wall; you can take him down when you want him."

Mr. Budd said he heard fifty years back that a gentleman, passing along the streets of London, saw a sickly-looking labourer driving the pitching down with a very heavy rammer, and making, simultaneously with each blow, the customary *wheugh*, which, to those who have never tried any such game, seems an absurdity; but they would find on trial that inhaling copiously, to thoroughly inflate the lungs, gives increased power to raise the rammer, which in its descent is accompanied by corresponding ejection in readiness for the re-inflation. The gentleman in question, not very creditably to his humanity, told the labourer he didn't look equal to his work, and volunteered to the poor fellow to do half of it for him. The labourer, staring in astonishment, respectfully stood aside, and, to save breath he had been so rapidly expending, silently raised his hat and pointed to the rammer, which stood between them. "No," said the unfeeling wag, "that musn't be my half; you may keep on that portion, and I'll do the 'wheugh.'"

A boy in the employ of Mr. Budd, one day when we were sitting with the old gentleman collecting material for this volume, came into the room, saying, "Mr. Bovington broke his neck to-day, sir, out a-hunting." "Dear me," said Budd, who has known Bovington from his infancy, "I'm sorry for it—with such a large family, though he is undoubtedly wealthy. He ought, with his family, to have given up hunting, especially as his sons are, some of them, big enough to take the task off his hands." "But, sir," said the boy, "'twas only the collar-bone of his neck." We, with Mr. Budd, felt great relief at the turn of the tale.

We had often heard of a £100 Bank of England note, presented at either birth or baptism of the injured (?) Bovington, and which used to hang, framed and glazed, in the sitting-room of his father, the jovial old Farmer Bovington. The son knows a trick worth two of so creating an interest through the vision; he prefers it through the pocket. Mr. Budd says he had often seen it, thirty or forty years back, but he has an idea it was but fifty pounds.

The *ipse dixit* of Mr. Budd carried great weight in all sporting matters. General Arthur Upton, aide-de-camp to the Duke of York, applied to Mr.

Budd, for the Duke of York and the Duke of Cambridge, for information as to the best gun-maker, as each wanted a double-barrelled gun. Moore, of the Edgware Road, many years foreman to the celebrated "Joe Manton," was recommended by Mr. Budd, and, in consequence, each of their Royal Highnesses ordered a case of double-barrelled guns—of course each case contained two. Moore also gained, by Mr. Budd's recommendation, the privilege of styling himself, "Gun manufacturer by appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Cambridge."

In reference to Manton's charges, Mr. Budd remarked to us: "I heard him (Manton) say, 'I shall continue annually to increase my charges five guineas, and still no gentleman will be without a 'Joe Manton.'" We have now before us a bill of this celebrated gun manufacturer, and the price of a double-barrelled gun there charged is such as would frighten folks nowadays. We see sixteen pounds of powder is charged five guineas. When a man in any trade or profession has, either by tact or talent, wormed himself into the good graces of the rich or fashionable, he may charge what he pleases. It used to be said of Toby (?), the bootmaker, that when told he must be making immense profit out of his fabulous

prices, he replied that "the good ones paid for those who couldn't or wouldn't pay." Of a fashionable West-end tailor it used to be said, when any one had decamped in his debt, he would tell his clerk to charge everybody a waistcoat. Many would not observe an extra waistcoat having been charged; or, if they did, it would be easy to say, "We'll take it off the bill, if you have any doubt about it." He once sued Lord C—— for £1,200. "A tolerable total for toggery," it was remarked.

"To catch a weasel asleep" is thought impracticable, but we can vouch for the following occurrence with a friend of our's. He was beating for partridges in some long rough grass, when his dog made a point, and our friend, who began kicking about the grass, found something squeak like a rat under his feet. The noise flushed a partridge, which fell to his gun; still keeping his foot firmly pressed down, giving the requisite stamp with his foot to beat life out of whatever might be under, he found proof positive that the old adage is not fact.

The mention of the weasel tale reminds us of the following, which happened to a friend of our's, Will Sedgley. Beating a field of "stubbs," his dog stood something in a "wheat-shock."

Whatever might be the occupant of the well-thatched home, Sedgely had no idea—it seemed to give short, sharp barks. He rather hesitated at disturbing the "sheaves" of wheat, which happened to be so placed that there was no egress except at the end opening where the dog stood staunch. Our friend was induced to think a badger must have so appropriated the asylum. At length he moved a sheaf, and out sprang a hare, which quickly went to swell the game-bag.

Mr. Budd was travelling, by the York House Coach, on the road from London to Bath. Adlam, the coachman, had been in the habit of pulling up at a house for the horses to "wash their mouths out," and it might have been to enable the passengers to do the same. The coachman, for some reason, had arranged to perform the ablution at a house some fifty yards off, but, strange to say, the near-side wheeler (stone-blind) declined to fall in with the arrangement until a compromise had been effected, to always pull up at the old spot, and remain stationary for a minute or two. We remember, forty years since, coming to the spot where a coach and four had just made a most graceful sweep up to the inn-door, which stood back from the high-road. No coachman, guard, or any soul were outside. An old gen-

tleman of our acquaintance opened the door, and asked the only "inside" whether she knew the horses had run away with the coach. She had not been aware of it, but she thought the coach swayed very much. It was market-night at the town where she was asked the question, and the passengers by numerous vehicles meeting the coach were struck by the way in which it flashed past them. It turned out that, while changing horses ten miles back, the passengers had gone in to "wash their mouths out," like Adlam's "tits." The ostler left the horses' heads, perhaps for the same purpose, as even ostlers will sometimes do. The rest can be imagined. The distance, ten miles, it was subsequently found, had been done considerably under the half-hour. The lady inside had, perhaps, the quickest ten miles of stage-coach travelling ever performed, without the shadow of accident. The house at which they changed horses is notorious as having been the scene of a lioness attacking a mail-coach horse. We remember seeing a travelling menagerie, in front of which hung a life-sized painting, representing the attack; and we heard a wiseacre telling a companion to look how she drove her "*talents*" into the horse. Without hazarding an opinion whether any were decoyed in under

the idea that "the real thing" would be enacted inside, we can remember, fifty years since, feeling much interested in a painting of a "*Royal*" Bengal Tiger bearing off Major Munro in his teeth. We thought live majors could not be afforded to any but "*royal*" animals, so we paid our sixpence to be disappointed (children and schools having the like privilege at half-price). All but ourselves had been satisfied, and vacated the arena; and, when a gentle hint had been given that our room was more coveted than our company, our inquiry for Major Munro elicited a reply that impressed us with the idea that at booths in a fair the best was generally outside; and we moved on to the place where, though we were not "sold again," others were, who paid their coppers to see the "horse with his head where his tail ought to be."

A friend of ours, who, like "Champagne Charlie," was "good for any game at night" or day, and who since his childhood had seen little of sporting except, possibly, at the Westminster pit (if that may be called sporting), arriving in the country, made the acquaintance of old Mr. Sedgely, Will's father, as open-hearted and jovial a fellow as ever sat behind a pipe. A near neighbour of the hospitable yeoman we have named, had, like

Sedgely, told young Townley he might try his hand at the rabbits which abounded on both farms. His shooting had been, in his perfect boyhood, a few larks in the snow, and, perhaps, a rabbit or two. His *début* in this was almost a "sickener." We can vouch for this chapter of incidents: On approaching Oakhanger farm, a rabbit (as he thought) rushed past a tree, which obscured all but his hind-quarters; bang went the gun, and "chaak, chaak," quickly told him it couldn't be a rabbit. In a terrible stew at chances of prohibition henceforth (as he began to think he had years before heard such a sound from a hare), he rushed to the spot and pocketed pussy, thinking he had better go and offer it to Mr. Sedgely, whose swedes had fed it. In two minutes' after, he saw (crossing his path) what he thought was a pole-cat, making all speed to escape him; fortunately he did not fire at it, but, going at it with a run, he kicked the creature up in the air, and secured it with a tight grip directly it reached *terra firma*. Being close to the house at Oakhanger, he walked in, and, very chap-fallen, proffered the hare, then, plucking up a little spirit, held up the pole-cat (?) trophy. "My pole-cat ferret!" said Harry Sedgely. He was told to keep the hare and say nothing about it; and

the living proof of his activity gained him great praise. Going on his way rejoicing, in the hope that the occupant of the next farm would accept the "blessed" hare, he had not got three hundred yards from Sedgely's house, before a young rabbit scampered toward the hedgerow; pulling the trigger, "chaak, chaak," again grated on his ear, but in a much thinner note. Going in double-quick time to the hedgerow, he found that, missing the rabbit, he had wounded a thrush, which was suspended by its claw, clutching a thorn-bush. Though evening had not set in, an owl came most temptingly sailing, with its peculiar "fluffy" wings, over his head, and was soon in his hand. Anything but joyful at these singularities, he moved on to Farmer Elman's, and there the home-brewed was to his taste, and the welcome of that hearty kind we had so often experienced there. He remained to supper, and killed time more satisfactorily than had been his attempts to fill the bag. He insisted upon leaving the hare, under fear of an over-haul from Squire Fitz Canute's keepers on his way home. His absurdities, however, had not ended. Crossing the rabbit-warren on his way home, he saw two creatures in the deceiving light of the moon. Surely they must be rabbits! but how very strange

they should let him get to so close quarters; still more strange that they made, as he thought, a sort of snuffling. He let fly both barrels, and, as neither of them darted into the adjacent burrow, down went the gun, and Townley, rushing to the spot, threw himself on the ground, with one hand on each of the supposed rabbits, which, however, he released with electric rapidity, as the prickly protection of two *hedgehogs* demonstrated the fact, that they are of a genus not generally taken liberties with! Our cockney sportsman made his way home, thinking if there was much fun in his day's work, it would be for those who would laugh at his expense.

A charming old gentleman was Mr. Sedgely of Oakhanger. Many, many times have we envied him the cheery, amiable disposition which would enable him to placidly "blow his cloud," while we have been telling him we should be inclined to swear, when the winds were at that minute blowing every atom of seed out of the light soil of his hill, into the valley below; and that, too, for (we think) the third time in the season. We well remember, forty years since, remarking to his friend Perry, as Sedgely's tall, portly form came sailing down the street, "What a fine man Mr. Sedgely is!" "Yes," said Perry, "I remember,

when he was but eighteen, seeing him carrying sacks of wheat across the barn-floor; so I tried one, and it proved no difficult task. 'Let's have up a couple, Master James,' said Sedgely, and he did so, carrying them with ease across the barn-floor, and shooting them. Being two or three years his senior, I didn't like to be boy-beaten, so I followed his example, and, having with difficulty accomplished the performance, I made up my mind that it should be the first and last time. 'Come,' said Sedgely, 'another can't make much difference'; and, apparently without effort, he carried three sacks of wheat (740 lb.) across the floor, and shot them." Sedgely was a good picture of the fine old English yeoman.

CHAPTER XII.

PYCROFT'S OPINION OF BUDD—"HAMLET, THE PART OF HAMLET LEFT OUT"—BOWLING FOUR AT ONE "OVER"—BUDD AND BEAUCLERC COMPARED—A VOLLEY FOR NINE—HITTING OUT OF LORD'S GROUND—LUDDITES AT NOTTINGHAM—HOLLOWEST VICTORY ON RECORD—AVERAGE SCORE—PEPPERING THE IRON DUKE—BEILBY THOMPSON'S PRESERVES—"DONE 'EM AGAIN"—TRIPE FOR TWO—RUFFIANISM OF THE DAY—NEATE AND "GAS"—PUGILISTIC PREACHER—BRANSBY COOPER—"BETTING LADY D——"—"HORSE-DEALING LADY D——"—COARSENESS OF THE PAST CENTURY—"BACKING THE GOVERNOR IN"—CRICKET WITH ONE HAND—A GOOD FELLOW—LADY THIMBLERIG—"TOMMY D——"—AN UP-HILL GAME—ALVANLEY AND DE ROOS—THE LAST STRUGGLE—GLASS LEGS—A SHOOTING PONY—HARE-SHOOTING—"TOWERED BIRDS"—"RESURGAM"—VANDYKE—BUDD'S "PORTER"—POWELL'S RETRIEVER—CANINE TELEGRAM.

WE commenced the last chapter with the intention of devoting it to anecdotes told us by Mr. Budd, instead of which we wandered away to some of those, the narration of which to him, have been the means of drawing the old gentleman out; hoping that pardon has been awarded, we "hark back" to our legitimate object. Referring to the notes we had taken as far back as the 11th of March, 1866, when we had scarcely arranged any, even in the indifferent form in which we are now producing our "bits and scraps," we found the

following: Having been at Elcombe House, celebrating Mr. Budd's eighty-first birthday, we were much struck with the vivacity he displayed —full of mirth and buoyancy. Next day, again there, we showed him a letter from the Rev. James Pycroft, the talented author of "Agony Point," "Elkerton Rectory," "Cricketana," and numerous other admirably written works.

The author of these works (which we strongly recommend to the notice of our readers), requesting us to procure for him a photograph of his old friend, the veteran cricketer, it was readily handed us for transmission. Mr. Budd, suddenly recollecting a letter from the rev. cricket chronicler, routed it from a heap of papers, including "franks" from the Iron Duke, and many other celebrities. Parson Pycroft's first letter to Mr. Budd is dated from Barnstaple, September 25, 1850:—

"In case Mr. Budd should have forgotten him," he recalls himself to mind by, "your quondam antagonist, a left-handed player in the Lansdowne Club in 1835-6, and one whose play I know made an impression on you at the time, for, indeed, no Oxonian of my day had nearly as high an average. He, if you can remember him, ventures to request your assistance in a history of cricket." After showing that he had made a Hampshire

tour, seeing Beldham, Bennett, Beazley, and others, he says, "Mr. Ward also gave me some information." After thus showing that Budd's old friend Ward had assisted, the letter goes on to describe the numerous points on which he covets information from, perhaps, the very best source. The rev. gentleman says: "But why have I not a right to give the history of your favourite game? And how can it be done without E. H. Budd, Esq.? 'Hamlet,—the part of Hamlet left out,' will never do." After considerable correspondence, and all the information Mr. Budd could possibly give, in accordance with his resolute stand for "proof positive," the book was published, little dreaming that the pages he had so helped to supply with material, would have to be quoted for the sake of the very information he had given, and now to be transferred to others still more especially intended to give to the public the experience of his prolonged life.

We wished to fully understand Mr Pycroft's description of Mr. Budd's attitude in batting, and the latter at once took a bat from a corner of the dining-room, and, with all the vigour of the most powerful athlete in the prime of life, he threw himself into the attitudes for his "slashing hits," the "cut," and each possible change. The bat

was one of Lord Frederic's, with his name *written at full length by the noble lord himself*: and we take this opportunity to remark, that the name is spelt "Beauclerck," though we are now accustomed to always see it minus the "k." Seeing the action and attitude of our worthy friend, and fully aware of the tremendous strength he used to and does (even now) possess, and the enthusiasm of his character, we could at once feel the justice of Lord Frederic's remark given in next page. A man in his eighty-second year can hardly be imagined the impersonation of the agile strength he possesses. It must be seen to be comprehended. The superiority of Mr. Budd's bowling was well proved at Purton, by four of Lansdowne out at one "over"; and just the same thing occurred when he was bowling to them on their own ground. With such a "crack" eleven, no similar instance is on record. It may not be amiss here to quote from Pycroft's "Cricket Field," in which, among the numerous references to Mr. Budd as an authority in the noble and true English game, and his surpassing excellence in the same, the author says: "Mr. Budd, when past forty, was still one of the quickest men I ever played with, taking always middle wicket, and often, by swift running, doing part of 'long field's' work."

Again: "Beldham thought Mr. Budd's bowling better than Lord Frederic's; Beazley said the same." Comparing the two, Mr. Pycroft says, "Mr. Budd made the best average, though usually placed against Lambert's bowling, and playing almost exclusively in the great matches. Mr. Budd was a most powerful hitter. Lord Frederic said, 'Budd always wanted to win the game off a single ball.'" The same author adds, "Mr. Budd stood 5 ft. 10 in., and weighed twelve stone, very clean made and powerful, with an eye singularly keen, and great natural quickness, being one of the fastest runners of his day. Secondly, Mr. Budd was the better fieldsman. He stood usually at middle wicket. I never saw safer hands at a catch; and I have seen him very quick at stumping out. Lord Frederic could not take every part of the field, but was always 'short slip,' and not one of the best. And, thirdly, Mr. Budd was the better bowler. Mr. Budd hit well from the wrist. At Woolwich he hit a volley to long-field for nine, though Mr. Parry threw it in. He also hit out of Lord's ground. Lord said he would forfeit twenty guineas if any one thus proved his ground too small. 'So we all crowded round Mr. Budd,' said Beldham, 'and told him what he might claim.' 'Well then,' he said, 'I

claim it, and give it among the players'; but Lord was shabby, and would not pay.'"

From Mr. Pycroft again: "'In 1817 we met,' said Mr. Budd, 'with Osbaldeston, to play twenty-two at Nottingham. In that match Clarke played. In common with others, I lost my money, and was greatly disappointed at the termination. One paid player was accused of 'selling,' and was never employed after. Those were the days of the 'Luddites' (rioters), and the magistrates warned us, that unless we stopped our game at seven o'clock, they would not answer for keeping the peace. At seven o'clock we stopped, and simultaneously the thousands who lined the ground began to close in upon us. Lord Frederic lost nerve, and was very much alarmed; but I said they didn't want to hurt us. No, they simply came to have a look at the eleven men who ventured to play two for one."

His lordship broke his finger, and, batting with one hand, scored only eleven runs. Nine men, the largest number perhaps on record, Bentley marks as "caught by Budd."

Continuing our extracts from the same source: "'About 1820,' said Mr. Budd, 'at our anniversary dinner (3-guinea tickets) at the Clarendon, Mr. Ward asked me if I had not said I would

play any man in England at single wicket, without fieldsmen? An affirmative produced a "p.p." match for 50 guineas a side.* On the day appointed, Mr. Brand proved my opponent. He was a fast bowler. I went in first, and scoring seventy runs, with some severe blows on the legs (nankeen knee-breeches, silk stockings, and no pads in those days †); I consulted a friend, and knocked down my wicket, lest the match should last till the morrow, and I be unable to play. Mr. Brand went out without a run! I went in again, and, making the seventy up to a hundred, I once more knocked down my own wicket; and once more my opponent failed to score! The flag was flying, the signal of a great match, and a large concourse were assembled; and, considering Mr Ward, a good judge, made the match, this is probably the most hollow victory on record.'"

It would be a source of pleasure to us, and

* Mr. Budd, of course, demanded of Mr. Ward to name his man, but the latter objected. Lord Frederic said he must of course, as, if his man died, he may name another; whereas, if Budd died in the interim, Ward would claim his stakes of 100 guineas. Ward asked what Budd would take not to have the name, and Budd said 5 guineas, which Ward paid. When Budd met Brand on the ground the day of the match, he said, "Well, Brand, you're come to see the match." "I'm come to play," said Brand. Mr. Budd told us that he knew then his money was safe.

† Mr. Budd played to the last in that dress, and always, for himself, disdained pads or gloves for cricket.

would doubtless gratify our readers, were we to largely quote from Mr. Pycroft's beautifully-written work: it would, however, seem scarcely honourable; we therefore refer cricket-loving readers to "Cricketana", and to the "Cricket-field," both published by Longman and Co.

Bentley's "Cricket Matches of the Marylebone Club, from 1786 to 1822 inclusive," shows that Mr. Budd played in about sixty great matches during that period, or rather from about 1804 to 1822, and he continued to play until his retirement into country life in 1826: we have no data for the last four years of the period, except as to his average score, which was twenty-nine to each innings for about twenty years.

When we had thus far completed our fair copy for the printer, we went to Mr. Budd's, by appointment, to spend a long day, talking over what we had written, and gathering material for further addition. We are now (the day after our visit) mentally reviewing the conversation, and jotting down portions thereof:—

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington was out pheasant-shooting, when he found himself pretty well peppered by a gun fired at a tolerable distance. His grace sang out, 'Who fired that shot?' 'I did,' said ——. The Duke told

him to hold up his hand, which was no sooner done, than his grace let fly, saying, 'You peppered me, and I've returned the compliment.'"

On the subject of *battues*, Mr. Budd states, that at Beilby Thompson's, in Yorkshire, he had seen a thousand pheasants rise at a time.

"My friend Marshal," said Mr. Budd, "used to tell as fact of a Devonshire M.P., who had lived long enough in the world to have acquired a tolerable "corporation," as far back as the days when a huge bunch of seals, suspended by a massive chain, was essential for the extraction of the watch from the pocket, which was then worn in the inexpressibles, and not, as now, in the waistcoat. This somewhat obese gentleman used to come to London with a dozen or so sets of chain-and-seals; things that for a day or two would (unless closely inspected) pass off for valuables. Dressed in the then prevailing gilt-buttoned blue coat, drab breeches, and top-boots, without which a country squire would in those days hardly venture abroad, he would, with his hands in his pockets, go into crowded thoroughfares and stand about. The bait was generally soon taken, and he would halloo out in glee to his friend, 'Done 'em again.'"

Mr. Budd was not aware if the "great seal" had

ever been brought back, like Skimmer's cheese, already described. Mr. Budd gave us another amusing tale that he had heard Jackson tell as fact:—

"Bill Gibbons, a noted pugilist at the period in question, was at a public-house called the 'Horse and Dolphin' (known to Bill and his 'pals' as the 'Pad and Swimmer'); the subject of a tripe supper was being discussed, and those present were hardly unanimous as to the quantity requisite. It should be understood that the room was a very small inner 'bar,' in which but few could stand—sitting-room of course for fewer still. Bill, to prove how insufficient was the quantity named, offered a bet, which was taken, that he and a friend would eat as much tripe as would cover the floor. At the appointed time next evening, Bill came to the door in a hackney coach, accompanied by his friend, who was muffled up in a thick, rough great-coat, and appeared to walk in a rather queer form. On coming into the room, the *friend* proved to be the bear which used to be baited by dogs at his house. Objection was raised that he could not call Bruin a friend; but the owner stoutly contended that the money earned for him by the bear, made him the best friend Gibbons ever had in his life."

Describing this of the hostelry in question, recals to mind the following, told us long since by Mr. Budd: "When 'Hen Pierce, the game chicken,' first went to town from Bristol, having left his address with Jackson, being open to fight any man, two of the greatest patrons of the pugilistic ring—a celebrated baronet and a wealthy Oxfordshire gentleman,—with another equally celebrated commoner, dined with Jackson at the Clarendon Hotel, in Bond Street, kept by Jacquier. After dinner, the arrival of 'the Chicken' being announced by Jackson, one of the party suggested a 'turn up' with Ferby, commonly called 'the Ruffian,' and the newly arrived Pierce. An adjournment was made to the 'Horse and Dolphin,' adjoining the Windmill Street tennis-court. About ten o'clock at night, Pierce, who was in bed at his lodgings near the Strand, was aroused from his slumbers by a messenger from Mr. Jackson, summoning him immediately to the above-named public-house, where he met Ferby, who he was to fight for the amusement of the four gentlemen (?) referred to. After several desperate rounds, the fight terminated in favour of Pierce. The *white* waistcoats of the *gentlemen*, and the walls of the room (which was about ten feet square) were splashed with blood, and the land-

lord, fearing a fatal termination on the part of Ferby, had a woman in to wash the walls in the night. Before leaving, Jackson told 'the Chicken' to call upon him at his rooms in Bond Street at twelve o'clock the following morning; and, on being asked by Jackson how he felt, Pierce said he was very well, but, having been locked out of his lodgings, he had been compelled to walk the streets the whole night."

In a conversation about the fight between Neate and "Gas," at Hungerford, a gentleman remarked to us, "I was with Osbaldeston (in Nottinghamshire, I think) the day before. We reached Hungerford in time, and were in the same waggon with Gully, the backer of Neate. Immediately after the first round, Gully jumped from the waggon, seeing, even at that distance, that one of Hickman's terrific blows had raised a swelling as big as a hen's-egg at the back of Neate's neck. Returning to the waggon, Gully declined to increase the bet he had previously made. It was thought by good judges the fight might have terminated differently, but that Neate's party, to induce 'Gas' to rush in upon his opponent, had bet him £40 to £5 that he did not win the fight in fifteen minutes, Neate having pro-

bably his instructions to act for that time on the defensive only."

"Jackson used to tell us," said Mr. Budd, "of a celebrated clergyman named Bevir, who was open to fight any man for 1,000 guineas, well knowing that he must lose his gown." No one accepted the challenge.

Speaking of the celebrated surgeon, Sir A. Cooper, from whom we received great kindness, after a delightful interview of an hour or more, Mr. Budd remarked: "Bransby Cooper, his nephew, was a noble fellow, and we were great friends. He one day said, 'Do you know, Budd, I think I could shoot? I'll back myself against you for £25 to shoot twenty-five pigeons.' He was determined, and we accordingly met at the Red House. To my astonishment he killed twenty-one birds; I killed but twenty. He insisted on paying for them. Lord Kennedy and 'the Squire' chaffed me about losing. I said, 'Can any of you come up to my score?' They averaged about eighteen.

"I was playing a 'B' match* at Lord's ground, when I fell in picking up a ball, and felt certain I had split my shoulder-blade. I

* Some of our young readers may wonder what is meant by this, and we explain, that it was a singular fact eleven men could be found, each of whose name began with B, who were almost invincible.

played on for a time in great agony, and caught one and bowled another. At length Lord Frederic lent me his carriage to take me to my friend Bransby. Lady D——, who was fond of the game of cricket, used to say, 'I always back you, Budd'; and, on my quitting the field, she continued to have faith in the 'B's,' without me, and offered to bet me £5 on them. Next day her ladyship sent me the £5. On arriving at Bransby Cooper's, he made me strip, saying at the same time, no man had ever fractured the blade-bone; he, however, on examination, exclaimed, 'By Jove, you have though.' I need hardly say, he got me well through by the kindest of attention. I must not omit to state that he refused to take a farthing payment.

"When Lady D—— was nearly eighty, she would go down to Dyson's (the horse-dealer): 'Well, John, have you anything will suit me?' Of course he had, and something likely would be ordered out, and the man Tom would at once begin a spicy process of mastication. 'Come, Master Tom,' she would say, 'none of that —— nonsense!' The coarseness and vulgarity pervading society, at least that portion born not very late in the last century, may be judged by the following, which, quite early in this, we heard

related by a man on whose veracity we would have staked our existence. We don't mean that none of that day were free from the degrading indulgence: the man who related this to us, held vulgarity in abhorrence; and it was in condemnation of it, that he referred to the circumstance of his standing in conversation with Lord ——, whose lady was stepping into the high mail-phaeton on the opposite side of a wide and well-frequented street. 'Legs, legs, you ——!" what further the noble (?) lord bawled at the top of his voice, we abstain from giving to ears polite.

"It may have been a species of gambling," said Mr. Budd, "but as no one could be made to lose until his position was such as could afford the loss, and as the gainers must be just those who most needed money, one could hardly reprobate the speculation of former days, called '*backing the governor in.*' By way of illustration, I will give some description of three gentlemen who once entered into an agreement of the kind. Russell was the son of a wealthy man, owner of a considerable tract of coal-mining district; hence his *soubriquet* of 'black diamond.' It used to be told, and I believe it, that at the father's place in the North, they made up sixty visitors beds; and that on

one occasion, when the influx of guests was nearly commensurate with the beds, a hogshead of claret was finished in either one or two days. The Russells, father and son, are gone to their account, or I should hesitate to give their names, though the transaction I am describing is not, according to my notions of propriety, in any way disreputable. J. W—— was an intimate friend of mine (a *fast* friend in every sense of the word). I will tell something of him presently that will fully demonstrate his high sense of honour. P—— was a military officer of equally strict integrity, and his gentlemanly feeling may be learned from one fact told in few words. He lost £2,000 at a gambling table, and, rather than submit to adoption of any paltry subterfuges or evasions, he sold out at once, paid the debt, and went into seclusion. Russell, W——, and P—— would each come into considerable property at the death of his father, and they agreed to 'back the governor in.' I forget whether it was £1,000 or £2,000; but whichever may have been the sum fixed, he who was the first to lose his father, and thus come into possession of funds, should give the specified sum to each of the others. Russell's father dying before many years had elapsed, he came into a large fortune, while

the friends, W—— and P——, were in position to gladly receive the money, which was, of course, handed them.

"I will now tell you the circumstances to which I refer as so confirmatory of Jack W——'s high sense of honour. First, then, more than forty years back, I was playing in a match at Sir John Cope's, at Bramshill Park. During dinner, Jack W—— asked what odds he must bet me, if I played him with one hand. 'Five to one,' said I, and he took me in hundreds. Lord Frederic, who was always for 'black and white,' proposed pen and ink, and the agreement was soon in writing. Sir John had said in the morning, 'Now, mind, all you fellows, except Lord Frederic, Jack W——, and Budd, must take your 'feathers' at the inn, as I can only offer beds to those three.' It was a tremendous great 'rambling' place, and I had no notion of where Lord Frederic was located, till I heard a tapping at my wall. 'Is that you, Lord Frederic?' 'Yes,' said he, 'you've made a capital bet!' I told his lordship he should 'stand in' part if he liked, but he declined, saying it was too good a thing for him to accept a share of it. I knew I could beat him easily: playing with one hand, after all, is nothing. At breakfast next morning, W—— said he had made a

foolish bet. 'That remains to be proved,' said I. He then told me that if he lost he couldn't pay, and the match, of course, fell to the ground. Some time after, W—— was at Boulogne, and I received a letter from a solicitor in Gray's Inn Lane, stating his wish for me to call on him. I did so, and he read me a letter he had received from W——, saying, 'Pay Mr. Budd £50 for a bet I didn't make good.'

"Respecting my large-hearted friend, 'Jack,' is the letter which I recently showed you." This letter, we would explain, was, we think, sent in 1865, when Mr. Budd one day remarked, "I have a letter to show you, that I received a few days since, displaying feeling so noble, that I'm sure you'll enjoy it." Mr. Budd's son had recently been presented with a handsome testimonial of the esteem in which he is held; and in a newspaper account of the meeting for presentation, was the speech of Mr. George Osbaldeston Budd, in returning thanks for the compliment. "Jack W——," as Mr. Budd calls him, seeing the name, at once wrote his old friend to make sure he was addressing the right man, and, on receiving an affirmative reply, he sent a second letter, enclosing £20, which he said he had owed Mr. Budd for as many years; adding expressions of gratifi-

cation, that his octogenarian friend was still spared.

The time the debt had stood was much longer, and was quite forgotten by Mr. Budd, who felt far more pleasure for the friendly feeling, than for the possession of the cash.

"On a Derby day, at Epsom," said Mr. Budd, "I observed a highly-rouged and antiquated dame, watching with eager eye a knot of vagabonds, who were plying their game of 'pea and thimble'" (a game, we presume, few of our readers have failed to see if they have attended race meetings). "The old 'duchess,' taking advantage of the gentlemen of her party for a few minutes leaving the carriage, could not resist the desire to prove she had detected the deposit of the pea under one particular thimble, staked a guinea and lost it, continuing to back her judgment (?) until she had paid five guineas for experience, and then the fellows fought over the spoil. How can we wonder that the weaker vessel should be thus deceived, when even Tommy D——, a most talented member of the House of Commons, was at Epsom tempted to risk guinea after guinea, till he had lost one hundred and fifty at the same vagabond game? I think it was the year that Cedric won the Derby; at all events, I lost £50 upon

the race; and on Lord Derby telling me I ought to have known better, I asked his lordship to give me a hint, that I might have a chance to regain my lost cash. 'Back Colonel,' said he. I took his lordship's advice, and went double or quits, and had the satisfaction to prove his lordship's judgment."

It is wonderful how some men will work an up-hill game, as illustrated in the following, told us by Mr. Budd:—

"I once played billiards with a friend of the name of Cuthbert (the odd game in eleven) for £25. My friend had been abroad for some time, and decidedly improved, though he asserted to the contrary, or I would not have backed myself, having so often played with him before.

"He won the first five games. I considered I was not handsomely treated, and was consequently put on my mettle, and I won the next five, and offered to double the stakes, which he, however, declined; and, winning the next game, I, of course, had the stakes. The match was played at Bedford's subscription table, Pall Mall, the marker at which said it was the most remarkable game he had ever seen.

"Many years since, a laughable tale was in circulation about Lord Alvanley and De Roos. Being

out shooting one day, they agreed that each should carry what the other shot. The former, who was a great wag, shot a donkey; but how the other got out of his bargain I never heard."

Mr. Budd, passing by the Cockpit Royal, thought he would go in. Having paid five shillings, he walked in just as one of the two cocks then fighting fell, apparently dying. A man (watch in hand) counted—if the bird did not, before twenty was counted, rise to renew the contest, it would be decided against him. The other bird was close to him, prepared for attack, when just before twenty would have been counted, the prostrate bird kicked out spasmodically in the agonies of death, and the spur passed through the head of the previously supposed victor, who fell instantly dead.

He was amused at our description of a "John Parsons," often called "Glass legs." We are not bound to call him by his exact name, though in other respects we are, we believe, stating facts. John had from infancy no use of his legs, the bones of which were so fragile, that they were frequently broken; as they were, however, quite useless appendages, he never took the trouble to have them "set." Sometimes both feet pointed forward, at others, one each way, or may be, both

pointing to the rear. John was very fond of sporting (cock-fighting we think); at all events, we know he was fond of shooting, and that he was drawn about the fields in a light gig by a donkey, which we have heard him declare would find a hare and stand like a pointer.

We had to halt in our tale at this point, to hear what Mr. Budd had to say about a pony, but which he could not vouch for. Spavin, the dealer, who had hardly the amount of conscience usually conceded to men of his class, had a pony to sell old Squire Snapshot. Spavin declared the pony would find a hare, and stand it, like John's donkey. Riding to a place where hares abounded, Spavin, who was quick at finding a hare, soon espied one. Knowing that a dig of the spur would instantly bring his steed to a "dead lock," a sharp dig was accordingly given, and an equally sharp pull-up resulted. "A hare somewhere," said Spavin, which being proved, the purchase was at once agreed on. The Squire mounted, to ride to the Hall and pay the money; in going over a bridge, the spur was applied, as the steed hung a bit at a little rise on the bridge, and another halt followed. "What does that mean?" said the Squire, not quite pleased. "He stood a trout, sir," said Spavin; "if I'd a know'd he'd

stand trout, I wouldn't ha' sold un for double the money."

The following about shooting on unpreserved land is, we think, surprising. We give it in Mr. Budd's own words. "Many years since, at my brother's (Captain Hopewell Budd, of Winterbourne), during my partridge-shooting, I killed forty-five hares in succession. The forty-fifth did not answer to the gun; but I said to my son who was with me, 'Keep your eye upon it,' feeling sure I was safe; and on reaching the top of the hill, I said to my brother's shepherd, 'I've missed a hare at last.' 'No you havn't, sir,' said the shepherd, 'for he came and died just by me'—and there laid the hare, bleeding.

"How strange it is that a 'towered' partridge invariably falls on its back! I once saw, in one of the great matches at the Red House, a pigeon 'tower' immediately on the report of the gun. If it had fallen within bounds, it would, of course, have counted as a dead bird; but we watched it, and though a large concourse of spectators were present, the upward flight of the bird was so extraordinary, that it became invisible to all."

We were called upon to halt at the preceding page, and now resume our short narrative of poor Parsons, some years since gone the way of all parsons.

John had a brother paying his addresses to a lady, the road to whose residence passed our door. The brother (Mr. Dropmore Parsons) was approaching the spot on which we were standing, when we saw him fall, from the gig in which he was seated making rather a sharp turn. Overpowered by love or some other feeling, which had apparently rendered him oblivious, he came with a heavy drop on the hard road. We forget what followed, beyond the fact that not long after, he was laid to rest in the churchyard of the quiet village, where John mourned (?) the brother's loss. The parish clerk waited on John one fine day, when the following interesting dialogue occurred:—

Clerk. Well, maister Jaughn, poor maister Dropmore's dead!

John. Deadish.

Clerk. Spose you'll put en up a tumstwon?

John. Oh, to be sure.

Clerk. What'll ee put pon en, maister Jaughn?

John. Well—Here lies Dropmore Parsons, aged twenty-eight.

Clerk. Ees, maister Jaughn, but wun't ee put a hepitaph, sich as a vess, or zummut?

John. Yes, clerk, put an epitaph—put anything you like, so long as you don't put *resurgam.*

We don't for a moment say John did not love his brother, and he might have another love. They had both been left with pretty little independent fortunes; but we could never hear that John's had increased in any way, until the death of his brother left all his fortune to "Glass legs." Having disposed of poor Dropmore, the conversation reverted to the pointer donkey, and a favourite subject with us was discussed. We hold an opinion, it may be thought an extreme one, perhaps an absurd one, that dogs and other animals are not guided altogether by sight, scent, or hearing, in the many astounding things we observe in them—in dogs especially, because we make them so much our companions. We have for many years made the habits of animals our especial study, and had prepared many sheets upon the instinct we have watched in them. We, however, find that our pages will not admit of our entering on them, or we should have given numerous interesting particulars about the dog, horse, cat, rat, and racoon. In birds, we have had constant opportunity of closely watching the strange instincts of the raven, magpie, daw, and jay, which, in a semi-domesticated state, though roving at large, we have owned. Many anecdotes of them we have

supplied, from time to time, to the Rev. F. O. Morris, for some of his charming works on Natural History, and as we have in our rough notes ground-work for more material than we can compress in this volume, we hope some day to send forth a companion to "Sportascrapiana."

Many persons in Swindon will remember a very clever bitch called "Vandyke." This wonderful animal was, we believe, a cross between a beagle and a spaniel. We have been told to throw a penny piece as far as we could into a field of standing corn, and that she would fetch it; but, anxious to save Her Majesty's bust and our own pocket, we picked up a stone the size of a pigeon's egg, and threw it some fifty yards into the corn-field. We are not speaking of a single experiment of the kind, but from numerous trials, ranging over a considerable period—the result being with seldom a failure. Sometimes we would make pretence of throwing in one direction, and, on Van darting towards it, the stone would be thrown another way; but, nevertheless, the sagacious creature would very quickly come buoyantly bounding back with the stone in her mouth. Van used to bring stones and lay in heaps at our door, in hopes of having them thrown for her to fetch. In warm weather, if our door was open,

she would sometimes walk in and drop a great stone on the floor—one would hardly have thought it possible she could have managed it; all the household knew the sound, and the ladies made no complaint, as it was their favourite—Van. Woe betide any other dog taking such a liberty! Van took great delight in fetching her master's slippers from the cupboard; and in order to save a second journey, she used to push one slipper into the other.

One evening he had gone to his friend English's at the bank, to play a rubber. Van would find her master, be wherever he may, and made her appearance at the bank on the night in question. Mr. English had a wish to see if she would fetch *his* slippers. At the bidding of her master she bolted into the kitchen, and, to the amusement of all, she came clattering in with the boot-jack, as probably the nearest akin she could find. English was a highly-educated man, of quiet, gentlemanly character; though young, he was sometimes called *old* English, and we heard a friend once ask, "Where is 'German-text'?" by which he was often after familiarly called.

When we told Mr. Budd, he remarked, "I believe it all, as you say you know it to be correct; but fetching the stone is truly marvellous." He then

said, "I dare say you remember my dog Porter, which I had so many years. The way I came by him was this. A man named Douglas had a wonderful bitch, which, when her master was one day out shooting, brought his watch and laid at his feet. Douglas was not certain where he had lost the watch, but imagined it must have been pulled from his pocket in getting through a hedge some distance back." I told Douglas I must have a pup from the first litter."

In training Porter, we remember to have heard him say, he used to keep a stick dropped into a staple in an outer wall, and the dog would fetch it when told, but not otherwise. One day Porter had followed his master indoors and received orders to fetch the stick. It so happened that some one had removed it, and the dog (*à la Vandyke*), thinking he must not come empty-*mouthed*, lugged in the double barrelled gun which had been left outside.

"When the Regent's Park was pasture-land, and had on it but one house, Willan, the occupant of this single house," said Mr. Budd, "kept his thousand cows there. I happened to be in the hay-field with a friend named Powell, son of the Equerry to the Duke of Sussex; Powell, speaking of the wonderful sagacity of a retriever he had

with him, said that I might hide his (Powell's) glove anywhere in the field, and the dog would find it. The owner held the dog's head pointed away from the direction I took. I pushed the glove right under a large summer-rick; but the dog on being released quickly found it."

We remember a clever dog, Charlie, at the Swindon post-office. He used to bark a signal to his master, as each country messenger turned the corner toward the office in the morning. We lived a quarter of a mile out of the town, and Charlie, who was a great friend of ours, greeted us *six days in the week* with a wag of the tail only—on those days the country messenger had to deliver our letters. On Sundays we had to fetch them, and our approach was invariably announced to the postmaster by a sharp barking from our friend Charlie.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD EGREMONT AND MR. BUDD—PLUCKING *v.* SHAVING—FREAK OF THE REGENT—LAWYER AND SWEEP—PURCHASE OF LORD'S GROUND—WARD AND BUDD—A PERIWINKLE DINNER—BEATING A BULLY—A "CROSS-BUTTOCK"—JACK RANDALL—CRIBB AND BELCHER—GULLY AND GREGSON—GULLY AND "THE CHICKEN"—GULLY AND THREE EVENTS—A PARSON'S DOUBLES—OLD MEN'S TALES—"YOUNG HERCULES"—WRESTLING "FOR LOVE"—"GAS AND POPE"—LESSON FOR POPE—POPE AND PARSONS—SPRING AND NEATE—HOLIDAYS AT THE WAR OFFICE—FITZWILLIAM—"THE SQUIRE" AND LORD MILTON—A MAN-TRAP—"PULL ON MONDAY"—CARTRIDGES "BALLING"—NO SUPERSTITION—CRICKET BALL ONE HUNDRED YARDS—SMALL, BALL-MAKER—"LONG HIT" FOR LADY B——"MISSING A CATCH"—EDWARD ROSS AND "RIFLES FOR THE ARMY"——BUDD'S ENDURANCE—————THEROE FAMILY—HINT TO MAGISTRATES—THE COLONEL AND THE "MIDDY"—TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE MILES IN THREE DAYS BY A PONY—OSBALDESTON'S SHAMROCK—MASON AND OLLIVER—TROT *v.* GALLOP—A JUMP, CARRYING THIRTY-NINE STONE—VAGARIES OF SHOT—GLADSTONE PROPHECY.

AMONG other papers of Mr. Budd's, we find a letter in the fine bold hand of the late Lord Egremont, dated 1824, addressed to Jenner, the landlord of the inn at Petworth: "If you are sure Mr. Budd will play, I will give you a buck." The play referred to, was a match between Sussex (with Mr. Budd given) and Surrey (with Mr. Ward given). The match came off, and the buck was presented, as stated by the landlord, on the

fly-leaf of the circular, which was "franked" to Mr. Budd by Lord Egremont. The frank is before us as we record this, to show how desirous persons were to have opportunity of witnessing Mr. Budd's play. Mr. Budd describes his lordship in a very flattering manner, and as behaving with most courteous kindness.

A very curious circumstance respecting Lord Egremont has been told us by a solicitor well-known about Swindon. His lordship's solicitor, Mr. Slater, used to reside in the family mansion, and his articled clerk, Latt, with him. His lordship, though having always a clean chin, used to avoid the bore of shaving by plucking his beard. We have heard Mr. Latt say, that he has often seen his lordship, while engaged in conversation, pull out a pair of tweezers, and employ himself plucking the hairs from his face. When the Prince Regent was on a visit to Lord Egremont, His Royal Highness and another visitor found an ass's foal in the park, and positively carried the little animal upstairs, and put it into the bed of another of their party, who had retired early, and slept soundly. We heard a gentleman recently tell how old Parson Glover one day, at a Purton cricket-dinner, proposed a toast—"The man who played cricket with the sweep." This naturally

led to a demand for explanation, when it transpired that a gentleman present, little known to most of the guests, was aware of the following circumstances: Lord Egremont going into the office, asked old Slater if he knew where Latt was, and being answered in the negative, said, "Why, he's out in the park playing cricket with the chimney-sweep." His friends who read this will readily believe it, aware of his love for the noble game; in fact, Mr. Latt enjoyed the anecdote, and many who used to meet his cheery smile at Purton or Lansdowne, have heard him laugh over it.

One of Mr. Budd's reminiscences of Lord's ground is the following: "It was reported that the ground was for sale, and Mr. Ward remarked to Lord, 'It's said you are going to sell us.' Lord said he would dispose of the ground if he could get his price. 'What is your price?' said Ward; and having the reply, £5,000, Mr. Ward said, 'Give me pen and ink.' A cheque was at once drawn for the amount, and the purchase was thought a good investment. 'I have heard,' said Mr. Budd, 'that he settled it on his sisters.'" Mr. Ward, who was a Bank of England director, was highly esteemed by City men, as indeed he was by a wide circle of acquaintances, and was also a great man in the

cricket world. He often used to back Mr. Budd thus: according to who was bowling against Mr. Budd, Mr. Ward would give £20 to £25 to any one who would give him £1 for every run scored by Mr. Budd at the one innings, knowing that he was making a pretty safe thing, Mr. Budd's average being twenty-nine in all the great matches. We remember well an amusing tale of his being at Lord's ground playing a match, which we give in his own words: "A great fellow was there, a City merchant, and he bet me five guineas I did not get him out in twenty balls, and he subsequently denied having made the bet, saying, 'It's a lie, and you are no gentleman.' 'Say that again, and I'll knock you down.' He did what I asked, and I did what I had promised. Lord Frederic Beauclerc said it served him right; but Barton, a lawyer, came up, saying, 'For ——'s sake, Budd, stop; he's a tremendous rich man, and will take the law of you.' 'I don't care,' said I; 'no man shall say that with impunity.' Several friends then began excuses for his infirmity of temper, and at last it was hushed up on my undertaking to provide a fish dinner and wine for the party, at King's Hotel, adjoining Lord's.

I sent to Bilingsgate for a peck of periwinkles. I got splendid silver covers from Bott, one of

the King's pages, who lived near, and a gallon of *British* wine, from Dales, in the Haymarket; and thus, on the appointed day, after a game of cricket, a dinner of periwinkles only was served. Before the covers were removed, the guests wondered why a large pin was laid for each man at table. The offended individual was the more irate by my thus (as he said) adding insult to injury; and pleaded that as I had not performed my contract, he would bring his action after all, if it cost him £1,000. Two of the party (Bartons) were lawyers, and I gave them a shilling each to take the risk, and there the affair ended. Long after this I was playing in a match, and my periwinkle friend was on the ground; thinking, perhaps, I did not know him, he asked me to give him a ball. I did so, and with a jerk sent one in like lightning, that took his hand with force quite equal to the former blow I had given him. I saw the blood running, but did not see that he wanted any more of it."

A gentleman who witnessed the circumstance, told us that he saw Mr. Budd once, with black silk stockings, and all the appearance of full dress, standing in a wheel-barrow, telling a great powerful fellow, who considered himself quite a fighting man, that he had been grossly miscon-

ducting himself. The man, it seems, was a carpenter at work for Mr. Budd, to whom "Chips" said, "Come out of my barrow, you ——," using a word that Mr. Budd holds in mortal abhorrence. Mr. Budd having just donned his "pumps" in anticipation of some friends coming to dine with him, to avoid standing on the cold ground for a parley, he stepped into the barrow; his mettle was up, and words were nearly at an end, when Mr. Budd in a moment was on *terra firma*, and with a blow that, though almost too quick to be seen, was indisputably felt, "Chips" was as quickly on his back; he, however, scarcely comprehending tactics so at variance with his provincial notions of attack and defence, ventured to jump up and put himself in what he thought attitude; but his opponent thought him just a pleasant lump to hit at, and down he went again. Much as he was urged to stand up and try his "'prentice hand" again, nothing could induce him to forsake the six feet of mother earth on which he laid, amply satisfied that he had "caught a Tartar." Telling Mr. Budd what we had heard, he said the description was near about what had transpired, and that the origin of the matter was, that one day he met with Messrs. Thomas and Oliver Codrington (the former the incumbent of the

parish), and one of the two said he was sure if Mr. Budd had been a minute earlier, he would have given "Chips" a good "licking," for the scandalous abuse he had heaped upon them. Having heard a thorough explanation, Mr. Budd said he perhaps should get a chance of paying "Chips" off before long; and such proved to be the case; for Mrs. "Chips" came shortly after, and told Mr. Budd that her husband had knocked her down, and, while down, had brutally kicked her. This having transpired on Mr. Budd's premises, he lost no time in reaching the scene of action which we have already described.

Mr. Budd, being so often at Jackson's rooms in Bond Street, and fond of the art there taught, used to often accede to Jackson's request that he would put on the gloves. One day in presence of the Turkish Ambassador, Mr. Budd was asked to "set to" with a Mr. Matthews, a gentleman of Cambridge, the best swimmer in England. Matthews so far forgot himself, as to "close" with Mr. Budd, a thing unexpected with the gloves; but for his indulgence in so novel a proceeding, Mr. Budd gave him a "cross-buttock," throwing him not very gently under the grate. The friend who gives us much of this information, has often been present when Jackson has asked Mr. Budd

to show his arm; and it was evident on one occasion that his acceding to Jackson's request, arose from no vanity in the display, seeing that when Jackson asked why he always bared the left arm, when in nearly all right-handed men the right arm was the best, Mr. Budd replied that it was "the least trouble."

Jack Randall was introduced to the room for the first time by General B——n, who, stating that the young fellow he had brought would like to "set to," asked Mr. Budd if he would mind putting on the gloves. Ready as usual, he consented, and the General expressed his wish that Mr. Budd would not be hard upon him, as he was a young hand. Mr. Budd had always many friends there, and one of them came to him, saying he had heard the General say to Randall, "Do your best." Having been told this, Mr. Budd simply remarked, "Very well, we shall see." The first round, Randall measured his length on the floor.

In conversation on the subject of the "P. R," the fight between Tom Cribb and Jem Belcher was discussed. Cribb had remarked before the fight, "You'll see that my head will break his hands to pieces." Cribb's head was frightfully disfigured, and 20 to 1 was being bet on Belcher,

when Jackson, feeling the fight was over, and that Belcher was the victor, said, "Gentlemen, keep your seats, there will be another fight directly." Cribb's calculation was soon shown to be correct, for in a few minutes, Belcher, apparrently otherwise unhurt, walked round the ring showing his knuckles driven up!

We name this to show the bull-dog courage of the lower orders of that period. It was told us by a gentleman who was present, and who also saw Gully fight Gregson in Sir John Sebright's park, in 1808. Sir John had told Jackson that if they could not get the fight off anywhere else, he would let them fight in his park, and they did so. We had forgotten the name of the park, and wrote to Mr. Tharp for the information; with his customary politeness, that gentleman wrote us, "Beechwood, Herts.," adding, "I was coming from school, about 1806 or 1807, and, passing six-mile bottom, about six miles from Newmarket, saw from the top of the coach, the fight of Gully and Gregson. When Gully fought 'the Chicken,' he was taken out of prison * for the purpose, and a brother of Sam Barnard, the jockey, held a plate at the 'One Tun,' in Jermyn Street, to collect money

* Mr. Budd says, "The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., joined Henry Mellish in providing funds to pay the debt for which he was confined."

for a pair of breeches and silk stockings to fight in. I have a frank of his, as M.P. for Pontefract. When he was a boy, his first place was 1s. 6d. per week to brush the flies off the meat, and sweep the sawdust out of a butcher's shop. I have a beautiful proof-engraving of Gully, and so like what he was. My father and Gully were in make as like as two peas; but my father was much the handsomer of the two. My father ran forty-two miles in six hours. Some time after that, he carried a man, weighing eleven stone, a mile in thirteen minutes. He was then a captain in the Blues."

Mr. Budd relates a circumstance that we remember to have heard before, respecting Mr. Gully. He had offered to take long odds to a heavy amount against two events—like Mr. Budd, we have forgotten what they were; but, like him also, we remember that the other party said, if Gully would make it three events instead of two, he would bet him. Gully asked his friend to name the third contingency, and having in reply that he would be a member of the next Parliament, the bet was duly made, and Mr. Gully bought the borough of Pontefract (for £4,000, we believe), and won the wager. We hear of strange wagers at times. Four years since a clergyman said to Mr.

Budd, "I have a dozen ewes, and I'll bet you they bring a dozen doubles." He said afterwards, "Budd, I should have won if we had bet." "I'll bet you a guinea you wouldn't," replied Budd, who probably had heard the fact that ten of them brought doubles, one brought three, and another one. The same gentleman since bet half-a-crown with Mr. Bovington, that his, the parson's, eight ewes brought eight doubles; but he decidedly lost, as six brought doubles, one brought three, and one brought only one.

Good keep has much to do with this, still more their being kept in a quiet place without being worried by a dog. Good evidence of this fact is in Mr. Budd's little flock, never "folded," noted for doubles; while close at hand is a flock which, regularly folded, have, of course, the worry of a dog: though excellent keep, the doubles are "like angel's visits."

Returning to the branch of sport (?) in which the member for Pontefract was once famous, we would observe that our local press, some time since rang with a flourishing account of an old gentleman as having been made the hero of the day, at an Odd Fellows' dinner, through a statement gone forth that he had once "set-to" with the Prince of Wales, and had "pretty smartly tapped the royal claret."

We met the old gentleman a few days after the dinner in question, and, observing that he still bore evident signs that he must have been once a formidable antagonist, we had the history, chapter and verse—how the Prince and Lord Yarmouth came into the room where he, Taleton, was taking his benefit, as member of the "boxing club" then held; we forget in what part of London it was. Old Taleton, though he would then accept the proceeds of a benefit-night, is now, in old age, a man of considerable property, and much beloved by his neighbours. It was a long "yarn," and told as oft-told tales generally are, with great precision. We related it to Mr. Budd at our next interview, and he unhesitatingly said, "You may depend upon it such a thing never occurred." He gave good reasons for his assertion, and we, determined to test its accuracy, waited on Taleton—we producing writing materials, and telling him our errand, and found him evidently "hang fire" at "black and white." At length he began by explaining how Mendoza showed the Prince into a room for him to strip. We quote Taleton's own words, "When the Prince came into the room, stripped and ready for action, I thought to myself, You are a fine young fellow any how. And he was too," said Taleton, "as

fine a man as I ever saw in my life; he was nearly, or quite, six feet high, and stout in proportion. Lord Yarmouth was taller, but very thin."

To cut a long story short, we may remark that the question was put, "What was the year in which this occurred?" "About 1804 or 1805!" "And what age did the Prince appear to be?" In reply to this, Taleton said he should think about twenty-four. "Stop, Mr. Taleton," said we, "the Prince was born in 1762 and, therefore, in 1804, would be forty-two. How do you reconcile that?" "May be," said the old gentleman, "it wasn't the Prince; but they told me it was." We look with grave suspicion upon many a long yarn, but, having taken much pains to investigate what has fallen from Mr. Budd, we relate his anecdotes with implicit confidence.

Mr. Budd being such an adept with the gloves, it was but natural we should ask him if he could wrestle, on which he said, "My friend Barton once said to me, 'There is a man in M'Douall's establishment, they call "young Hercules," who says he will wrestle any man.' I was young and strong, and though I had never seen any wrestling, and, of course, never practised it, I said I would give him a turn for £5; and a meet-

ing was arranged, to come off at King's Hotel, close to Lord's cricket ground—plain board floor. The man rushed at me, and caught me round the waist, hugging me tremendously, perhaps to frighten me. I told him to let me go, or I'd 'punch' his head; he freed me, and we began. I threw him on his back, and claimed the money; but he declared it was two out of three 'falls.' I said there was no such agreement; we, however, 'set to' again with similar results, and I had the money. I then said I would give him another turn 'for love,' as it is called. I was about to give him a 'cross-buttock,' when, as I had one leg off ground, he cunningly gave the other a kick, and threw me heavily, cutting my head."

Though we must admit a predilection for the gloves in days long past, and then not altogether averse to witness a scientific "set-to" without them, we felt unmitigated disgust at wrestling where kicking was allowed; we have, however, forty or fifty years back, witnessed the miscalled sport, and take this opportunity to relate what came once under our notice. On one occasion, "Jem ——," was perhaps the finest man we ever saw strip—we have seen him both fight and wrestle; he stood upwards of six feet in height, and though not at all corpulent, weighed sixteen stone. We have

known him perform wonderful feats in jumping, when equipped for a day's mowing, having at the time his scythe on his shoulder, and his wooden bottle of beer slung at his side. Not being quite certain about particulars, we go no farther than to say, he could accomplish in that way what at that time was thought wonderful. Jem was on one occasion wrestling for a prize, and some dispute arising, which the umpires (possibly afraid of Jem) were unable to decide, they appealed to Mr. ——, who had for many years retired from the "stage"—one great reason being that few could be found to contend with him; and, having abandoned what brought him too much in contact with men of questionable character, he had settled down into quiet respectability. He would, however, sometimes be a looker-on at what he used to take the lead in; and in the instance in question, he was appealed to for an opinion, which in a very mild, conciliatory manner, he gave adverse to great "Jem," who at once, with coarse oaths, said, he should like to have a turn with the retired veteran, who without any consideration said, "Well, Jem, if you are so anxious to have a turn with me, you shall be indulged in your fancy." We were thunderstruck at a respectable man like Mr. —— ascending the stage as an actor.

The opponent Jem had sought, was about his own height, well grown, but of more wiry form, and as we all thought, a little past his prime. He very quietly stripped to the waist, and then put on a short fustian jacket; each took his grip of the fustian, and the crowd in anxiety anticipated a prolonged struggle. Nothing of the sort occurred, for Jem, without waiting a moment, gave a savage kick, which was dexterously evaded, when with lightning rapidity, his opponent's shoe took Jem's inner ankle, simultaneously with the hand on the upper part of the body, and Jem's toes were instantly in the air. Jem, thunderstruck, hazarded an opinion that it would never occur again. Some five or six times the contest was renewed, with precisely similar results; when Jem said, "I tell you what 'tis, Mr. ——, I don't know nothin' about wrostlin'."

We were never partial to that brutality which, about the period of Jem's "fall," was so much practised, viz., single-stick. A tall, well-made man (Maurice Pope) used to "go in" for wrestling, single-stick, and the P.R.—in the latter his length, and "killing" form of hitting straight from the shoulder, left him champion of Wiltshire; but we saw him once fully convinced of his vincibility. "Young Gas," one of the London ring,

was brought into the country, seconded by "Josh" Hudson; he in a few rounds satisfied Maurice that brute force was of little avail against science. The defeat with the fist was, however, far less galling to him than one we saw him subjected to with the stick. He was playing (?) for a prize, when it came to the turn of a gipsy to encounter him. The swarthy antagonist was an active, clean-built fellow, but not quite arrived at manhood; at all events, too young to cope with Maurice, who, taking advantage of superior strength, regularly whipped the poor fellow round the stage, and at length drew blood. The renowned Simon Stone was also in the course of the day opposed to Maurice. "Now, Maurice," said Stone, "you have used that poor boy shamefully, and I'll make you smart for it." A shout of delight rent the air. Maurice had on a pair of drab small-clothes, of rather loose fit. We are ignorant of the rules now, though we have had many a hat beaten-in at the fun in former days; but we think there is some change as to the then-existing rule, that though you may twice in succession take a swinging or cutting hit, the third must have a turn of the wrist in accordance with the rule. After two slashing cuts at Maurice's thighs, with a pleasing change sometimes to his elbow-joint, Simon would,

at the third, make a mere feint at the head, though Maurice would have much preferred it had been given in earnest. The small-clothes at length began to fit much better; how the arms fared we could not see. Maurice literally writhed under the flagellation, and continually entreated Simon to drop his proceeding. Simon for a long time made no response further than, "I've not done with you yet." The fit of the inexpressibles having after a time arrived at the pitch which Stone had possibly determined on, he said, "And now, Maurice, having given you a pretty good lesson, I'll break your head"; and he accordingly did so. Maurice was subsequently transported for participation in the machine-breaking riots; but whatever sympathy we may have felt for those who, by designing men, had in their simplicity been instigated to acts which they have long since learned were suicidal, even had they been nothing worse, we could feel none for Maurice, as not only did we see his cruel treatment of the gipsy youth, who he might have quickly defeated by drawing blood from the head, as he did when he had whipped his victim to his heart's content, but we had seen him commit another act of equal ruffianism, and have never been able to suppress a feeling that he deserved all we have known him

get. We saw him fight "Santy" Parsons, the Bristol champion, in the same ring as Spring and Neate fought. Richmond, the black (if we remember correctly, at all events it was a black, and he came with the London members of the P.R.) seconded him. The two men shook hands, and the moment Parsons had relaxed his hold, Maurice struck him a terrific blow under the ear, raising a very considerable lump, and poor Parsons, "all abroad," had not the shadow of a chance during the short time he manfully contended.

We have often heard that Neate sold the fight with Spring, but we well recollect that though they sparred without attempting a blow for (we think) eight minutes and a-half, Neate afterwards hit out with terrific force, and, skirting Spring's ribs, the blow produced a lump as big as a hen's-egg. That Neate broke his arm in the last round is an indisputable fact. An intimate friend of ours (a surgeon) attended him on the ground and explained all to us. Thousands believed the battle "sold." We can positively assert it was fairly won by Spring.

Having wandered from the mark, we return to Mr. Budd and his friends, hoping the reader will pardon the digression.

We have heard it remarked of Mr. Budd that he must have had very powerful interest to have been able to get away from his duties at the War Office to practise, and also take part in so many shooting and cricket matches as he did, independent of the annual vacations, which he used to spend at Osbaldeston's and other such enviable localities. Our asking how this was, elicited as follows: "When I applied for the customary holidays, I have been reminded of the undeniable fact of my frequent absences from duty; but I argued the time was not granted to me: 'Your friends wanted me, and asked as a special privilege to themselves my leave of absence—the favours were not accorded to me.'" A friend informs us that he has often seen the curricle, at other times the four-in-hand "canary," of "the Squire," driven up to the Horse Guards at four o'clock, to take Mr. Budd off to dine with the owner of the "drag," or to be off to some amusement or sport.

Speaking of princely establishments, Mr. Budd told us "the Squire's" mother used to say that Earl Fitzwilliam's seat, called Fitzwilliam, where she was in the habit of visiting, was a wonderful place. They made up an apparently fabulous number of beds: Mr. Budd feared to say the

number, but he remembered one assertion by Mrs. Osbaldeston was, that the greatest drawback to the visit was that when ringing for her maid, the time occupied in attending to the bell made it seem quite a journey from the chamber of the domestic.

At the great election contest between Lord Milton (the eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam) and Lord Lascelles, for Yorkshire, when the polling lasted fourteen days, costing one of them £97,000, and the other £105,000, "the Squire" daily headed one hundred voters to the poll for Lord Milton, which may account for his success. This Mr. Budd states he had from "the Squire's" mother, who was daughter of Sir John Head.

It would have been more in place to have named in an earlier page—but "better late than never" —a man caught in a pitfall made for rabbits. It consisted of a deep pit sunk in the ground, roofed in, and secured, so that when the rabbits were caught, no one should be able to get in and steal them. The apertures for ingress of the rabbits would be baited with greens, when a quantity of rabbits were required; and sometimes from fifty to a hundred would be in the pit in one night. "One morning," said Mr. Budd, "Pateman, the keeper, came to the hall to inform 'the Squire' there was

a man caught in the pitfall, on opening which we found the prisoner was Pateman's brother-in-law, a schoolmaster."

Among other papers handed us by Mr. Budd, is one written in a dashing, bold, manly hand:—

"Dear Osbaldeston,

"We said nothing about the day of the match this morning.

"If you are ready,

PULL ON MONDAY

KENNEDY."

The last line is in very large characters, with a heavy dash under the first and last words, the signature immense, and beneath it a grotesque pen-and-ink sketch of pigeon-shooters, string in hand, under the sketch "pull."

The match in question was in 1826, and a gentleman who was present writes us that Captain Ross was there, and that it was the first pigeon match the Captain had ever seen. Further, that he heard him say he would very soon beat both Lord Kennedy and "the Squire"—and he did so. During this match, Lord Kennedy killed twenty-five pigeons consecutively, and Mr. Budd, observing that though they fell, and were reckoned as dead birds, each one began running about the

ground, cooing, "What the deuce are you up to?" said he to his lordship, and in reply had, "Hold your tongue, you are an enemy!" The wind shifted just then, and he missed four or five in succession; it then occurred to Mr. Budd that Lord Kennedy was using "dust-shot."

This has just brought to mind a circumstance related by Mr. Budd about the way in which, in those days, Eley's cartridges would "ball," though the defect was eventually remedied. His own words were: "On one occasion, at the Red House, Mr. Delmè Radcliffe, who was a member of the club, was shooting at a pigeon match; the cartridge actually severed both wings from the body, and the bird fell in three distinct pieces." We need hardly say the gentleman in question was a good shot.

Never at any other time, perhaps, did Mr. Budd cut so sorry a figure as the following describes. The subject of the parish church restoration was one day mentioned, when he observed, "Yes, by jingo, I was shooting at Ogbourne" (some miles off) "on that day, and, missing several birds, I was unable, for some time, to account for so unusual a circumstance, when it occurred to me, that as there was a bazaar at the opening of the church recently restored, although I had

previously paid to it my fair proportion, I ought to have remained at home, assisting in raising 'the sinews of war,' for the church of which I am an unworthy member. Though I am not superstitious, I have often thought it singular, that one Sunday, some years back, Norman Wentworth and Brown being here, we were foolish enough (if we call it nothing worse) to go fishing in the pond by my garden. I had on many former occasions caught fish there, and then caught many of decent size; but from that day, bait with what I may, it was as fruitless as to attempt to 'call spirits from the vasty deep.'"

When this conversation occurred, there arose another, about throwing a cricket-ball. We often hear and read of men throwing a ball a hundred yards, and sometimes considerably over, but inquiry goes only to prove Mr. Budd correct in saying, "You should always ask if it was thrown both ways." Comparatively few men can throw the hundred yards both ways, even in summer, when the muscles are thought to be in better condition than in winter. "A few days before Christmas, more than forty years back," said Mr. Budd, "I received a letter from the celebrated Captain Barclay, begging me to produce a man to throw a cricket-ball, of the usual weight, one

hundred yards, he having made a bet of 100 guineas with Lord Kennedy that he would find a man to do it. Though the notice was short, I found a man who *had done it in summer*; but on the 24th of December, the snow being on the ground, and a windy day, the man could only reach ninety-seven yards, with the wind, and he did not attempt to throw the ball back. It is usual in such a match to throw both ways. The renowned Mr. Jackson, and the equally noted Mr. Tattersall, of Hyde Park Corner, were umpires. The man had on several occasions thrown the distance in the summer, and, naturally, was astonished he could not in the winter.

"The ball I produced for the match, was one of the last six ever made by the celebrated Small, then about eighty years old. The use of such ball was in favour of Captain Barclay, so far as my judgment goes. The peculiarity of the balls made by Small was, that after heavy rain, when the ball had dried, it assumed its correct weight, and had all its thorough-bred appearance."

While discussing this subject, Mr. Budd stated that once in playing a match at Goodwood, Brown, the fast bowler, threw a cricket-ball one hundred and thirty-two yards, in presence of the grandfather of the present Duke of Richmond; but he

had a strong wind blowing in the direction he threw, and he made no attempt at throwing back.

We had often heard of a young farmer of this neighbourhood throwing a hundred yards, and, knowing him to be just the lithe, wiry, and powerful fellow to do it, we made a point of seeing him on the subject. At running, jumping, and cricket he is "A 1." He unhesitatingly said, "I can throw a cricket-ball a hundred yards one way, but not back again; and, what is more, though I have *heard* men treat the feat very lightly, I have not *seen* them 'rub my marks out.'"

"One day at a cricket match in Lord Bathurst's Park, at Cirencester," we have heard a thoroughly-reliable person say, "Lady Bathurst expressed a desire to see one of Mr. Budd's 'long hits.' Mr. Budd requested a friend to give him a 'half-volley,' a sort of ball best calculated for hitting a long distance. It seemed as though he had concentrated his whole strength and energy in the display before her ladyship, for he hit the ball over an immensely high tree, at such a distance as most men would think it great things to send the ball to. The sending it over the tree, it may then be imagined, drew a burst of acclamation. There is little doubt that somewhat of vanity pervades us all, and that void of it as our friend

really is, a desire to "out-Herod Herod" in this instance, nerved him to exhibit before her ladyship what may have been to him barely practicable under ordinary circumstances. We believe that a certain degree of pride is a great element of success.

"I never saw safer hands at a catch!" it will be seen,* is Mr. Pycroft's expression respecting Mr. Budd, who, when it was quoted to him, said, "I was once bowling in a match at Hungerford, when the intense heat of a broiling sun created in me a wish for something to drink; and, on expressing my desire, one of the other party came to me with a strong glass of brandy and water, which I tossed off in a hurry. The effect was such that, to use a common expression, I felt as though one might 'knock me down with a feather.' I went on bowling. The very first ball I gave was hit toward me, a very easy catch, which I missed. Clarke, a paid player, who was umpire, immediately said, 'I have seen Mr. Budd play in nearly all the great matches for the last twenty years, and never saw him miss a catch before.' We, however, lost nothing by it, as I got the man out before another run had been added to the score."

* Page 253.

"It shows how much there is in breed," said Mr. Budd, on hearing the following from a friend: "How gratifying to your old friend Ross, that his son Edward has just now (March, 1867) been chosen by the War Office to be on a committee of five, who are to select the future rifle to supply the British army. I believe it is the first time a civilian has been asked to undertake such a duty. He is eminently qualified for the post; and being entrusted with such a duty at so early an age, is proof of confidence in his good sense and judgment, for at this period there is hardly any question of greater importance than finding the best rifle for our troops."

On one occasion, when a pigeon-match was being shot at the Red House, Lord Anson said, "Budd, I'll bet you a pony (£25) that Ross kills twenty birds." "Notwithstanding the wonderful confidence we all had in our old friend, it will easily be credited," observed Mr. Budd, "that I adhered to my custom, which was to back the bird. I had to pay his lordship the money, Ross killing twenty out of twenty-one."

As an instance of Mr. Budd's powers of endurance, it may be stated that he played one season, in London and other places, in great matches, six days each week during five consecutive weeks,

except that he missed on a Friday during one of the five weeks.

It is a somewhat strange departure from the thread of our present kind of anecdote, to name that on one occasion, as Mr. Budd was returning from a match at Lansdowne, the subject of large families was being discussed, when his friend ——theroe remarked, "My father can say what few men can—he has a wife and eleven children under ground, and a wife and eleven children above ground."

A lesson to magistrates is told in the following, related by Mr. Budd: "A friend of mine, named ——sholm, of ——sholm, a man of large fortune, was staying at the Blenheim Coffee-house, in London, and being terribly smitten with a pretty dressmaker opposite, was so foolish as to get in through her window. I believe her brother came to the rescue, and was struck by ——sholm, who, being given into custody, was taken before a magistrate. The offender immediately produced his cheque-book, and volunteered the payment of any fine the magistrate might inflict for the indiscretion, which he frankly admitted was unpardonable. 'No, I'm not going to let you off with a mere fine; I shall commit you to Cold Bath Fields' prison for two months,' said the

stern administrator of justice. The high-sounding name, the vast riches, had no weight with the London magistrate. The gentleman of fortune with his 'prison crop,' was not debarred the comfort of having his stud each morning paraded past the prison, to see that their condition was not lowered, though the master's might be."

Old Colonel ——, living near the Regent's Park, fifty years since, had some white bull-dogs, which he was always glad to show any gentleman who felt an interest in such animals. A midshipman (aged, perhaps, eighteen) requested permission to see them, and a pretty domestic was instructed to show young "Easy" to the kennel. It seemed, however, that the youngster's admiration took a turn the old gentleman did not approve, and however surprising it may seem that a middy should take so strange a freak into his head, he gave the maiden a kiss, and the old Colonel, being an unseen witness to the delinquency, in a violent rage used language so unorthodox, that a naval officer could not submit to; and, notwithstanding the disparity of age, a hostile meeting was the result.

"I happened," said Mr. Budd, "to have somewhere been introduced to the youngster, who, notwithstanding our very slight acquaintance, came to me, stating that neither he nor his friend had

pistols, and entreated me to supply the want. I posted off immediately to Ross, who placed his at my disposal, 'and,' said he, 'if the lad will only attend to the instructions I give, I'll bet you a hundred he hits his man.' I had told Ross that the young fellow had never fired a duelling pistol in his life. He, however, gave me very simple instructions, which I duly imparted to the young officer, and sure enough he lodged his ball in the groin of the old Colonel, who died from the wound: he admitted that it served him right, 'for,' said he, 'I ought to have apologized, but I could not bring my mind to do so, with a man so much younger than myself.'"

In conversation recently with a military officer and Mr. Budd, the letter of a "Colonel H.M. Bengal Retired List,"* was canvassed, and as the officer in question had seen considerable life in India during the mutiny, we asked if he had any faith in the circumstances related. He had doubts about the camel portion, while he said he had no misgivings on the score of horses doing the distances named. He said that a young officer, whose name we have reasons for withholding, offered to lay a wager that he would, within a given period (we think two months), find a horse

* Page 28.

that should do two hundred and ninety-five miles in three days. As he declined to undertake it for a less sum than £300, they accordingly clubbed the money among them to make the bet. The distance was unmistakable, as the place to which he was to go and return was well known. Our informant lent his horses, and others did the same, for umpires to attend Mr. ——, each horse doing about thirty miles a day. The preliminaries being thus arranged, Mr. —— set about finding a steed, and at length fixed on a small Indian horse—in fact, it might be called a pony; and by way of trial, he started out the first day a journey of thirty miles and home again. The horse had in the journey taken a little of the "bark" off his knees, and the rider had lost some from another quarter, in his sixty miles' ride. An old Colonel of their acquaintance quite ridiculed the idea of there being anything wondrous in the intended match, and Mr. —— was put considerably on his mettle by the Colonel saying he would take long odds that he would find thirty men in a certain native regiment who should, on the horses they rode, do the distance in two days. Before the expiration of a month, Mr. —— started, and at a little more than a hundred miles from home, his horse threw a shoe, and the only smith he could

find at all likely to aid him, was one who, though he shod bullocks, knew nothing about horse-shoeing; he, however, did his best. Mr. —— had got about three miles from the smithy, when his horse fell lame, and he had to return to get the shoe removed. He won the bet, and, as he had made the journey to the smith extra, the pony in reality did more than three hundred miles in three days.

Omitted in the first chapter, where the following anecdote would, like its precursor, have been more in place, we venture now to give it "better late than never." Mr. Budd's words were: "I was hunting with 'the Squire' at Stilton (celebrated for cheese, which, be it known, is made two miles off), Earl Fitzwilliam having given permission to hunt his property there. Mason, the horsedealer (father of the celebrated steeplechase-rider, 'Jem Mason'), living at Stilton, had, at the time, an Irish horse called Shamrock, a splendid animal, of beautiful bright chesnut. 'The Squire' had told me his fancy for him, but did not like to give the 200 guineas asked. I offered to go and buy him, and Osbaldeston accepted the proposal. 'If he can, as I have heard, jump two hurdles placed one over the other, buy him,' said 'the Squire.' On my reaching Mason's place,

Shamrock was, at my request, brought into the spacious yard, and I must say that his appearance had not been overrated. On my asking if he could jump the hurdles as represented, two of the ordinary kind were placed one on the other, and the noble creature was ridden up, and to my surprise cleared them perfectly. To me it was a wonderful feat, displaying as it did not only the horse's jumping capability, but its docility. The height was upwards of six feet, and the width being but six feet, it astonished me he did not swerve, there being nothing on either side to prevent him. I bought him at a saving of some twenty pounds to 'the Squire's' pocket, and I have often heard Osbaldeston say that though he hunted him many years, he never had a fall with him." We not long since led up to this circumstance, in a conversation with Mr. Budd and the veteran steeplechase rider, "Tom Olliver," who admitted he had never seen such a performance.

We recently heard Olliver asked if he did not think "Jem Mason's" seat was very far back on the saddle. The question chanced to be put about a month before Mason's death, and we are glad of opportunity to give the reply of a judge so unsurpassed as "Tom Olliver." "I have," said he, "ridden hundreds of miles across country with

"Jem Mason," not only in steeplechases, but in trials of recent purchases brought into the stables of his father-in-law, Mr. Elmore. I say it without fear of contradiction, that he was the finest horseman in England. As to his seat in the saddle, I have hardly ever ridden with him, but I declare I have envied him the perfection of his style." This, from one so competent to form an opinion, is a high eulogium on poor Mason, who so soon after finished his "race." It is well known, however, that, splendid horseman as Mason was when all went well, if he and Olliver got into difficulties towards the finish, the daring pluck, the wonderful presence of mind arising from unyielding nerve, of Olliver, would pull him through, where almost any other man would pull up. "Tom Olliver" is now settled down at Wroughton, where he has handsome and commodious training stables, occupied chiefly by the Cartwright stud, "Ely" being one among the many produced there.

A better judge of horseflesh, we believe, does not exist than Mr. Martin Gale; and, though his weight, of late years, has been such that it must be no joke for a horse to carry him over a fence, yet it must be a terriffic jump, that even now, he would fail to put his horse at in cold blood; and if put at it, "Lombard-Street to a China orange,"

he gets over it, and safely too, if the animal is up to the mark. We remember seeing him (a youngster) on a stale old hunter, which he generally harnessed, accidentally come in sight of hounds—there were stiff, high iron hurdles on the top of a very wide and deep sunk fence: the old horse was put over it in a twinkling. He was (as now) invariably well mounted, and on one occasion, as he was going along the road on a remarkably handsome, clever hack, a stranger muffled up, with his cap slouched over his eyes, came alongside, and began expressing admiration of the hack, eventually offering to trot for a "new hat," which, be it understood, means a sovereign; but the offer was declined. "Come, sir," said the stranger, "you look like a sporting gentleman, and if you like, I'll trot and you shall gallop." We were at the time told this by the gentleman in question. "I looked at the pony," said he, "and really my poor judgment was altogether beaten, for a more ungainly, wooden-going thing I never saw; and as you know I am always ready for a bit of fun, I fell into the trap. The distance was to be a mile. We started, and never shall I forget the singular form in which the mere pony trotted fairly clean away from me. I thought I should have fallen off my horse with laughter.

The style of going was as ludicrous as it was astonishing, and it required small portion of the mile for me to admit his cap would be replaced by a hat at my expense."

A laughable story was told us recently about a taciturn gentleman whose name, and that of the second party in the matter, we are bound to disguise. Old Heavitree, wishing to attend the sale of some valuable horses, enlisted the services of Snaffles, who was a first-rate judge, to accompany him. They had gone about sixteen miles without exchanging a word, when the latter, pointing his finger to a fence beside the road, said, "Likely place to trip a hoss." "Do hold your precious tongue," said Heavitree, "I'm blessed if you ain't always chattering!" We were told this by "Tom Olliver," who resides in the same parish as Mr. Budd, and who declared it to be fact.

In an adjoining parish, within the last thirty years, lived Farmer ——ridge, who walked about twenty stone, and by some means he had missed a companion, who had driven home without him. A walk of some six miles was no joke. Just at the time, who should come up but Mr. Joseph Grave, who with saddle and bridle gave his old horse "Prince" the benefit of nineteen stone to steady him. The dilemma of his neighbour, who

occupied the farm adjoining the one cheered by the genial face of Grave, was explained, and Joseph said, "Suppose you were to *jump* up behind me, old 'Prince' would not find much difference." The mount was accomplished, and they jogged merrily along—less to the amusement of "Prince," perhaps, than the two riders. Just before reaching home, a tolerable water-course had to be crossed. "Hold tight," said Joe, and "Prince" cleared it with the thirty-nine stone on his back.

Mr. Grave combined surgery with his farming, and as we had heard a wonderful vagary of shot with his friend Posy, we asked him the particulars, and give it to our readers just as "Doctor Joe" told it. "Posy and Cartus,* who had drunk some hogsheads of beer together, and smoked many pounds of tobacco over it, were out shooting, when Posy, who had got to the top of a bank, handed his gun for Cartus to catch hold of the butt-end, in order to assist him in ascending the bank. By some means the trigger was touched, and the muzzle being close to Posy's chest, it seemed a miracle that instant death did not ensue. There was a hole in the waistcoat, but each said it was impossible there could have been any shot in the gun. A little simple dressing soon healed the

* Neither of the two men were much short of twenty stone.

wound in the chest, and, living in the same village, they were not long in resuming their almost daily exchange of visits, and their 'beer and 'bacca.' Time went on, and Posy was constantly speaking of irritation under the skin of the chest, extending eventually round to the back; and one day, as it tormented him more than usual, Cartus said, 'Peel thy bacon, man, and let's have a look.' Taking a horse-lancet from his pocket, he slipped it into the hide of his friend, near about the region of the spine, and out came a shot. Shortly after this," continued Mr. Grave, "as I was going through the village, Mr. Posy called me in to ask my advice upon the matter, and having known many cases something similar, and aware how the spherical form of the shot would traverse the bone if not imbedded in it, I recommended 'patience and water-gruel,' though well knowing how much soever the former had promoted his adiposity, very little of the latter would fall to his share. Time works wonders, and not the least of them was that Posy eventually lost all inconvenience from the powerful dose of lead Cartus had administered to him."

In the village where Posy and Cartus lived, Charlie —— also resided. Charlie was always fond of his gun, and his father, who occupied

a considerable tract of land, had no objection. Grown to man's estate, he has come nearer to Swindon, and as we had heard of the following circumstance respecting him, we resolved, with our rigid determination to narrate but facts, to ask him the particulars, and had verification from him of the singular story we had heard. "Cats come on our land constantly, rabbit poaching," said Charlie, "and I carry my pea-rifle to pink 'em off with. One day I saw a cat belonging to a neighbouring cottager sit watching at a rabbit's hole, and, creeping near enough, I fired. The cat sprang up into the air, and then ran away. On inquiry, I found the ball had gone clean through the body. A few days after, she gave birth to a litter of kittens, all dead. She, however, is none the worse; the wounds are healed, and she is as well as ever."

"Some forty years since," observed Mr. Budd, "I was dining with Mr. Divie Robertson, a Scotch gentleman, who remarked, 'There will shortly come out a young man (a nephew of mine), who will become one of the cleverest men in England. His name is Gladstone.'" Soon after Mr. Budd related this circumstance, we wrote to the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, asking if the gentleman referred to was his uncle, and we take

this opportunity of returning our best thanks for the kind courtesy with which he sent an affirmative reply. The "prophecy" needs no verification at our hands. We hope the right honourable gentleman will pardon us for mixing his great name with the "hotch-potch" immediately preceding.

Chapter XIV.

CRICKET.

Throughout this little volume we have hitherto shown, that in his day Mr. Budd was, in our opinion, second to none in the truly noble and thoroughly English game of cricket; and we think it may safely be said that for about forty years of the first half of the present century, his play, taken for all in all, was peerless. Accepting Pycroft, the great chronicler of cricket, as a truly reliable authority, we remind our readers of his opinion expressed.*

We are unaware whether, in every part of the game, the same can be said of the cricket champion who decidedly takes the laurels in the *second* half of this century. Dr. Edward Mills Grace's recorded score is admitted by Mr. Budd as perfectly eclipsing that of any he ever saw "handle the willow."

Mr. Budd's average score of twenty-nine to

* Page 252.

each innings, was in his day, and for some time after, looked upon as wonderful; and though we cannot yet discover that for every part of the game he has been surpassed, yet blindly prejudiced must we be if not freely awarding, in our poor opinion, that Dr. Grace, as a batsman, is superior to any other player we have ever heard of. From 1860 to 1865 inclusive, we find him making the tremendous average of thirty-seven for each innings. Dr. Grace has met our numerous inquiries in most gentlemanly spirit, and we trust he will accept this mode of tendering our thanks for the kindness received at his hands during our endeavour to compile a summary of his astonishing successes at home and abroad.

Before commencing the list, which we trust will be acceptable to our readers, we deem it a duty we owe the worthy young Doctor, to explain that from first to last of his public exhibitions, it has been always as a "*gentleman player*," though his wide sphere of action rendered it pardonable that some should infer he was a "*paid player*." Dr. Grace has for some time been in practice at Marshfield, near Bath, and through his playing at Swindon (the octogenarian Budd being umpire), we had opportunity to plainly question Dr. Grace,

who perfectly satisfied us that he never had been any other than a "*gentleman player.*"

[*Those marked thus* (*) *signify* "*not out.*"]

1860. Matches and Names of Clubs.	Runs. 1st Ins.	2nd Ins.
Devizes and Marlborough College	20	4
Ward's 11 v. Marlborough College	1	92
22 of Lansdowne v. All England 11	3	21*
22 of Lansdowne v. Cirencester	8	
Cirencester v. Cheltenham College	6	
22 of Newport v. All England 11	3	3
West Gloucester v. Clifton	0	0
West Gloucester v. Clifton	150	0
11 of Clifton v. 22 of Clifton	34	39
West Gloucester v. Gloucester	6	
Clifton v. Middlezoy	3	
Cirencester v. I'Zingari	5	7
Lansdowne v. Purton	75	
Lansdowne v. South Wales	20	9*
Lansdowne v. Trowbridge	114*	
Lansdowne v. Middlezoy	61	0
Lansdowne v. Clifton	68	
Adye's 11 v. Swindon	54*	
All England 11 v. 22 Devon and Cornwall	24	17*
West Gloucester v. Ashley	25	
Ashton v. Abbott's Leigh	40	3
Bedminster v. Lansdowne	0	11*
Bedminster v. Lansdowne	0	13*
Lansdowne v. Plimmer's 11	183*	
Ashton School v. Ashton	118*	
Bedminster v. Lansdowne	0	
11 of Clifton v. 22 of Clifton	7	
Ashton School v. Ashton	6	50
Lansdowne v. 22 Schools of Bath	69	

Average, 41 runs each innings.

1861. Matches and Names of Clubs.	Runs. 1st Ins.	2nd Ins.
No Buffoonery v. Marlborough College ..	13	8
11 of Clifton v. 22 of Clifton	73	
Lansdowne v. Bathcaston	102*	
22 of Lansdowne v. All England 11..	9	0
22 of Lansdowne v. Bedminster	83	12*
Grace's 11 v. Belcher's 11..	15	81
West Gloucester v. Bedminster	30	
Lansdowne v. South Wilts..	43	18
West Gloucester v. Clifton	13	23*
Graham's 11 v. Swindon	1	
Lansdowne v. South Wales	43	5
South Wales v. Clifton	0	
South Wales v. Purton	13	4
Lansdowne v. Frenchay	18	
11 of Clifton v. 22 of Clifton..	9	8
Lansdowne v. Clifton..	5	7
Adye's 11 v. Swindon	38	51
South Wales v. Surrey Club	1	4
South Wales v. Marylebone	13	41*
South Wales v. Knickerbockers	50	11
West Gloucester v. Knole Park	27	12
Clifton v. Knole Park	4	6
Bedminster v. Knole Park	48	
Lansdowne v. Knole Park	7	12
West Gloucester v. Clifton	53	
Adye's 11 v. Swindon	39	28
Lansdowne v. Trowbridge	10	36*
West Gloucester v. Lansdowne	75*	
Lansdowne v. Corsham	absent	48
Lansdowne v. Frenchay	112	
Berkeley v. Knole Park	100*	
West Gloucester v. Lansdowne	71	1
Lansdowne v. Clifton	119*	
Lansdowne v. Bedminster..	53	
Berkeley v. Knole Park	1	
Lansdowne v. Graham's 11	17	
Grace's 11 v. Adye's 11	1	

Average, 34 runs each innings.

1862. Matches and Names of Clubs.	Runs. 1st Ins.	2nd Ins.
Clifton v. Bramhall's 22	6	82
Leatherhunters v. Marlborough College	18	
Bedminster v. Backwell	6	3
Frenchay v. Backwell	6	
Clifton v. Cheltenham College	33	
Clifton v. Cheltenham College	5	
Adye's 11 v. Swindon	55	
New Members v. Old of Clifton Club	6	92
Cirencester v. I'Zingari	8	
West Gloucester v. Lansdowne	27	3
Gloucestershire v. Devonshire	57	
Redcliff v. Bedminster	92	
Gentleman v. Players	25	7
Gentlemen of South v. North	7	3
South Wales v. Surrey Club	7	25
South Wales v. Marylebone Club	0	118
Nicholson's 11 v. Wotton Park	74	
South Wales v. Gentlemen of Kent	5	62
South Wales v. I'Zingari	26	5
Frenchay v. Messenger's 11	42	
West Gloucester v. 22 of Corsham	17	16
Frenchay v. Knole Park	208*	
England v. 14 of Kent	0	56
Marylebone v. Gentlemen of Kent	192*	
22 of Cirencester v. United 11	5	
Clifton v. Messenger's 22	87	
Gloucestershire v. Devonshire	9	22
Frenchay v. Abbott's Leigh	1	34
Pullen's 11 v. Bedminster	1	9
Pullen's 11 v. Bedminster	25	0
Royal Agricultural Coll. v. Marlborough Coll.	0	59
Sainsbury's 11 v. Winslow's 11	8	31
Clifton v. 16 of New College	42	
Clifton v. 16 Past and Present of the Bristol Grammar School	211	
22 of Godalming v. All England 11	8	40
Lansdowne v. Bedminster	42	135

Average, 40 runs each innings.

1863. Matches and Names of Clubs.	Runs. 1st Inn.	2nd Inn.
Ward's 11 v. Marlborough College	21	32
11 of Clifton v. 22	32	
South v. North	2	44
Redcliff v. Weston	6	81
Clifton v. Baber's 22	5	7
22 of Lansdowne v. All England 11	73	9
22 of Lansdowne v. South Wilts	21	
Lansdowne v. South Wilts	163	
All England 11 v. 18 of Manchester	10	97*
All England 11 v. 22 of Hampshire	32	2
Lansdowne v. Sherborne School	48	30*
Lansdowne v. Bedminster	10	28
Lansdowne v. Clifton	47	61*
Lansdowne v. Wells	24	
Clifton v. Baber's 22	8	0
Clifton v. South Wilts	5	16
Gentlemen v. Players	7	5
Gentlemen v. Players	13	31
England v. 13 of Kent	52	
West Gloucester v. Knole Park	2	54
Redcliff v. Bedminster	32	9*
West Gloucester v. Lansdowne	9	25*
West Gloucester v. Lansdowne	35	42
All England 11 v. 22 of Basingstoke	77	
Tavistock v. West Kent	108	
South v. North	73	0
South Wales v. Marylebone	13	
Gloucestershire v. Devonshire	4	132
South Wales v. Gentlemen of Kent	49	129
South Wales v. I'Zingari	22	80
Lansdowne v. Berkeley	8	145
Lansdowne v. South Wilts	21	47*
West Gloucester v. 22 of Corsham	67	
Lansdowne v. Clifton	21	
England v. 13 of Kent	15	7
Marylebone v. Gentlemen of Kent	75	9
Sir W. James's 11 v. Margate	43	26
England v. Surrey	5	39*

1863 (*continued*). Matches and Names of Clubs.	Runs. 1st Ins.	2nd Ins.
Gloucestershire v. Devonshire	0	34
Gloucestershire v. Somersetshire..	16	28
South v. North	17	0
Bristol 22 v. All England 11..	37	
All England 11 v. 22 of Retford	32	
Godalming 16 v. United 11	44	3
All England v. 22 of York	7	26
Ward's 11 v. Marlborough College	17	79*
All England 11 v. 22 of Leeds	26	34*
Sainsbury's 11 v. Zion Hill Club	35	35
Gentlemen of South 14 v. 11 of England ..	112	
West Gloucester v. Cheltenham College ..	0	43

Average, 39 runs each innings.

1864.

England v. 22 of Victoria	8	18
England v. 22 of Sandhurst	0	21
England v. 22 of Ballarat	15	
England 2 v. 8 of Ballarat	11	
England v. 22 of Arrarat	0	
England v. 22 of Maryborough	44	
England v. 22 of Otago	24	26*
England v. 22 of Otago and Canterbury ..	42	
England v. 22 of Canterbury	0	
Anderson's 11 v. Parr's 11	18	24
Anderson's 2 v. 11 of Otago	7	10
England v. 22 of Otago	10	
England v. 22 of Castlemaine	4	
England 2 v. 11 of Castlemaine	13	
Anderson's 11 v. Parr's 11..	21	0
England v. 22 of New South Wales	4	6
England v. 22 of New South Wales..	6	
Two v. Four of New South Wales	28	
England v. 22 of New South Wales	20	9
England v. 22 of Geelong	2	
Tarrant's 11 v. Parr's 11	37	11
Mr. E. M. Grace v. six of Maryborough ..	106*	

1864 (*continued*). Matches and Names of Clubs.	Runs. 1st Ins.	2nd Ins.
England v. 22 of Ballarat	6	
England v. 22 of Victoria	4	
Eleven of Beechworth v. Ree's 18	5	101
Eleven of Beechworth v. Ree's 19	16	21
Eleven of Beechworth v. Ree's 19	68	
Eleven of Beechworth v. Ree's 13	102	

1864.

After return from Australia.

West Gloucester v. Knole Park..	1	18
South Wales v. Marylebone	0	4
South Wales v. Southgate..	3	54*
South Wales v. I'Zingari	55	18
Clifton v. Baber's 22	60	7
Lansdowne v. Wiltshire Wanderers	82*	
Lansdowne v. Wiltshire Wanderers	20	19
England v. 13 of Kent	31	
Marylebone v. Gentlemen of Kent	15	17
England v. Surrey	78	31
Lansdowne v. Selwood Foresters	0	19
West Gloucester v. 22 of Bowood	28	34
Country v. Town	105	
Lansdowne v. Stoke Bishop	34	
Lansdowne v. Stoke Bishop	106*	
Sainsbury's 11 v. Holworthy's	44	
Frenchay v. Long Ashton	33	
Frenchay v. Long Ashton	23	
Carmarthenshire v. Glamorganshire	34	41
Lansdowne v. 18 of Colleges of Bath.. ..	absent	6
Bitton v. Hanham	7	0
West Gloucester v. Cheltenham College.. ..	139	

His average in Australia and in England may in round numbers be put at 30 in 1864.

1865. Matches and Names of Clubs.			Runs. 1st Ins.	2nd Ins.
May	13.	Holworthy's 11 v. Murchison's 11	13	17
,,	17.	Macpherson's 11 v. W. Grace's 11	69*	
,,	20.	Cirencester v. Cheltenham Coll.	35*	31
,,	25,26.	Ward's 11 v. Marlborough Coll.	0	70
,,	30.	Clifton v. Clifton College	32	
June	5.	Lansdowne v. 14 of Stoke Bishop	144*	
June	8,9, 10.	Lansdowne 18 v. United All England	121	
,,	14,15.	Clifton v. Golden Mile	114*	
,, July	29,30, 1.	Marylebone v. Sussex	18	0
,,	3,4,5.	Gentlemen v. Players	8	10
,,	10,11, 12.	Gentlemen v. Players	24	30
,,	13.	Marylebone 11 v. Marylebone 22	16	
,,	17,18, 19.	Gentlemen of England v. Gentlemen of Middlesex ..	12	111
,,	20,21.	Marylebone v. Suffolk..	82	
,,	24,25.	Gentlemen of South and Free Foresters	0	6*
,,	26.	Lander's 11 v. Hemel Hempstead	21	
,,	27,28.	South Wales v. I'Zingari	89	13
,, Aug.	31, 1,2.	Eashing 18 v. United South 11	28	
,,	3,4.	West Gloucester v. Knole Park..	17	13
,,	7,8.	South v. North..	0	5
,,	9,10.	Marylebone v. Gent. of Kent ..	0	26
,,	14,15.	Clifton v. Universities	42	
,,	16,17.	Lansdowne v. Clifton..	79	29
,,	18,19.	Clifton v. Baber's 22	39	2
,,	21,22, 23.	England v. Surrey	44	
,,	29, 30.	Lansdowne v. Yeovil	65	
Sept.	13,14.	Robinson's 11 v. Inwood's 22 ..	28	3
,,	28,29, 30.	18 of Surrey Club v. United South of England	64	56

Average, 41 each innings.

It was during the season of 1866 these particulars were given us by Dr. Grace, and having laid this compilation before the public, we have no fear but the cricket-loving portion, at least, will find amusement in the concluding chapter of the humble OLIO, which thus comes to an

END.

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